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*Anne D. Thomson*











THE  
COMEDIES, HISTORIES, TRAGEDIES,  
AND  
POEMS  
OF  
WILLIAM SHAKSPERE.

EDITED BY  
CHARLES KNIGHT.

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THE NATIONAL EDITION.

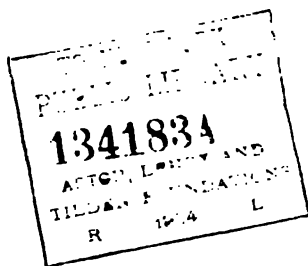
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TRAGEDIES,  
VOL. II.  
POEMS, AND INDEX.

LONDON:  
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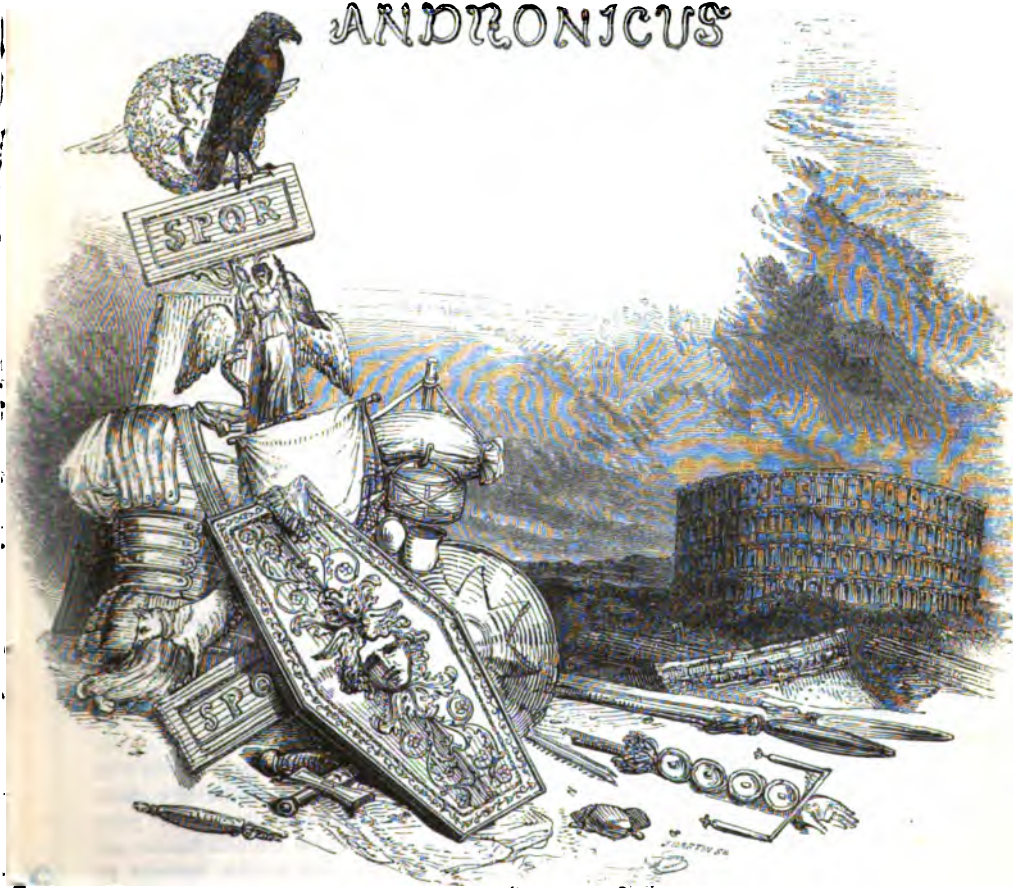
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1852.



TITUS

ANDRONICUS





[Pontine Marshes.]

## INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

THE earliest edition, of which any copy is at present known, of 'Titus Andronicus,' appeared in quarto, in 1600, under the following title:—'The most lamentable Romaine Tragedie of Titus Andronicus. As it hath sundry times been playde by the Right Honourable the Earle of Pembroke, the Earle of Darbie, the Earle of Sussex, and the Lord Chamberlaine theyre Servants. At London, printed by J. R. for Edward White, 1600.'

In the folio collection of 1623 it appears under the title of 'The lamentable Tragedy of Titus Andronicus.' It follows 'Coriolanus,' and precedes 'Romeo and Juliet.'

The external evidence that bears upon the authorship of 'Titus Andronicus' is of two kinds:—

1. The testimony which assigns the play to Shakspeare, wholly or in part.

2. The testimony which fixes the period of its original production.

The *direct* testimony of the first kind is unimpeachable: Francis Meres, a contemporary, and probably a friend, of Shakspeare—a man intimately acquainted with the literary history of his day—not writing even in the later period of Shakspeare's life, but as early as 1598—compares, for tragedy, the excellence of Shakspeare among the English, with Seneca among the Latins, and says, witness, "for tragedy, his 'Richard II.,' 'Richard III.,' 'Henry IV.,' 'King John,' 'Titus Andronicus,' and his 'Romeo and Juliet.'"

The *indirect* testimony is nearly as important. The play is printed in the first folio edition of the poet's collected works—an edition published within seven years after his death by his intimate friends and "fellows;" and that edition contains an

entire scene not found in either of the previous quarto editions which have come down to us. That edition does not contain a single other play upon which a doubt of the authorship has been raised; for even those who deny the entire authorship of 'Henry VI.' to Shakspeare, have no doubt as to the partial authorship.

We now come to the second point—the testimony which fixes the date of the original production of 'Titus Andronicus.'

Ben Jonson, in the Induction to his 'Bartholomew Fair,' first acted in 1614, says—"He that will swear 'Jeronimo,' or 'Andronicus,' are the best plays *yet*, shall pass unexcepted at here, as a man whose judgment shows it is constant, and hath stood still these five-and-twenty or thirty years. Though it be an ignorance, it is a virtuous and staid ignorance; and, next to truth, a confirmed error does well." Percy offers the following comment upon this passage, in his 'Reliques of Ancient Poetry':—"There is reason to conclude that this play was rather improved by Shakespeare with a few fine touches of his pen, than originally written by him; for, not to mention that the style is less figurative than his others generally are, this tragedy is mentioned with discredit in the Induction to Ben Jonson's 'Bartholomew Fair,' in 1614, as one that had been then exhibited 'five-and-twenty or thirty years;' which, if we take the lowest number, throws it back to the year 1589, at which time Shakespeare was but 25: an earlier date than can be found for any other of his pieces." It is scarcely necessary to point out, that with the views we have uniformly entertained as to the commencement of Shakspeare's career as a dramatic author, the proof against his authorship of 'Titus Andronicus' thus brought forward by Percy is to us amongst the most convincing reasons for not hastily adopting the opinion that he was not its author. The external evidence of the authorship, and the external evidence of the date of the authorship, entirely coincide: each supports the other. The continuation of the argument derived from the early date of the play naturally runs into

the internal evidence of its authenticity. The fact of its early date is indisputable. Accepting that fact, we are reconciled to the inferiority of this play, compared with Shakspeare's undoubted performances. Its revolting story, in the same way, appears such as a very young poet would not have rejected. It is easy to understand how Shakspeare, at the period when he first entered upon those labours which were to build up a glorious fabric out of materials that had been previously used for the basest purposes,—without models,—at first, perhaps, not voluntarily choosing his task, but taking the business that lay before him so as to command popular success,—ignorant, to a great degree, of the height and depth of his own intellectual resources,—not seeing, or dimly seeing, how poetry and philosophy were to elevate and purify the common staple of the coarse drama about him,—it is easy to conceive how a story of fearful bloodshed should force itself upon him as a thing that he could work into something better than the dumb show and fiery words of his predecessors and contemporaries. It was in after years that he had to create the tragedy of passion. Lamb has beautifully described Webster, as almost alone having the power "to move a horror skilfully, to touch a soul to the quick, to lay upon fear as much as it can bear, to wean and weary a life till it is ready to drop, and then step in with mortal instruments to take its last forfeit." Lamb adds, "writers of inferior genius mistake quantity for quality." The remark is quite true; when examples of the higher tragedy are accessible, and when the people have learnt better than to require the grosser stimulant. Before Webster had written 'The Duchess of Malfi' and 'Vittoria Corombona,' Shakspeare had produced 'Lear' and 'Othello.' But there were writers, *not* of inferior genius, who had committed the same mistake as the author of 'Titus Andronicus'—who use blood as they would "the paint of the property-man in the theatre." Need we mention other names than Marlowe and Kyd?



## PERSONS REPRESENTED.

**SATURNINUS, son to the late Emperor of Rome.**

*Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act II. sc. 2; sc. 4. Act IV. sc. 4. Act V. sc. 3.*

**BASSIANUS, brother to Saturninus.**

*Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 2; sc. 3.*

**TITUS ANDRONICUS, a noble Roman.**

*Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 2; sc. 4. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act V. sc. 2; sc. 3.*

**MARCUS ANDRONICUS, brother to Titus.**

*Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act II. sc. 2; sc. 5. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act V. sc. 2; sc. 3.*

**LUCIUS, son to Titus Andronicus.**

*Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 2; sc. 4. Act III. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 3.*

**QUINTUS, son to Titus Andronicus.**

*Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 2; sc. 4. Act III. sc. 1.*

**MARTIUS, son to Titus Andronicus.**

*Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 2; sc. 4. Act III. sc. 1.*

**MUTIUS, son to Titus Andronicus.**

*Appears, Act I. sc. 2.*

**Young LUCIUS, a boy, son to Lucius.**

*Appears, Act III. sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3. Act V. sc. 3.*

**PUBLIUS, son to Marcus the tribune.**

*Appears, Act V. sc. 2.*

**EMILIUS, a noble Roman.**

*Appears, Act IV. sc. 4. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 3.*

**ALARBUS, son to Tamora.**

*Appears, Act I. sc. 2.*

**CHIRON, son to Tamora.**

*Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 5. Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 4. Act V. sc. 2.*

**DEMETRIUS, son to Tamora.**

*Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 5. Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 4. Act V. sc. 2.*

**AARON, a Moor.**

*Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 3; sc. 4. Act III. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 2. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 3.*

**A Captain.**

*Appears, Act I. sc. 2.*

**A Tribune.**

*Appears, Act V. sc. 3.*

**A Messenger.**

*Appears, Act III. sc. 1.*

**A Clown.**

*Appears, Act IV. sc. 3; sc. 4.*

**Goths.**

*Appear, Act V. sc. 1; sc. 3.*

**Romans.**

*Appear, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2.*

**TAMORA, Queen of the Goths.**

*Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 4. Act IV. sc. 4. Act V. sc. 2; sc. 3.*

**LAVINIA, daughter to Titus Andronicus.**

*Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 5. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 2; sc. 3.*

**A Nurse.**

*Appears, Act IV. sc. 2.*

**A Black Child.**

*Appears, Act IV. sc. 2. Act V. sc. 1.*

*Kinsmen of Titus, Senators, Tribunes, Officers, Soldiers, and Attendants.*

SCENE,—ROME, AND THE COUNTRY NEAR IT.



## ACT I.

### SCENE I.—Rome.

*Flourish. Enter the Tribunes and Senators, aloft: and then enter SATURNINUS and his Followers at one door, and BASSIANUS and his Followers at the other, with drum and colours.*

SAT. Noble patricians, patrons of my right,  
 Defend the justice of my cause with arms;  
 And, countrymen, my loving followers,  
 Plead my successive title with your swords:  
 I am his<sup>a</sup> first-born son, that was the last  
 That wore<sup>b</sup> the imperial diadem of Rome:  
 Then let my father's honours live in me,  
 Nor wrong mine age<sup>c</sup> with this indignity.

BASS. Romans, friends, followers, favourers of my right,  
 If ever Bassianus, Cæsar's son,  
 Were gracious in the eyes of royal Rome,  
 Keep then this passage to the Capitol;

<sup>a</sup> *Am his.* The folio, *was the.*

<sup>c</sup> *Age—seniority.*

<sup>b</sup> *Wore.* The quarto, *ware.*

And suffer not dishonour to approach  
Th' imperial seat ; to virtue consecrate,  
To justice, continence, and nobility :  
But let desert in pure election shine ;  
And, Romans, fight for freedom in your choice.

*Enter MARCUS ANDRONICUS, aloft, with the crown.*

MARC. Princes, that strive by factions and by friends  
Ambitiously for rule and empery,  
Know that the people of Rome, for whom we stand  
A special party, have by common voice,  
In election for the Roman empery,  
Chosen Andronicus, surnamed Pius,  
For many good and great deserts to Rome :  
A nobler man, a braver warrior,  
Lives not this day within the city walls.  
He by the senate is accited home,  
From weary wars against the barbarous Goths,  
That with his sons, a terror to our foes,  
Hath yok'd a nation strong, train'd up in arms.  
Ten years are spent, since first he undertook  
This cause of Rome, and chastised with arms  
Our enemies' pride : five times he hath return'd  
Bleeding to Rome, bearing his valiant sons  
In coffins from the field ;  
And now at last, laden with honour's spoils,  
Returns the good Andronicus to Rome,  
Renowned Titus, flourishing in arms.  
Let us entreat,—by honour of his name,  
Whom worthily you would have now succeed,  
And in the Capitol and senate's right,  
Whom you pretend to honour and adore,—  
That you withdraw you, and abate your strength ;  
Dismiss your followers, and, as suitors should,  
Plead your deserts in peace and humbleness.

SAT. How fair the tribune speaks to calm my thoughts !

BASS. Marcus Andronicus, so I do affy  
In thy uprightness and integrity,  
And so I love and honour thee and thine,  
Thy noble brother Titus and his sons,  
And her to whom my thoughts are humbled all,  
Gracious Lavinia, Rome's rich ornament,  
That I will here dismiss my loving friends ;  
And to my fortunes and the people's favour

Commit my cause in balance to be weigh'd.

[*Exeunt Followers of BASSIANUS.*]

SAT. Friends, that have been thus forward in my right,

I thank you all, and here dismiss you all ;

And to the love and favour of my country

Commit myself, my person, and the cause.

[*Exeunt Followers of SATURNINUS.*]

Rome, be as just and gracious unto me,

As I am confident and kind to thee.

Open the gates and let me in.

BASS. Tribunes, and me, a poor competitor.

[*Flourish. They go up into the Senate-house.*]

SCENE II.—*The same.*

*Enter a Captain, and others.*

CAP. Romans, make way : the good Andronicus,

Patron of virtue, Rome's best champion,

Successful in the battles that he fights,

With honour and with fortune is return'd,

From where he circumscribed with his sword,

And brought to yoke, the enemies of Rome.

[*Sound drums and trumpets, and then enter two of TITUS' Sons. After them two Men bearing a coffin covered with black : then two other Sons. After them TITUS ANDRONICUS ; and then TAMORA, the queen of Goths, and her two Sons, CHIRON and DEMETRIUS, with AARON the Moor, and others, as many as can be. They set down the coffin, and TITUS speaks.*]

TIT. Hail, Rome, victorious in thy mourning weeds !

Lo, as the bark that hath discharg'd her fraught,

Returns with precious lading to the bay

From whence at first she weigh'd her anchorage,

Cometh Andronicus, bound with laurel boughs,

To re-salute his country with his tears,

Tears of true joy for his return to Rome.

Thou great defender of this Capitol,

Stand gracious to the rites that we intend !

Romans, of five-and-twenty valiant sons,

Half of the number that king Priam had,

Behold the poor remains, alive, and dead !

These that survive let Rome reward with love :

These that I bring unto their latest home,

With burial amongst their ancestors.

Here Goths have given me leave to sheath my sword.

Titus, unkind, and careless of thine own,

Why suffer'st thou thy sons, unburied yet,

To hover on the dreadful shore of Styx?

Make way to lay them by their brethren.

[*They open the tomb.*]

There greet in silence, as the dead are wont,

And sleep in peace, slain in your country's wars :

O sacred receptacle of my joys,

Sweet cell of virtue and nobility,

How many sons of mine hast thou in store,

That thou wilt never render to me more !

LUC. Give us the proudest prisoner of the Goths,

That we may hew his limbs, and on a pile,

*Ad manes fratrum*, sacrifice his flesh,

Before this earthy <sup>a</sup> prison of their bones ;

That so the shadows be not unappeas'd,

Nor we disturb'd with prodigies on earth.

TIT. I give him you, the noblest that survives,

The eldest son of this <sup>b</sup> distressed queen

TAM. Stay, Roman brethren, gracious conqueror,

Victorious Titus, rue the tears I shed,

A mother's tears in passion for her son ;

And if thy sons were ever dear to thee,

O think my son to be as dear to me.

Sufficeth not, that we are brought to Rome

To beautify thy triumphs, and return

Captive to thee, and to thy Roman yoke ;

But must my sons be slaughter'd in the streets,

For valiant doings in their country's cause ?

O, if to fight for king and commonweal

Were piety in thine, it is in these.

Andronicus, stain not thy tomb with blood.

Wilt thou draw near the nature of the gods ?

Draw near them then in being merciful :

Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge,

Thrice-noble Titus, spare my first-born son.

TIT. Patient <sup>c</sup> yourself, madam, and pardon me:

These are the <sup>d</sup> brethren, whom you Goths beheld

Alive and dead, and for their brethren slain

Religiously they ask a sacrifice :

To this your son is mark'd, and die he must,

'T appease their groaning shadows that are gone.

LUC. Away with him, and make a fire straight ;

<sup>a</sup> *Earthy*, in both quartos. The folio, *earthly*.

<sup>c</sup> *Patient*—as a verb.

<sup>b</sup> *This*, in the folio. The quarto, *his*.

<sup>d</sup> *These*, in the folio. The quarto, *their*.

And with our swords, upon a pile of wood,  
Let 's hew his limbs till they be clean consum'd.

[*Exeunt* TITUS' Sons *with* ALARBUS.

TAM. O cruel, irreligious piety!

CHI. Was ever Scythia half so barbarous?

DEMET. Oppose not<sup>a</sup> Scythia to ambitious Rome.

Alarbus goes to rest, and we survive  
To tremble under Titus' threat'ning look.  
Then, madam, stand resolv'd; but hope withal,  
The self-same gods that arm'd the queen of Troy  
With opportunity of sharp revenge  
Upon the Thracian tyrant in his tent,  
May favour Tamora, the queen of Goths,  
(When Goths were Goths, and Tamora was queen,)  
To quit the bloody wrongs upon her foes.

*Enter the Sons of ANDRONICUS again.*

LUC. See, lord and father, how we have perform'd  
Our Roman rites: Alarbus' limbs are lopp'd,  
And entrails feed the sacrificing fire,  
Whose smoke, like incense, doth perfume the sky.  
Remaineth nought, but to inter our brethren,  
And with loud Tarums welcome them to Rome.

TIT. Let it be so, and let Andronicus

Make this his latest farewell to their souls.

[*Flourish. Sound trumpets, and they lay the coffin in the tomb.*

In peace and honour rest you here, my sons;  
Rome's readiest champions, repose you here in rest,  
Secure from worldly chances and mishaps:  
Here lurks no treason, here no envy swells,  
Here grow no damned grudges; here are no storms,  
No noise, but silence and eternal sleep.  
In peace and honour rest you here, my sons.

*Enter LAVINIA.*

LAV. In peace and honour live lord Titus long;  
My noble lord and father, live in fame!  
Lo, at this tomb, my tributary tears  
I render for my brethren's obsequies:  
And at thy feet I kneel, with tears of joy  
Shed on the earth for thy return to Rome.  
O bless me here with thy victorious hand,  
Whose fortunes<sup>b</sup> Rome's best citizens applaud.

<sup>a</sup> *Not.* So the quarto. The folio, *me.*

<sup>b</sup> *Fortunes,* in the quarto. The folio, *fortune.*

TIT. Kind Rome, thou hast thus lovingly reserv'd  
 The cordial of mine age to glad my heart!  
 Lavinia, live; outlive thy father's days,  
 And fame's eternal date, for virtue's praise.

*Enter MARCUS ANDRONICUS, SATURNINUS, BASSIANUS, and others.*

MARC. Long live lord Titus, my beloved brother,  
 Gracious triumpher in the eyes of Rome!

TIT. Thanks, gentle tribune, noble brother Marcus.

MARC. And welcome, nephews, from successful wars,  
 You that survive, and you that sleep in fame:  
 Fair lords, your fortunes are alike in all<sup>a</sup>,  
 That in your country's service drew your swords.  
 But safer triumph is this funeral pomp,  
 That bath aspir'd to Solon's happiness,  
 And triumphs over chance in honour's bed.  
 Titus Andronicus, the people of Rome,  
 Whose friend in justice thou hast ever been,  
 Send thee by me, their tribune and their trust,  
 This palliament<sup>b</sup> of white and spotless hue,  
 And name thee in election for the empire,  
 With these our late deceased emperor's sons:  
 Be *candidatus* then, and put it on,  
 And help to set a head on headless Rome.

TIT. A better head her glorious body fits,  
 Than his that shakes for age and feebleness.  
 What! should I don this robe, and trouble you?  
 Be chosen with proclamations to-day,  
 To-morrow yield up rule, resign my life,  
 And set abroad new business for you all?  
 Rome, I have been thy soldier forty years,  
 And led my country's strength successfully,  
 And buried one-and-twenty valiant sons;  
 Knighted in field, slain manfully in arms,  
 In right and service of their noble country;  
 Give me a staff of honour for mine age,  
 But not a sceptre to control the world!  
 Upright he held it, lords, that held it last.

MARC. Titus, thou shalt obtain and ask the empery.

SAT. Proud and ambitious tribune, canst thou tell?

TIT. Patience, prince Saturninus.

SAT. Romans, do me right.  
 Patricians, draw your swords, and sheath them not  
 Till Saturninus be Rome's emperor:

<sup>a</sup> The folio has, "all alike in all."

<sup>b</sup> *Palliament*—robe.

Andronicus, would thou wert shipp'd to hell,  
Rather than rob me of the people's hearts.

LUC. Proud Saturnine, interrupter of the good  
That noble-minded Titus means to thee!

TIT. Content thee, prince, I will restore to thee  
The people's hearts, and wean them from themselves.

BASS. Andronicus, I do not flatter thee,  
But honour thee, and will do till I die:  
My faction if thou strengthen with thy friends,  
I will most thankful be, and thanks to men  
Of noble minds is honourable need.

TIT. People of Rome, and people's<sup>a</sup> tribunes here,  
I ask your voices and your suffrages;  
Will you bestow them friendly on Andronicus?

TRIBUNES. To gratify the good Andronicus,  
And gratulate his safe return to Rome,  
The people will accept whom he admits.

TIT. Tribunes, I thank you: and this suit I make,  
That you create your emperor's eldest son,  
Lord Saturnine, whose virtues will, I hope,  
Reflect on Rome, as Titan's rays on earth,  
And ripen justice in this commonweal:  
Then, if you will elect by my advice,  
Crown him, and say, "Long live our emperor!"

MARC. With voices and applause of every sort,  
Patricians, and plebeians, we create  
Lord Saturninus Rome's great emperor;  
And say, "Long live our emperor, Saturnine!"

[*A long flourish, till they come down.*]

SAT. Titus Andronicus, for thy favours done  
To us in our election this day,  
I give thee thanks in part of thy deserts,  
And will with deeds requite thy gentleness:  
And for an onset, Titus, to advance  
Thy name and honourable family,  
Lavinia will I make my empress,  
Rome's royal mistress, mistress of my heart,  
And in the sacred Pantheon<sup>b</sup> her espouse:  
Tell me, Andronicus, doth this motion please thee?

TIT. It doth, my worthy lord; and in this match  
I hold me highly honour'd of your grace.  
And here, in sight of Rome, to Saturnine,  
King and commander of our commonweal,

<sup>a</sup> *People's*, in the quarto. The folio, *noble*.

<sup>b</sup> *Pantheon*, in the second folio. All the earlier copies, *Pathan*.



The wide world's emperor, do I consecrate  
My sword, my chariot, and my prisoners,—  
Presents well worthy Rome's imperial lord :  
Receive them, then, the tribute that I owe,  
Mine honour's ensigns humbled at thy feet.

SAT. Thanks, noble Titus, father of my life !

How proud I am of thee, and of thy gifts,  
Rome shall record ; and when I do forget  
The least of these unspeakable deserts,  
Romans, forget your fealty to me.

TIT. Now, madam, are you prisoner to an emperor ;  
To him that, for your honour and your state,  
Will use you nobly, and your followers.

[To TAMORA.]

SAT. A goodly lady, trust me, of the hue  
That I would choose, were I to choose anew :  
Clear up, fair queen, that cloudy countenance :  
Though chance of war hath wrought this change of cheer,  
Thou com'st not to be made a scorn in Rome :  
Princely shall be thy usage every way.  
Rest on my word, and let not discontent  
Daunt all your hopes : madam, he comforts you  
Can make you greater than the queen of Goths ;  
Lavinia, you are not displeas'd with this ?

LAV. Not I, my lord, sith true nobility  
Warrants these words in princely courtesy.

SAT. Thanks, sweet Lavinia. Romans, let us go :  
Ransomless here we set our prisoners free.  
Proclaim our honours, lords, with trump and drum.

BASS. Lord Titus, by your leave, this maid is mine.

[Seizing LAVINIA.]

TIT. How, sir ? are you in earnest then, my lord ?

BASS. Ay, noble Titus, and resolv'd withal  
To do myself this reason and this right.

MARC. *Suum cuique* is our Roman justice :  
This prince in justice seizeth but his own.

LUC. And that he will and shall, if Lucius live.

TIT. Traitors, avaunt ! where is the emperor's guard ?  
Treason, my lord ! Lavinia is surpris'd.

SAT. Surpris'd ! by whom ?

BASS. By him that justly may  
Bear his betroth'd from all the world away.

[*Exeunt* MARCUS and BASSIANUS, with LAVINIA.]

MUT. Brothers, help to convey her hence away,  
And with my sword I'll keep this door safe.

[*Exeunt* LUCIUS, QUINTUS, and MARTIUS.]

TIT. Follow, my lord, and I'll soon bring her back.

MUT. My lord, you pass not here.

TIT. What! villain, boy, barr'st me my way in Rome?

MUT. Help, Lucius, help!

[TITUS kills him.]

*Re-enter LUCIUS.*

LUC. My lord, you are unjust, and more than so;

In wrongful quarrel you have slain your son.

TIT. Nor thou, nor he, are any sons of mine:

My sons would never so dishonour me.

Traitor, restore Lavinia to the emperor.

LUC. Dead, if you will, but not to be his wife,

That is another's lawful promis'd love.

[Exit.]

*Enter aloft the EMPEROR, with TAMORA and her two SONS, and AARON the Moor.*

SAT. No, Titus, no; the emperor needs her not,

Nor her, nor thee, nor any of thy stock:

I'll trust, by leisure, him that mocks me once;

Thee never, nor thy traitorous haughty sons,

Confederates all, thus to dishonour me.

Was none in Rome to make a stale but Saturnine\*?

Full well, Andronicus,

Agree these deeds with that proud brag of thine,

That said'st, I begg'd the empire at thy hands.

TIT. O monstrous! what reproachful words are these?

SAT. But go thy ways; go, give that changing piece

To him that flourish'd for her with his sword:

A valiant son-in-law thou shalt enjoy;

One fit to bandy with thy lawless sons,

To ruffle in the commonwealth of Rome.

TIT. These words are razors to my wounded heart.

SAT. And therefore, lovely Tamora, queen of Goths,

That, like the stately Phoebe 'mongst her nymphs,

Dost overshadow the gallant'st dames of Rome,

If thou be pleas'd with this my sudden choice,

Behold I choose thee, Tamora, for my bride,

And will create thee empress of Rome.

Speak, queen of Goths; dost thou applaud my choice?

And here I swear by all the Roman gods,—

Sith priest and holy water are so near,

And tapers burn so bright, and everything

In readiness for Hymeneus stand,—

I will not re-salute the streets of Rome,

\* The second folio has—

“Was there none else in Rome, to make a stale,  
But Saturnine?”

Or climb my palace, till from forth this place  
I lead espous'd my bride along with me.

TAM. And here, in sight of heaven, to Rome I swear,  
If Saturnine advance the queen of Goths,  
She will a handmaid be to his desires,  
A loving nurse, a mother to his youth.

SAT. Ascend, fair queen, Pantheon : Lords, accompany  
Your noble emperor and his lovely bride,  
Sent by the heavens for prince Saturnine,  
Whose wisdom hath her fortune conquered :  
There shall we consummate our spousal rites.

[*Exeunt SATURNINE and his Followers ; TAMORA, and her Sons ;  
AARON, and Goths.*]

TIT. I am not bid to wait upon this bride ;—  
Titus, when wert thou wont to walk alone,  
Dishonour'd thus, and challenged of wrongs ?

*Re-enter MARCUS, LUCIUS, QUINTUS, and MARTIUS.*

MARC. O, Titus, see ! O see what thou hast done !  
In a bad quarrel slain a virtuous son.

TIT. No, foolish tribune, no : no son of mine,—  
Nor thou, nor these, confederates in the deed.  
That hath dishonour'd all our family ;  
Unworthy brother, and unworthy sons !

LUC. But let us give him burial as becomes :  
Give Mutius burial with our brethren.

TIT. Traitors, away ! he rests not in this tomb :  
This monument five hundred years hath stood,  
Which I have sumptuously re-edified :  
Here none but soldiers, and Rome's servitors,  
Repose in fame : none basely slain in brawls :  
Bury him where you can ; he comes not here.

MARC. My lord, this is impiety in you :  
My nephew Mutius' deeds do plead for him :  
He must be buried with his brethren.

QUINT., MART. And shall, or him we will accompany.

TIT. And shall ! What villain was it spake that word ?

QUINT. He that would vouch it in any place but here.

TIT. What ! would you bury him in my despite ?

MARC. No, noble Titus ; but entreat of thee  
To pardon Mutius, and to bury him.

TIT. Marcus, even thou hast struck upon my crest,  
And with these boys mine honour thou hast wounded :  
My foes I do repute you every one.  
So trouble me no more, but get you gone.

MART. He is not with himself<sup>a</sup>; let us withdraw.

QUINT. Not I, till Mutius' bones be buried. [*The Brother and the Sons kneel.*]

MARC. Brother, for in that name doth nature plead.

QUINT. Father, and in that name doth nature speak.

TIT. Speak thou no more, if all the rest will speed.

MARC. Renowned Titus, more than half my soul!

LUC. Dear father, soul and substance of us all!

MARC. Suffer thy brother Marcus to inter

His noble nephew here in virtue's nest,  
That died in honour and Lavinia's cause.

Thou art a Roman, be not barbarous:  
The Greeks upon advice, did bury Ajax,  
That slew himself: and wise Laertes' son  
Did graciously plead for his funerals:  
Let not young Mutius then, that was thy joy,  
Be barr'd his entrance here.

TIT. Rise, Marcus, rise!

The dismall'st day is this that e'er I saw,  
To be dishonour'd by my sons in Rome:

Well, bury him, and bury me the next. [*They put MUTIUS in the tomb.*]

LUC. There lie thy bones, sweet Mutius, with thy friends,

Till we with trophies do adorn thy tomb. [*They all kneel and say.*]

No man shed tears for noble Mutius;  
He lives in fame that died in virtue's cause.

[*Exeunt all but MARCUS and TITUS.*]

MARC. My lord,—to step out of these sudden<sup>b</sup> dumps,—

How comes it that the subtle queen of Goths  
Is of a sudden thus advanc'd in Rome?

TIT. I know not, Marcus: but I know it is:

Whether by device, or no, the heavens can tell;  
Is she not then beholding to the man  
That brought her for this high good turn so far?  
Yes; and will nobly him remunerate<sup>c</sup>.

*Enter the EMPEROR, TAMORA, and her two Sons, with the Moor, at one side;  
enter at the other side, BASSIANUS and LAVINIA, with others.*

SAT. So, Bassianus, you have play'd your prize!

God give you joy, sir, of your gallant bride!

BASS. And you of yours, my lord. I say no more,

Nor wish no less; and so I take my leave.

SAT. Traitor, if Rome have law, or we have power,

<sup>a</sup> *With himself*, in the quarto. The folio omits *with*.

<sup>b</sup> *Sudden*, in the folio. The quarto, *dreary*.

<sup>c</sup> This line, found in the folio, is wanting in the quarto. It is, probably, not intended to be spoken by Titus.

Thou and thy faction shall repent this rape.

**BASS.** Rape call you it, my lord, to seize my own,  
My true betrothed love, and now my wife?  
But let the laws of Rome determine all;  
Meanwhile I am possess'd of that is mine.

**SAT.** 'T is good, sir; you are very short with us;  
But, if we live, we 'll be as sharp with you.

**BASS.** My lord, what I have done, as best I may,  
Answer I must, and shall do with my life.  
Only thus much I give your grace to know:  
By all the duties that I owe to Rome,  
This noble gentleman, lord Titus here,  
Is in opinion and in honour wrong'd,  
That, in the rescue of Lavinia,  
With his own hand did slay his youngest son,  
In zeal to you, and highly mov'd to wrath,  
To be controll'd in that he frankly gave.  
Receive him, then, to favour, Saturnine,  
That hath express'd himself, in all his deeds,  
A father and a friend to thee and Rome.

**TIT.** Prince Bassianus, leave to plead my deeds:  
'T is thou, and those, that have dishonour'd me.  
Rome, and the righteous heavens, be my judge,  
How I have lov'd and honour'd Saturnine.

**TAM.** My worthy lord, if ever Tamora  
Were gracious in those princely eyes of thine,  
Then hear me speak, indifferently for all:  
And at my suit, sweet, pardon what is past.

**SAT.** What, madam! be dishonour'd openly,  
And basely put it up without revenge?

**TAM.** Not so, my lord; the gods of Rome forfend  
I should be author to dishonour you.  
But on mine honour, dare I undertake  
For good lord Titus' innocence in all;  
Whose fury not dissembled speaks his griefs:  
Then, at my suit, look graciously on him:  
Lose not so noble a friend on vain suppose;  
Nor with sour looks afflict his gentle heart.  
My lord, be rul'd by me, be won at last;  
Dissemble all your griefs and discontents:  
You are but newly planted in your throne;  
Lest then the people, and patricians too,  
Upon a just survey take Titus' part,  
And so supplant us for ingratitude,  
Which Rome reputes to be a heinous sin,

Yield at entreats, and then let me alone :  
I 'll find a day to massacre them all ;  
And raze their faction and their family,  
The cruel father, and his traitorous sons,  
To whom I sued for my dear son's life ;  
And make them know, what 't is to let a queen  
Kneel in the streets, and beg for grace in vain.

[*The preceding fourteen lines are spoken aside.*]

Come, come, sweet emperor ; come, Andronicus ;  
Take up this good old man, and cheer the heart  
That dies in tempest of thy angry frown.

SAT. Rise, Titus, rise ; my empress hath prevail'd.

TIT. I thank your majesty, and her, my lord.

These words, these looks, infuse new life in me.

TAM. Titus, I am incorporate in Rome,  
A Roman now adopted happily,  
And must advise the emperor for his good.  
This day all quarrels die, Andronicus ;  
And let it be mine honour, good my lord,  
That I have reconcil'd your friends and you.  
For you, prince Bassianus, I have pass'd  
My word and promise to the emperor,  
That you will be more mild and tractable :  
And fear not, lords : and you, Lavinia,  
By my advice, all humbled on your knees,  
You shall ask pardon of his majesty.

LUC. We do ; and vow to heaven, and to his highness,  
That what we did was mildly, as we might,  
Tend'ring our sister's honour and our own.

MARC. That on mine honour here I do protest.

SAT. Away, and talk not ; trouble us no more.—

TAM. Nay, nay, sweet emperor, we must all be friends :

The tribune and his nephews kneel for grace ;  
I will not be denied. Sweet heart, look back.

SAT. Marcus, for thy sake, and thy brother's here,  
And at my lovely Tamora's entreats,  
I do remit these young men's heinous faults.  
Stand up. Lavinia, though you left me like a churl,  
I found a friend : and sure as death I swear<sup>a</sup>,  
I would not part a bachelor from the priest.  
Come, if the emperor's court can feast two brides,  
You are my guest, Lavinia, and your friends :  
This day shall be a love-day, Tamora.

<sup>a</sup> Swear, in the folio. The quarto, *swore*.

TIT. To-morrow, an it please your majesty  
To hunt the panther and the hart with me,  
With horn and hound, we 'll give your grace *bon-jour*.

SAT. Be it so, Titus, and gramercy too.

[*Exeunt.*]





## ACT II.

SCENE I.—Rome. *Before the Palace.*

*Enter AARON.*

AARON. Now climbeth Tamora Olympus' top,  
 Safe out of Fortune's shot; and sits aloft,  
 Secure of thunder's crack or lightning flash,  
 Advanc'd above pale envy's threat'ning reach:  
 As when the golden sun salutes the morn,  
 And, having gilt the ocean with his beams,  
 Gallops the zodiac in his glistening coach,  
 And overlooks the highest peering hills;  
 So Tamora.  
 Upon her wit doth earthly honour wait,  
 And virtue stoops and trembles at her frown.  
 Then, Aaron, arm thy heart, and fit thy thoughts,  
 To mount aloft with thy imperial mistress,  
 And mount her pitch, whom thou in triumph long  
 Hast prisoner held, fetter'd in amorous chains,  
 And faster bound to Aaron's charming eyes  
 Than is Prometheus tied to Caucasus.



Away with slavish weeds and servile<sup>a</sup> thoughts !  
 I will be bright, and shine in pearl and gold,  
 To wait upon this new-made empress.  
 To wait, said I ? to wanton with this queen,  
 This goddess, this Semiramis, this nymph<sup>b</sup>,  
 This syren, that will charm Rome's Saturnine,  
 And see his shipwrack, and his commonweal's.  
 Hollo ! what storm is this ?

*Enter CHIRON and DEMETRIUS, braving.*

DEMET. Chiron, thy years want wit, thy wit wants edge,  
 And manners, to intrude where I am grac'd ;  
 And may, for aught thou know'st, affected be.

CHI. Demetrius, thou dost overween in all ;  
 And so in this, to bear me down with braves.  
 'T is not the difference of a year or two  
 Makes me less gracious, or thee more fortunate :  
 I am as able, and as fit, as thou,  
 To serve, and to deserve my mistress's grace ;  
 And that my sword upon thee shall approve,  
 And plead my passions for Lavinia's love.

AARON. Clubs, clubs ! these lovers will not keep the peace.

DEMET. Why, boy, although our mother, unadvis'd,  
 Gave you a dancing rapier by your side,  
 Are you so desperate grown to threat your friends ?  
 Go to ; have your lath glued within your sheath,  
 Till you know better how to handle it.

CHI. Meanwhile, sir, with the little skill I have,  
 Full well shalt thou perceive how much I dare.

DEMET. Ay, boy, grow ye so brave ?

*[They draw.]*

AARON. Why, how now, lords ?

So near the emperor's palace, dare you draw,  
 And maintain such a quarrel openly ?  
 Full well I wot the ground of all this grudge ;  
 I would not for a million of gold  
 The cause were known to them it most concerns.  
 Nor would your noble mother, for much more,  
 Be so dishonour'd in the court of Rome.  
 For shame, put up.

DEMET. Not I, till I have sheath'd  
 My rapier in his bosom, and, withal,  
 Thrust those reproachful speeches down his throat,  
 That he hath breath'd in my dishonour here.

<sup>a</sup> *Servile*, in the quarto of 1600 ; the folio, *idle*, and so the quarto of 1611.

<sup>b</sup> *Nymph*, in the quarto of 1600 ; the folio, and the quarto of 1611, *queen*.

CHI. For that I am prepar'd, and full resolv'd,  
Foul-spoken coward, that thund'rest with thy tongue,  
And with thy weapon nothing dar'st perform.

AARON. Away, I say!

Now, by the gods that warlike Goths adore,  
This petty brabble will undo us all!  
Why, lords,—and think you not how dangerous  
It is to jet upon a prince's right?  
What, is Lavinia then become so loose,  
Or Bassianus so degenerate,  
That for her love such quarrels may be broach'd,  
Without controlment, justice, or revenge?  
Young lords, beware; and should the empress know  
This discord's ground, the music would not please.

CHI. I care not, I, knew she, and all the world,  
I love Lavinia more than all the world.

DEMET. Youngling, learn thou to make some meaner choice:  
Lavinia is thine elder brother's hope.

AARON. Why, are ye mad? or know ye not, in Rome,  
How furious and impatient they be,  
And cannot brook competitors in love?  
I tell you, lords, you do but plot your deaths  
By this device.

CHI. Aaron, a thousand deaths would I propose,  
To achieve her whom I do love.

AARON. To achieve her, how?

DEMET. Why mak'st thou it so strange?  
She is a woman, therefore may be woo'd;  
She is a woman, therefore may be won;  
She is Lavinia, therefore must be lov'd.  
What, man! more water glideth by the mill  
Than wots the miller of; and easy it is  
Of a cut loaf to steal a shive, we know:  
Though Bassianus be the emperor's brother,  
Better than he have worn Vulcan's badge.

AARON. Ay, and as good as Saturninus may.

DEMET. Then why should he despair that knows to court it  
With words, fair looks, and liberality?  
What, hast not thou full often struck a doe,  
And borne her cleanly by the keeper's nose?

AARON. Why, then, it seems, some certain snatch or so  
Would serve your turns.

CHI. Ay, so the turn were serv'd.

DEMET. Aaron, thou hast hit it.

AARON. Would you had hit it too,

Then should not we be tir'd with this ado.  
 Why, hark ye, hark ye, and are you such fools  
 To square for this? would it offend you then  
 That both should speed<sup>a</sup>?

CHI. Faith, not me.

DEMET. Nor me, so I were one.

AARON. For shame, be friends, and join for that you jar.

'T is policy and stratagem must do  
 That you affect, and so must you resolve  
 That what you cannot as you would achieve  
 You must perforce accomplish as you may:  
 Take this of me, Lucrece was not more chaste  
 Than this Lavinia, Bassianus' love.  
 A speedier course than<sup>b</sup> ling'ring languishment  
 Must we pursue, and I have found the path.  
 My lords, a solemn hunting is in hand;  
 There will the lovely Roman ladies troop:  
 The forest walks are wide and spacious,  
 And many unfrequented plots there are,  
 Fitted by kind for rape and villainy:  
 Single you thither then this dainty doe,  
 And strike her home by force, if not by words:  
 This way, or not at all, stand you in hope.  
 Come, come, our empress, with her sacred<sup>c</sup> wit,  
 To villainy and vengeance consecrate,  
 Will we acquaint with all that we intend;  
 And she shall file our engines with advice,  
 That will not suffer you to square yourselves,  
 But to your wishes' height advance you both.  
 The emperor's court is like the house of fame,  
 The palace full of tongues, of eyes, of ears:  
 The woods are ruthless, dreadful, deaf, and dull:  
 There speak, and strike, brave boys, and take your turns.  
 There serve your lust, shadow'd from heaven's eye,  
 And revel in Lavinia's treasury.

CHI. Thy counsel, lad, smells of no cowardice,

DEMET. *Sit fas aut nefas*, till I find the stream  
 To cool this heat, a charm to calm these fits,  
*Per Styga, per manes vehor.*

[*Exeunt.*]

<sup>a</sup> This line is omitted in the folio: the sense is incomplete without it.

<sup>b</sup> *Than*—in the original copies, *this*.

<sup>c</sup> *Sacred*—in the Latin sense, *accursed*.

SCENE II.—*A Forest.*

*Enter TITUS ANDRONICUS, his three SONS, and MARCUS, making a noise with hounds and horns.*

TIT. The hunt is up, the morn is bright and gray,  
The fields are fragrant, and the woods are green;  
Uncouple here, and let us make a bay,  
And wake the emperor and his lovely bride,  
And rouse the prince, and ring a hunter's peal,  
That all the court may echo with the noise.  
Sons, let it be your charge, as it is ours,  
To attend the emperor's person carefully:  
I have been troubled in my sleep this night,  
But dawning day new comfort hath inspir'd.

*Here a cry of hounds, and wind horns in a peal; then enter SATURNINUS, TAMORA, BASSIANUS, LAVINIA, CHIRON, DEMETRIUS, and their Attendants.*

TIT. Many good morrows to your majesty;  
Madam, to you as many and as good.  
I promised your grace a hunter's peal.

SAT. And you have rung it lustily, my lords;  
Somewhat too early for new-married ladies.

BAS. Lavinia, how say you?

LAV. I say no:

I have been broad awake two hours and more.

SAT. Come on, then; horse and chariots let us have,  
And to our sport: madam, now shall ye see  
Our Roman hunting.

MARC. I have dogs, my lord,  
Will rouse the proudest panther in the chase,  
And climb the highest promontory top.

TIT. And I have horse will follow where the game  
Makes way, and run like swallows o'er the plain.

DEMET. Chiron, we hunt not, we, with horse nor hound;  
But hope to pluck a dainty doe to ground.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The Forest.*

*Enter AARON.*

AARON. He that had wit would think that I had none,  
To bury so much gold under a tree,  
And never after to inherit it.  
Let him that thinks of me so abjectly  
Know that this gold must coin a stratagem,  
Which, cunningly effected, will beget

A very excellent piece of villainy :  
And so repose, sweet gold, for their unrest,  
That have their alms out of the empress' chest.

*Enter TAMORA.*

TAM. My lovely Aaron, wherefore look'st thou sad,  
When everything doth make a gleeful boast ?  
The birds chant melody on every bush ;  
The snake lies rolled in the cheerful sun ;  
The green leaves quiver with the cooling wind,  
And make a checker'd shadow on the ground :  
Under their sweet shade, Aaron, let us sit,  
And, whilst the babbling echo mocks the hounds,  
Replying shrilly to the well-tun'd horns,  
As if a double hunt were heard at once,  
Let us sit down and mark their yelping<sup>a</sup> noise :  
And, after conflict such as was suppos'd  
The wand'ring prince and Dido once enjoy'd  
When with a happy storm they were surpris'd,  
And curtain'd with a counsel-keeping cave,  
We may, each wreathed in the other's arms,  
Our pastimes done, possess a golden slumber,  
While hounds, and horns, and sweet melodious birds,  
Be unto us as is a nurse's song  
Of lullaby, to bring her babe asleep.

AARON. Madam, though Venus govern your desires,  
Saturn is dominator over mine :  
What signifies my deadly standing eye,  
My silence, and my cloudy melancholy,  
My fleece of woolly hair, that now uncurls  
Even as an adder when she doth unroll  
To do some fatal execution ?  
No, madam, these are no venereal signs ;  
Vengeance is in my heart, death in my hand,  
Blood and revenge are hammering in my head.  
Hark, Tamora, the empress of my soul,  
Which never hopes more heaven than rests in thee,  
This is the day of doom for Bassianus ;  
His Philomel must lose her tongue to-day ;  
Thy sons make pillage of her chastity,  
And wash their hands in Bassianus' blood.  
Seest thou this letter ? take it up, I pray thee,  
And give the king this fatal-plotted scroll.  
Now question me no more ; we are espied :

<sup>a</sup> *Yelping.* So the folio—commonly, *yelling.*

Here comes a parcel of our hopeful booty,  
Which dreads not yet their lives' destruction.

*Enter BASSIANUS and LAVINIA.*

TAM. Ah, my sweet Moor, sweeter to me than life!

AARON. No more, great empress, Bassianus comes.

Be cross with him; and I 'll go fetch thy sons  
To back thy quarrels, whatsoe'er they be.

[*Exit.*

BASS. Who have we here? Rome's royal empress,  
Unfurnish'd of our well-beseeming troop?  
Or is it Dian, habited like her,  
Who hath abandoned her holy groves,  
To see the general hunting in this forest?

TAM. Saucy controller of our private steps,  
Had I the power that some say Dian had,  
Thy temples should be planted presently  
With horns as was Actæon's, and the hounds  
Should drive upon thy new-transformed limbs,  
Unmannerly intruder as thou art!

LAV. Under your patience, gentle empress,  
'T is thought you have a goodly gift in horning,  
And to be doubted that your Moor and you  
Are singled forth to try experiments:  
Jove shield your husband from his hounds to-day;  
'T is pity they should take him for a stag.

BASS. Believe me, queen, your swarth Cimmerian  
Doth make your honour of his body's hue,  
Spotted, detested, and abominable.  
Why are you sequestered from all your train?  
Dismounted from your snow-white goodly steed,  
And wander'd hither to an obscure plot,  
Accompanied but<sup>a</sup> with a barbarous Moor,  
If foul desire had not conducted you?

LAV. And, being intercepted in your sport,  
Great reason that my noble lord be rated  
For sauciness; I pray you, let us hence,  
And let her joy her raven-colour'd love;  
This valley fits the purpose passing well.

BASS. The king, my brother, shall have notice of this.

LAV. Ay, for these slips have made him noted long;  
Good king, to be so mightily abused!

TAM. Why have I<sup>b</sup> patience to endure all this?

<sup>a</sup> *But.* The edition of 1600 has this word.

<sup>b</sup> *Have I.* The original copies, *I have.*

*Enter CHIRON and DEMETRIUS.*

DEMET. How now, dear sovereign, and our gracious mother,

Why doth your highness look so pale and wan?

TAM. Have I not reason, think you, to look pale?

These two have 'tic'd me hither to this place,

A barren detested vale, you see it is;

The trees, though summer, yet forlorn and lean,

O'ercome with moss and baleful misseltoe.

Here never shines the sun; here nothing breeds,

Unless the nightly owl, or fatal raven:

And when they show'd me this abhorred pit,

They told me here, at dead time of the night,

A thousand fiends, a thousand hissing snakes,

Ten thousand swelling toads, as many urchins,

Would make such fearful and confused cries,

As any mortal body, hearing it,

Should straight fall mad, or else die suddenly.

No sooner had they told this hellish tale,

But straight they told me they would bind me here,

Unto the body of a dismal yew,

And leave me to this miserable death.

And then they call'd me foul adulteress,

Lascivious Goth, and all the bitterest terms

That ever ear did hear to such effect.

And had you not by wondrous fortune come,

This vengeance on me had they executed:

Revenge it, as you love your mother's life,

Or be ye not henceforth call'd my children.

DEMET. This is a witness that I am thy son.

CHI. And this for me struck home to show my strength.

*[Stabs him.]*

LAV. Ay, come, Semiramis,—nay, barbarous Tamora!

*[Stabs him likewise.]*

For no name fits thy nature but thy own.

TAM. Give me thy poniard; you shall know, my boys,

Your mother's hand shall right your mother's wrong.

DEMET. Stay, madam; here is more belongs to her;

First thresh the corn, then after burn the straw;

This minion stood upon her chastity,

Upon her nuptial vow, her loyalty,

And, with that painted hope, braves your mightiness:

And shall she carry this unto her grave?

CHI. And if she do, I would I were an eunuch.

Drag hence her husband to some secret hole,

And make his dead trunk pillow to our lust.

TAM. But when ye have the honey you desire,

- Let not this wasp outlive us both to sting.  
CHI. I warrant you, madam, we will make that sure.  
Come, mistress, now perforce we will enjoy  
That nice preserved honesty of yours.  
LAV. Oh, Tamora! thou bear'st a woman's face—  
TAM. I will not hear her speak; away with her!  
LAV. Sweet lords, entreat her hear me but a word.  
DEMET. Listen, fair madam; let it be your glory  
To see her tears, but be your heart to them  
As unrelenting flint to drops of rain.  
LAV. When did the tiger's young ones teach the dam?  
O, do not learn her wrath; she taught it thee.  
The milk thou suck'st from her did turn to marble;  
Even at thy teat thou hadst thy tyranny.  
Yet every mother breeds not sons alike;  
Do thou entreat her show a woman pity.  
CHI. What! wouldst thou have me prove myself a bastard?  
LAV. 'T is true; the raven doth not hatch a lark:  
Yet have I heard,—oh could I find it now!—  
The lion, mov'd with pity, did endure  
To have his princely paws par'd all away.  
Some say that ravens foster forlorn children,  
The whilst their own birds famish in their nests:  
Oh, be to me, though thy hard heart say no,  
Nothing so kind, but something pitiful!  
TAM. I know not what it means; away with her.  
LAV. Oh let me teach thee! For my father's sake,  
That gave thee life when well he might have slain thee,  
Be not obdurate, open thy deaf ears.  
TAM. Hadst thou in person ne'er offended me,  
Even for his sake am I pitiless.  
Remember, boys, I pour'd forth tears in vain,  
To save your brother from the sacrifice;  
But fierce Andronicus would not relent:  
Therefore, away with her, and use her as you will;  
The worse to her, the better lov'd of me.  
LAV. Oh Tamora, be call'd a gentle queen,  
And with thine own hands kill me in this place:  
For 't is not life that I have begg'd so long;  
Poor I was slain when Bassianus died.  
TAM. What begg'st thou then? fond woman, let me go.  
LAV. 'T is present death I beg; and one thing more,  
That womanhood denies my tongue to tell:  
Oh, keep me from their worse than killing lust,  
And tumble me into some loathsome pit,
- [To CHIRON.]



Where never man's eye may behold my body;—  
Do this, and be a charitable murderer.

TAM. So should I rob my sweet sons of their fee.

No, let them satisfy their lust on thee.

DEMET. Away, for thou hast stay'd us here too long.

LAV. No grace!—no womanhood! Ah, beastly creature,  
The blot and enemy to our general name!

Confusion fall——

CHI. Nay, then I'll stop your mouth; bring thou her husband:

[*Dragging off LAVINIA.*]

This is the hole where Aaron bid us hide him.

TAM. Farewell, my sons; see that you make her sure:

Ne'er let my heart know merry cheer indeed,

Till all the Andronici be made away:

Now will I hence to seek my lovely Moor,

And let my spleenful sons this trull deflour.

[*Exit.*]

#### SCENE IV.—*The Forest.*

*Enter AARON, with QUINTUS and MARTIUS.*

AARON. Come on, my lords, the better foot before:

Straight will I bring you to the loathsome pit,

Where I espied the panther fast asleep.

QUINT. My sight is very dull, whate'er it bodes.

MART. And mine, I promise you; were't not for shame,

Well could I leave our sport to sleep awhile. [MARTIUS falls into the pit.]

QUINT. What, art thou fallen? What subtle hole is this,

Whose mouth is cover'd with rude growing briers,

Upon whose leaves are drops of new-shed blood,

As fresh as morning's dew distill'd on flowers?

A very fatal place it seems to me:

Speak, brother, hast thou hurt thee with the fall?

MART. O brother, with the dismall'st object hurt<sup>a</sup>

That ever eye with sight made heart lament.

AARON. [*Aside.*] Now will I fetch the king to find them here,

That he thereby may have a likely guess,

How these were they that made away his brother.

[*Exit.*]

MART. Why dost not comfort me and help me out

From this unhallow'd and blood-stained hole?

QUINT. I am surprised with an uncouth fear;

A chilling sweat o'erruns my trembling joints;

My heart suspects more than mine eye can see.

MART. To prove thou hast a true-divining heart,

Aaron and thou look down into this den,

<sup>a</sup> *Hurt.* In the quarto of 1600.

And see a fearful sight of blood and death.

QUINT. Aaron is gone, and my compassionate heart  
Will not permit mine eyes once to behold  
The thing whereat it trembles by surmise :  
O, tell me how it is, for ne'er till now  
Was I a child, to fear I know not what.

MART. Lord Bassianus lies embrued here,  
All on a heap, like to a slaughter'd lamb,  
In this detested, dark, blood-drinking pit.

QUINT. If it be dark, how dost thou know 't is he ?

MART. Upon his bloody finger he doth wear  
A precious ring, that lightens all the hole :  
Which, like a taper in some monument,  
Doth shine upon the dead man's earthly cheeks,  
And shows the ragged entrails of this pit :  
So pale did shine the moon on Pyramus,  
When he by night lay bath'd in maiden blood.  
O, brother, help me with thy fainting hand,—  
If fear hath made thee faint, as me it hath,—  
Out of this fell devouring receptacle,  
As hateful as Cocytus' misty mouth.

QUINT. Reach me thy hand, that I may help thee out ;  
Or, wanting strength to do thee so much good,  
I may be pluck'd into the swallowing womb  
Of this deep pit, poor Bassianus' grave.

I have no strength to pluck thee to the brink.

MART. Nor I no strength to climb without thy help.

QUINT. Thy hand once more ; I will not loose again,  
Till thou art here aloft, or I below :  
Thou canst not come to me, I come to thee.

[Falls.

*Enter SATURNINUS and AARON.*

SAT. Along with me :—I'll see what hole is here,  
And what he is that now is leap'd into it.  
Say, who art thou that lately didst descend  
Into this gaping hollow of the earth ?

MART. The unhappy son of old Andronicus,  
Brought hither in a most unlucky hour,  
To find thy brother Bassianus dead.

SAT. My brother dead ? I know thou dost but jest :  
He and his lady both are at the lodge,  
Upon the north side of this pleasant chase ;  
'T is not an hour since I left him there.

MART. We know not where you left him all alive,  
But out, alas ! here have we found him dead.

*Enter TAMORA, ANDRONICUS, and LUCIUS.*

TAM. Where is my lord the king?

SAT. Here, Tamora, though griev'd with killing grief.

TAM. Where is thy brother Bassianus?

SAT. Now to the bottom dost thou search my wound;

Poor Bassianus here lies murdered.

TAM. Then all too late I bring this fatal writ,

The complot of this timeless tragedy;

And wonder greatly that man's face can fold

In pleasing smiles such murderous tyranny. [*She gives SATURNINE a letter.*]

*SATURNINUS reads the letter.*

"An if we miss to meet him handsomely,—  
Sweet huntsman, Bassianus 't is we mean,—  
Do thou so much as dig the grave for him;  
Thou know'st our meaning: Look for thy reward  
Among the nettles at the elder-tree,  
Which overshades the mouth of that same pit,  
Where we decreed to bury Bassianus.  
Do this, and purchase us thy lasting friends."

SAT. Oh Tamora, was ever heard the like?

This is the pit, and this the elder-tree:

Look, sirs, if you can find the huntsman out,

That should have murder'd Bassianus here.

AARON. My gracious lord, here is the bag of gold.

SAT. Two of thy whelps [*to TITUS*], fell curs of bloody kind,

Have here bereft my brother of his life:

Sirs, drag them from the pit unto the prison;

There let them bide until we have devis'd

Some never-heard-of torturing pain for them.

TAM. What, are they in this pit? oh wondrous thing!

How easily murder is discovered!

TIT. High emperor, upon my feeble knee,

I beg this boon, with tears not lightly shed,

That this fell fault of my accursed sons,

Accursed, if the fault be prov'd in them,—

SAT. If it be prov'd! you see it is apparent.

Who found this letter, Tamora, was it you?

TAM. Andronicus himself did take it up.

TIT. I did, my lord; yet let me be their bail:

For by my father's reverent tomb I vow

They shall be ready at your highness' will,

To answer their suspicion with their lives.

SAT. Thou shalt not bail them, see thou follow me.

Some bring the murder'd body, some the murderers:

Let them not speak a word, the guilt is plain;  
For, by my soul, were there worse end than death,  
That end upon them should be executed.

TAM. Andronicus, I will entreat the king:

Fear not thy sons; they shall do well enough.

TIT. Come, Lucius, come; stay not to talk with them.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*The Forest.*

*Enter DEMETRIUS and CHIRON, with LAVINIA, her hands cut off, and her tongue cut out.*

DEMET. So now go tell, an if thy tongue can speak,  
Who 't was that cut thy tongue and ravish'd thee.

CHI. Write down thy mind, bewray thy meaning so,  
An if thy stumps will let thee play the scribe.

DEMET. See, how with signs and tokens she can scrawl.

CHI. Go home, call for sweet water, wash thy hands.

DEMET. She hath no tongue to call, nor hands to wash;  
And so, let 's leave her to her silent walks.

CHI. An 't were my cause<sup>a</sup>, I should go hang myself.

DEMET. If thou hadst hands to help thee knit the cord.

[*Exeunt DEMETRIUS and CHIRON.*]

*Enter MARCUS, from hunting.*

MARC. Who is this? my niece, that flies away so fast?

Cousin, a word; where is your husband?

If I do dream, would all my wealth would wake me!

If I do wake, some planet strike me down,

That I may slumber in eternal sleep!

Speak, gentle niece; what stern ungentle hands

Have lopp'd, and hew'd, and made thy body bare

Of her two branches, those sweet ornaments

Whose circling shadows kings have sought to sleep in,

And might not gain so great a happiness

As half thy love? why dost not speak to me?

Alas, a crimson river of warm blood,

Like to a bubbling fountain stirr'd with wind,

Doth rise and fall between thy rosed lips,

Coming and going with thy honey breath.

But sure some Tereus hath deflower'd thee,

And, lest thou shouldst detect him, cut thy tongue.

Ah, now thou turn'st away thy face for shame!

And, notwithstanding all this loss of blood,

As from a conduit with their issuing spouts,

<sup>a</sup> *Cause.* So the old editions. In modern copies, *case*.

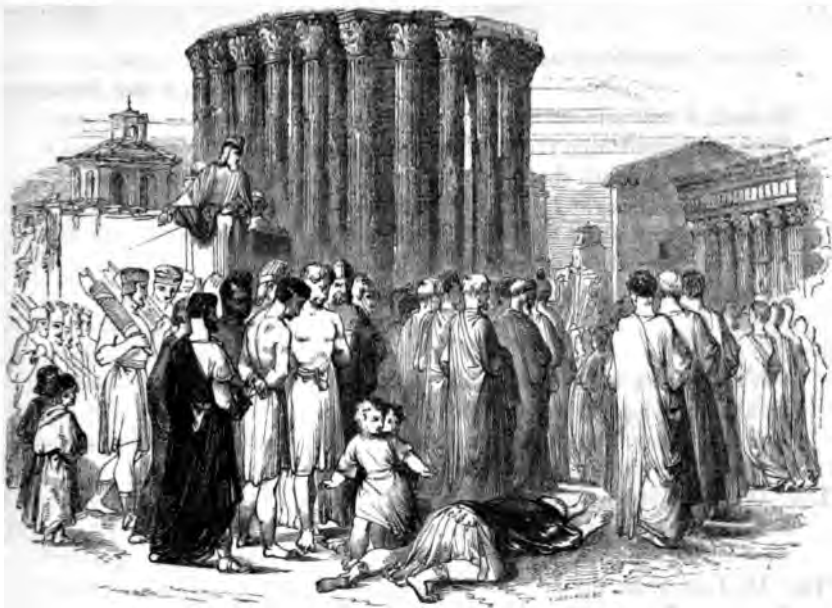
Yet do thy cheeks look red as Titan's face,  
Blushing to be encounter'd with a cloud.  
Shall I speak for thee? shall I say, 't is so?  
O that I knew thy heart, and knew the beast,  
That I might rail at him to ease my mind!  
Sorrow concealed, like an oven stopp'd,  
Doth burn the heart to cinders where it is.  
Fair Philomela, she but lost her tongue,  
And in a tedious sampler sew'd her mind.  
But, lovely niece, that mean is cut from thee;  
A craftier Tereus hast thou met withal\*,  
And he hath cut those pretty fingers off,  
That could have better sew'd than Philomel.  
Oh! had the monster seen those lily hands  
Tremble like aspen-leaves upon a lute,  
And make the silken strings delight to kiss them,  
He would not then have touch'd them for his life.  
Or had he heard the heavenly harmony  
Which that sweet tongue hath made,  
He would have dropp'd his knife, and fell asleep,  
As Cerberus at the Thracian poet's feet.  
Come, let us go, and make thy father blind;  
For such a sight will blind a father's eye:  
One hour's storm will drown the fragrant meads;  
What will whole months of tears thy father's eyes?  
Do not draw back, for we will mourn with thee;  
Oh, could our mourning ease thy misery!

[*Exeunt.*]

\* So the folio. The quarto of 1600,

"A craftier Tereus, cousin, hast thou met."





[Scene I.]

## ACT III.

### SCENE I.—Rome. A Street.

*Enter the Judges and Senators, with MARTIUS and QUINTUS bound, passing on the stage to the place of execution; and TITUS going before, pleading.*

TIT. Hear me, grave fathers! noble tribunes, stay!  
 For pity of mine age, whose youth was spent  
 In dangerous wars, whilst you securely slept;  
 For all my blood in Rome's great quarrel shed;  
 For all the frosty nights that I have watch'd;  
 And for these bitter tears, which now you see  
 Filling the aged wrinkles in my cheeks;  
 Be pitiful to my condemned sons,  
 Whose souls are not corrupted, as 't is thought.  
 For two-and-twenty sons I never wept,  
 Because they died in honour's lofty bed.

[ANDRONICUS lies down, and the Judges pass by him.]

For these, tribunes<sup>a</sup>, in the dust I write  
 My heart's deep languor, and my soul's sad tears:  
 Let my tears stanch the earth's dry appetite;

<sup>a</sup> Malone reads "good tribunes."

My sons' sweet blood will make it shame and blush.

[*Exeunt Senators, Tribunes, and Prisoners.*]

O earth, I will befriend thee more with rain,  
That shall distil from these two ancient ruins,  
Than youthful April shall with all his showers.  
In summer's drought I 'll drop upon thee still;  
In winter, with warm tears I 'll melt the snow,  
And keep eternal spring-time on thy face,  
So thou refuse to drink my dear sons' blood.

*Enter LUCIUS, with his weapon drawn.*

Oh, reverend tribunes! oh, gentle, aged men!  
Unbind my sons, reverse the doom of death;  
And let me say, that never wept before,  
My tears are now prevailing orators!

LUC. Oh, noble father, you lament in vain;  
The tribunes hear you not, no man is by,  
And you recount your sorrows to a stone.

TIT. Ah, Lucius, for thy brothers let me plead:  
Grave tribunes, once more I entreat of you!

LUC. My gracious lord, no tribune hears you speak.

TIT. Why, 't is no matter, man; if they did hear  
They would not mark me: oh, if they did hear,  
They would not pity me:  
Therefore I tell my sorrows bootless<sup>b</sup> to the stones,  
Who, though they cannot answer my distress,  
Yet in some sort they 're better than the tribunes,  
For that they will not intercept my tale:  
When I do weep, they, humbly at my feet,  
Receive my tears, and seem to weep with me;  
And, were they but attired in grave weeds,  
Rome could afford no tribune like to these.  
A stone is as soft wax<sup>c</sup>, tribunes more hard than stones;  
A stone is silent, and offendeth not;  
And tribunes with their tongues doom men to death.  
But wherefore stand'st thou with thy weapon drawn?

LUC. To rescue my two brothers from their death:  
For which attempt, the judges have pronounc'd  
My everlasting doom of banishment.

<sup>a</sup> So the folio of 1623. The quarto of 1600—

“Or, if they did mark,  
They would not pity me; yet plead I must,  
All bootless unto them.”

The quarto of 1611 omits “Yet plead I must,” but retains “All bootless unto them.”

<sup>b</sup> *Bootless* is omitted in modern editions.

<sup>c</sup> *As soft wax.* So the folio: the quartos, “soft as wax.”

TIT. Oh, happy man, they have befriended thee:  
Why, foolish Lucius, dost thou not perceive  
That Rome is but a wilderness of tigers?  
Tigers must prey; and Rome affords no prey  
But me and mine: how happy art thou, then,  
From these devourers to be banished!  
But who comes with our brother Marcus here?

*Enter MARCUS and LAVINIA.*

MARC. Titus, prepare thy noble\* eyes to weep,  
Or, if not so, thy noble heart to break:  
I bring consuming sorrow to thine age.

TIT. Will it consume me? Let me see it, then.

MARC. This was thy daughter.

TIT. Why, Marcus, so she is.

LUC. Ah me! this object kills me.

TIT. Faint-hearted boy, arise and look upon her:

Speak, Lavinia, what accursed hand  
Hath made thee handless in thy father's sight?  
What fool hath added water to the sea?  
Or brought a fagot to bright-burning Troy?  
My grief was at the height before thou cam'st,  
And now, like Nilus, it disdaineth bounds:  
Give me a sword, I'll chop off my hands too;  
For they have fought for Rome, and all in vain;  
And they have nurs'd this woe, in feeding life;  
In bootless prayer have they been held up,  
And they have serv'd me to effectless use.  
Now all the service I require of them  
Is that the one will help to cut the other.  
'T is well, Lavinia, that thou hast no hands;  
For hands, to do Rome service, are but vain.

LUC. Speak, gentle sister, who hath martyr'd thee?

MARC. Oh, that delightful engine of her thoughts,  
That blabb'd them with such pleasing eloquence,  
Is torn from forth that pretty hollow cage,  
Where, like a sweet melodious bird, it sung  
Sweet varied notes, enchanting every ear.

LUC. Oh, say thou for her, who hath done this deed?

MARC. Oh, thus I found her, straying in the park,  
Seeking to hide herself, as doth the deer  
That hath receiv'd some unrecuring wound.

TIT. It was my deer; and he that wounded her  
Hath hurt me more than had he kill'd me dead:

\* Noble. The common reading is *aged*.



For now I stand as one upon a rock,  
Environ'd with a wilderness of sea,  
Who marks the waxing tide grow wave by wave,  
Expecting ever when some envious surge  
Will in his brinish bowels swallow him.  
This way to death my wretched sons are gone ;  
Here stands my other son, a banish'd man ;  
And here my brother, weeping at my woes :  
But that which gives my soul the greatest spurn  
Is dear Lavinia, dearer than my soul.  
Had I but seen thy picture in this plight  
It would have maddened me : what shall I do  
Now I behold thy lively body so ?  
Thou hast no hands to wipe away thy tears,  
Nor tongue to tell me who hath martyr'd thee :  
Thy husband he is dead, and for his death  
Thy brothers are condemn'd, and dead by this.  
Look, Marcus ! ah, son Lucius, look on her !  
When I did name her brothers, then fresh tears  
Stood on her cheeks, as doth the honey-dew  
Upon a gather'd lily almost wither'd.

MARC. Perchance, she weeps because they kill'd her husband :

Perchance, because she knows them innocent.

TIT. If they did kill thy husband, then be joyful,

Because the law hath ta'en revenge on them.

No, no, they would not do so foul a deed ;

Witness the sorrow that their sister makes.

Gentle Lavinia, let me kiss thy lips,

Or make some sign how I may do thee ease :

Shall thy good uncle, and thy brother Lucius,

And thou, and I, sit round about some fountain,

Looking all downwards to behold our cheeks

How they are stain'd like<sup>a</sup> meadows yet not dry

With miry slime left on them by a flood ?

And in the fountain shall we gaze so long

Till the fresh taste be taken from that clearness,

And made a brine-pit with our bitter tears ?

Or shall we cut away our hands, like thine ?

Or shall we bite our tongues, and in dumb shows

Pass the remainder of our hateful days ?

What shall we do ? let us that have our tongues

Plot some device of further misery

To make us wonder'd at in time to come.

LUC. Sweet father, cease your tears ; for at your grief

<sup>a</sup> Like. The old copies have *is*. Rowe made the change.

See how my wretched sister sobs and weeps.

MARC. Patience, dear niece; good Titus, dry thine eyes.

TIT. Ah, Marcus, Marcus! brother, well I wote

Thy napkin cannot drink a tear of mine,

For thou, poor man, hast drown'd it with thine own.

LUC. Ah, my Lavinia, I will wipe thy cheeks.

TIT. Mark, Marcus, mark! I understand her signs;

Had she a tongue to speak, now would she say

That to her brother which I said to thee.

His napkin, with his true tears all bewet,

Can do no service on her sorrowful cheeks.

Oh, what a sympathy of woe is this;

As far from help as limbo is from bliss!

*Enter AARON.*

AARON. Titus Andronicus, my lord the emperor

Sends thee this word, that if thou love thy sons,

Let Marcus, Lucius, or thyself, old Titus,

Or any one of you, chop off your hand,

And send it to the king: he, for the same,

Will send thee hither both thy sons alive,

And that shall be the ransom for their fault.

TIT. Oh, gracious emperor! oh, gentle Aaron!

Did ever raven sing so like a lark,

That gives sweet tidings of the sun's uprise?

With all my heart, I'll send the emperor my hand:

Good Aaron, wilt thou help to chop it off?

LUC. Stay, father; for that noble hand of thine,

That hath thrown down so many enemies,

Shall not be sent: my hand will serve the turn:

My youth can better spare my blood than you,

And therefore mine shall save my brothers' lives.

MARC. Which of your hands hath not defended Rome,

And rear'd aloft the bloody battle-axe,

Writing destruction on the enemy's castle\*?

Oh, none of both but are of high desert:

My hand hath been but idle: let it serve

To ransom my two nephews from their death,

Then have I kept it to a worthy end.

AARON. Nay, come, agree whose hand shall go along,

For fear they die before their pardon come.

MARC. My hand shall go.

LUC. By heaven, it shall not go!

TIT. Sirs, strive no more; such wither'd herbs as these

\* *Castle*. Theobald changed this to *casque*. It is probably put for stronghold, power.

Are meet for plucking up, and therefore mine.

LUC. Sweet father, if I shall be thought thy son,

Let me redeem my brothers both from death.

MARC. And for our father's sake, and mother's care,

Now let me show a brother's love to thee.

TIT. Agree between you ; I will spare my hand.

LUC. Then I 'll go fetch an axe.

MARC. But I will use the axe.

[*Exeunt LUCIUS and MARCUS.*]

TIT. Come hither, Aaron ; I 'll deceive them both :

Lend me thy hand, and I will give thee mine.

AARON. If that be called deceit, I will be honest,

And never, whilst I live, deceive men so :

But I 'll deceive you in another sort,

And that you 'll say, ere half an hour pass.

[*Aside.*]

[*He cuts off TITUS's hand.*]

*Enter LUCIUS and MARCUS.*

TIT. Now, stay your strife : what shall be is despatch'd :

Good Aaron, give his majesty my hand,

Tell him, it was a hand that warded him

From thousand dangers : bid him bury it :

More hath it merited, that let it have.

As for my sons, say I account of them

As jewels purchas'd at an easy price ;

And yet dear too, because I bought mine own.

AARON. I go, Andronicus ; and, for thy hand,

Look by-and-by to have thy sons with thee.

Their heads I mean : oh, how this villainy

Doth fat me with the very thoughts of it !

Let fools do good, and fair men call for grace,

Aaron will have his soul black like his face !

[*Aside.*]

[*Exit*]

TIT. O, here I lift this one hand up to heaven,

And bow this feeble ruin to the earth :

If any power pities wretched tears,

To that I call : What, wilt <sup>a</sup> thou kneel with me ?

[*To LAVINIA.*]

Do, then, dear heart, for heaven shall hear our prayers,

Or with our sighs we 'll breathe the welkin dim,

And stain the sun with fog, as sometime clouds,

When they do hug him in their melting bosoms.

MARC. Oh brother, speak with possibilities <sup>b</sup>,

And do not break into these deep extremes.

TIT. Is not my sorrow deep, having no bottom ?

Then be my passions bottomless with them.

<sup>a</sup> *Wilt*, in the folio ; the quartos, *would*.

<sup>b</sup> *Possibilities*, in the folio, and quarto of 1611. That of 1600, *possibility*.

MARC. But yet, let reason govern thy lament.

TIT. If there were reason for these miseries,  
 Then into limits could I bind my woes:  
 When heaven doth weep, doth not the earth o'erflow?  
 If the winds rage, doth not the sea wax mad,  
 Threat'ning the welkin with his big-swoll'n face?  
 And wilt thou have a reason for this coil?  
 I am the sea. Hark how her sighs do blow<sup>a</sup>:  
 She is the weeping welkin, I the earth:  
 Then must my sea be moved with her sighs;  
 Then must my earth with her continual tears  
 Become a deluge, overflow'd and drown'd:  
 For why? my bowels cannot hide her woes,  
 But like a drunkard must I vomit them.  
 Then give me leave, for losers will have leave  
 To ease their stomachs with their bitter tongues.

*Enter a Messenger with two heads and a hand.*

MESSEN. Worthy Andronicus, ill art thou repaid  
 For that good hand thou sent'st the emperor:  
 Here are the heads of thy two noble sons,  
 And here 's thy hand in scorn to thee sent back:  
 Thy griefs their sports: thy resolution mock'd:  
 That woe is me to think upon thy woes,  
 More than remembrance of my father's death.

[*Exit.*

MARC. Now let hot Ætna cool in Sicily,  
 And be my heart an ever-burning hell:  
 These miseries are more than may be borne.  
 To weep with them that weep doth ease some deal;  
 But sorrow flouted at is double death.

LUC. Ah, that this sight should make so deep a wound,  
 And yet detested life not shrink thereat!  
 That ever death should let life bear his name,  
 Where life hath no more interest but to breathe!

[LAVINIA kisses TITUS.

MARC. Alas, poor heart, that kiss is comfortless,  
 As frozen water to a starved snake.

TIT. When will this fearful slumber have an end?

MARC. Now farewell flattery: Die Andronicus;  
 Thou dost not slumber: see thy two sons' heads,  
 Thy warlike hand; thy mangled daughter here;  
 Thy other banish'd son with this dear sight  
 Struck pale and bloodless; and thy brother, I,  
 Even like a stony image, cold and numb.  
 Ah, now no more will I control my<sup>b</sup> griefs:

<sup>a</sup> *Blow*, in the second folio. The earlier copies, *flow*.

<sup>b</sup> *My*, in all the early copies. Theobald changed it to *thy*. We see no necessity for the change.

Rend off thy silver hair, thy other hand  
 Gnawing with thy teeth; and be this dismal sight  
 The closing up of our most wretched eyes:  
 Now is a time to storm; why art thou still?

TIT. Ha, ha, ha!

MARC. Why dost thou laugh? it fits not with this hour.

TIT. Why, I have not another tear to shed:

Besides, this sorrow is an enemy,  
 And would usurp upon my watery eyes,  
 And make them blind with tributary tears.  
 Then, which way shall I find revenge's cave?  
 For these two heads do seem to speak to me,  
 And threat me, I shall never come to bliss,  
 Till all these mischiefs be return'd again,  
 Even in their throats that have committed them.  
 Come, let me see what task I have to do.  
 You heavy people, circle me about,  
 That I may turn me to each one of you,  
 And swear unto my soul to right your wrongs.  
 The vow is made. Come, brother, take a head,  
 And in this hand the other will I bear.  
 And, Lavinia, thou shalt be employ'd in these things\*.  
 Bear thou my hand, sweet wench, between thy teeth:  
 As for thee, boy, go get thee from my sight;  
 Thou art an exile, and thou must not stay:  
 Hie to the Goths, and raise an army there;  
 And if you love me, as I think you do,  
 Let's kiss and part, for we have much to do.

[*Exeunt* TITUS, MARCUS, and LUCIUS]

LUC. Farewell, Andronicus, my noble father;

The wofull'st man that ever liv'd in Rome:  
 Farewell, proud Rome, till Lucius come again:  
 He leaves<sup>b</sup> his pledges, dearer than his life.  
 Farewell, Lavinia, my noble sister;  
 O, would thou wert as thou tofore hast been!  
 But now, nor Lucius, nor Lavinia, lives  
 But in oblivion and hateful griefs:  
 If Lucius live, he will requite your wrongs,  
 And make proud Saturnine and his empress  
 Beg at the gates like Tarquin and his queen.  
 Now will I to the Goths, and raise a power,  
 To be reveng'd on Rome and Saturnine.

[*Exit* LUCIUS]

\* *Things*, in the folio. The quartos, *arms*.

<sup>b</sup> *Leaves*. The old copies have *loves*. Rowe made the change, which appears judicious.

SCENE II.—*A Room in Titus's House. A Banquet set out\*.**Enter TITUS, MARCUS, LAVINIA, and Young LUCIUS, a boy.*

TIT. So, so; now sit: and look you eat no more  
 Than will preserve just so much strength in us  
 As will revenge these bitter woes of ours.  
 Marcus, unknot that sorrow-wreathen knot;  
 Thy niece and I, poor creatures, want our hands,  
 And cannot passionate our tenfold grief  
 With folded arms. This poor right hand of mine  
 Is left to tyrannise upon my breast;  
 And<sup>b</sup> when my heart, all mad with misery,  
 Beats in this hollow prison of my flesh,  
 Then thus I thump it down.—

Thou map of woe, that thus dost talk in signs!  
 When thy poor heart beats with outrageous beating,  
 Thou canst not strike it thus to make it still.  
 Wound it with sighing, girl, kill it with groans;  
 Or get some little knife between thy teeth,  
 And just against thy heart make thou a hole;  
 That all the tears that thy poor eyes let fall  
 May run into that sink, and, soaking in,  
 Drown the lamenting fool in sea-salt tears.

[*To LAVINIA.*]

MARC. Fie, brother, fie! teach her not thus to lay  
 Such violent hands upon her tender life.

TIT. How now! has sorrow made thee dote already?  
 Why, Marcus, no man should be mad but I.  
 What violent hands can she lay on her life?  
 Ah, wherefore dost thou urge the name of hands;—  
 To bid Æneas tell the tale twice o'er,  
 How Troy was burnt, and he made miserable?  
 O, handle not the theme, to talk of hands;  
 Lest we remember still that we have none.—  
 Fie, fie, how frantically I square my talk!  
 As if we should forget we had no hands,  
 If Marcus did not name the word of hands!—  
 Come, let's fall to; and, gentle girl, eat this:—  
 Here is no drink! Hark, Marcus, what she says;—  
 I can interpret all her martyr'd signs;—  
 She says, she drinks no other drink but tears,

\* This scene is only found in the folio of 1623. Johnson says it "does not contribute anything to the action." The poet no doubt felt that after such tumultuous action repose was wanting.

<sup>b</sup> And. The original has *who*.

Brew'd with her sorrows, mesh'd upon her cheeks:—  
Speechless complainer, I will learn thy thought;  
In thy dumb action will I be as perfect  
As begging hermits in their holy prayers:  
Thou shalt not sigh, nor hold thy stumps to heaven,  
Nor wink, nor nod, nor kneel, nor make a sign,  
But I, of these, will wrest an alphabet,  
And, by still-practice, learn to know thy meaning.

Boy. Good grandsire, leave these bitter deep laments:

Make my aunt merry with some pleasing tale.

MARC. Alas, the tender boy, in passion mov'd,

Doth weep to see his grandsire's heaviness.

TIT. Peace, tender sapling; thou art made of tears,

And tears will quickly melt thy life away.—

[MARCUS strikes the dish with a knife.]

What dost thou strike at, Marcus, with thy knife?

MARC. At that that I have kill'd, my lord; a fly.

TIT. Out on thee, murtherer! thou kill'st my heart;

Mine eyes are <sup>a</sup> cloy'd with view of tyranny:

A deed of death, done on the innocent,

Becomes not Titus' brother: Get thee gone;

I see thou art not for my company.

MARC. Alas, my lord, I have but kill'd a fly.

TIT. But how, if that fly had a father and mother?

How would he hang his slender gilded wings,

And buzz lamenting doings in the air!

Poor harmless fly!

That, with his pretty buzzing melody,

Came here to make us merry; and thou hast kill'd him

MARC. Pardon me, sir; 't was a black ill-favour'd fly,

Like to the empress' Moor; therefore I kill'd him.

TIT. O, O, O,

Then pardon me for reprehending thee,

For thou hast done a charitable deed.

Give me thy knife, I will insult on him;

Flattering myself, as if it were the Moor,

Come hither purposely to poison me.—

There 's for thyself, and that 's for Tamora.—

Ah, sirrah!

Yet, I think we are not brought so low,

But that, between us, we can kill a fly,

That comes in likeness of a coal-black Moor.

MARC. Alas, poor man! grief has so wrought on him,

He takes false shadows for true substances.

<sup>a</sup> *Are* is omitted in the original.

TIT. Come, take away.—Lavinia, go with me :  
I'll to thy closet; and go read with thee  
Sad stories chanced in the times of old.—  
Come, boy, and go with me; thy sight is young,  
And thou shalt read, when mine begins to dazzle.

[*Exeunt.*]







## ACT IV.

### SCENE I.—*Before Titus's House.*

*Enter TITUS and MARCUS ; then Young LUCIUS, and LAVINIA running after him, the boy flying from her with his books under his arm.*

- BOY. Help, grandsire, help! my aunt Lavinia  
Follows me everywhere, I know not why.  
Good uncle Marcus, see how swift she comes!  
Alas, sweet aunt, I know not what you mean.
- MARC. Stand by me, Lucius; do not fear thy aunt.
- TIT. She loves thee, boy, too well to do thee harm.
- BOY. Ay, when my father was in Rome she did.
- MARC. What means my niece Lavinia by these signs?
- TIT. Fear her not, Lucius: somewhat doth she mean.  
See, Lucius, see, how much she makes of thee:  
Somewhither would she have thee go with her.  
Ay, boy, Cornelia never with more care  
Read to her son than she hath read to thee,  
Sweet poetry, and Tully's Orator:  
Canst thou not guess wherefore she plies thee thus?
- BOY. My lord, I know not, I, nor can I guess,

Unless some fit or frenzy do possess her :  
 For I have heard my grandsire say full oft,  
 Extremity of griefs would make men mad :  
 And I have read that Hecuba of Troy  
 Ran mad through sorrow : That made me to fear ;  
 Although, my lord, I know my noble aunt  
 Loves me as dear as e'er my mother did,  
 And would not, but in fury, fright my youth :  
 Which made me down to throw my books, and fly,  
 Causeless, perhaps : but pardon me, sweet aunt :  
 And, madam, if my uncle Marcus go,  
 I will most willingly attend your ladyship.

MARC. Lucius, I will. [*LAVINIA turns over the books which LUCIUS has let fall.*]

TIT. How now, Lavinia ? Marcus, what means this ?

Some book there is that she desires to see :  
 Which is it, girl, of these ? open them, boy.  
 But thou art deeper read, and better skill'd :  
 Come, and take choice of all my library ;  
 And so beguile thy sorrow, till the heavens  
 Reveal the damn'd contriver of this deed.  
 What book<sup>a</sup> ?

Why lifts she up her arms in sequence thus ?

MARC. I think she means that there was more than one  
 Confederate in the fact ;—ay, more there was :  
 Or else to heaven she heaves them for revenge.

TIT. Lucius, what book is that she tosseth so ?

BOY. Grandsire, 't is Ovid's *Metamorphoses* ;  
 My mother gave it me.

MARC. For love of her that 's gone,  
 Perhaps, she cull'd it from among the rest.

TIT. Soft ! How<sup>b</sup> busily she turns the leaves !  
 Help her : what would she find ? Lavinia, shall I read ?  
 This is the tragic tale of Philomel,  
 And treats of Tereus' treason and his rape ;  
 And rape, I fear, was root of thine annoy.

MARC. See, brother, see ; note how she quotes<sup>c</sup> the leaves !

TIT. Lavinia, wert thou thus surpris'd, sweet girl,  
 Ravish'd and wrong'd as Philomela was,  
 Forc'd in the ruthless, vast, and gloomy woods ?  
 See, see ! Ay, such a place there is where we did hunt,  
 (O had we never, never hunted there !)

<sup>a</sup> This hemistich is found only in the folio, and is omitted in modern editions.

<sup>b</sup> *How*. The early copies read *so*. The modern reading is, *See how*. The pause after *soft* is a metrical beauty.

<sup>c</sup> *Quotes*—observes, searches through.

Pattern'd by that the poet here describes,  
By nature made for murders and for rapes.

MARC. O, why should nature build so foul a den,  
Unless the gods delight in tragedies?

TIT. Give signs, sweet girl,—for here are none but friends,—  
What Roman lord it was durst do the deed?  
Or slunk not Saturnine, as Tarquin erst,  
That left the camp to sin in Lucrece' bed?

MARC. Sit down, sweet niece; brother, sit down by me.  
Apollo, Pallas, Jove, or Mercury,  
Inspire me that I may this treason find.  
My lord, look here; look here, Lavinia.

*[He writes his name with his staff, and guides it with feet and mouth.]*

This sandy plot is plain; guide, if thou canst,  
This, after me. I have writ my name\*,  
Without the help of any hand at all.  
Curs'd be that heart that forc'd us to this shift!  
Write thou, good niece, and here display at last,  
What God will have discover'd for revenge.  
Heaven guide thy pen to print thy sorrows plain,  
That we may know the traitors and the truth!

*[She takes the staff in her mouth, and guides it with her stumps, and writes.]*

TIT. Oh, do ye read, my lord, what she hath writ?  
"Stuprum, Chiron, Demetrius."

MARC. What, what! the lustful sons of Tamora,  
Performers of this heinous, bloody deed?

TIT. *Magni Dominator poli,*  
*Tam lentus audis scelera? tam lentus vides?*

MARC. Oh, calm thee, gentle lord; although I know  
There is enough written upon this earth  
To stir a mutiny in the mildest thoughts,  
And arm the minds of infants to exclams.  
My lord, kneel down with me; Lavinia, kneel;  
And kneel, sweet boy, the Roman Hector's hope;  
And swear with me,—as with the woful fere<sup>b</sup>,  
And father of that chaste dishonour'd dame,  
Lord Junius Brutus sware for Lucrece' rape,—  
That we will prosecute, by good advice,  
Mortal revenge upon these traitorous Goths,  
And see their blood, or die with this reproach.

TIT. 'Tis sure enough, an you knew how;  
But if you hunt these bear-whelps, then beware:

\* The modern editors read—

"This after me, *when* I have writ my name."

<sup>b</sup> *Fere*—a companion, and here a husband. See Illustrations of 'Henry IV., Part I.,' Act I.

The dam will wake, and if she wind you once,  
She 's with the lion deeply still in league,  
And lulls him whilst she playeth on her back,  
And when he sleeps will she do what she list.  
You are a young huntsman, Marcus; let it alone;  
And, come, I will go get a leaf of brass,  
And with a gad of steel will write these words,  
And lay it by: the angry northern wind  
Will blow these sands like Sibyls' leaves abroad,  
And where 's your lesson then? Boy, what say you?

Boy. I say, my lord, that if I were a man,  
Their mother's bed-chamber should not be safe,  
For these bad bondmen to the yoke of Rome.

MARC. Ay, that 's my boy: thy father hath full oft  
For his ungrateful country done the like.

Boy. And, uncle, so will I, an if I live.

TIT. Come, go with me into mine armoury;  
Lucius, I 'll fit thee; and withal, my boy  
Shall carry from me to the empress' sons  
Presents that I intend to send them both:  
Come, come, thou 'lt do thy message, wilt thou not?

Boy. Ay, with my dagger in their bosoms, grandsire.

TIT. No, boy, not so; I 'll teach thee another course.

Lavinia, come; Marcus, look to my house;  
Lucius and I 'll go brave it at the court:  
Ay, marry will we, sir; and we 'll be waited on.

[*Exeunt* TITUS, LAVINIA, and Boy.]

MARC. O heavens! can you hear a good man groan,  
And not relent, or not compassion him?  
Marcus, attend him in his extasy,  
That hath more scars of sorrow in his heart,  
Than foemen's marks upon his batter'd shield;  
But yet so just that he will not revenge:  
Revenge the heavens for old Andronicus.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—*A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter* AARON, CHIRON, and DEMETRIUS *at one door; at another door* Young LUCIUS and Attendant, *with a bundle of weapons, and verses written upon them.*

CHI. Demetrius, here 's the son-of Lucius;  
He hath some message to deliver us.

AARON. Ay, some mad message from his mad grandfather.

Boy. My lords, with all the humbleness I may,  
I greet your honours from Andronicus;

And pray the Roman gods confound you both.

[*Aside.*

DEMET. Gramercy, lovely Lucius, what 's the news?

BOY. That you are both decipher'd, that 's the news\*,  
For villains mark 'd with rape [*Aside*]. May it please you,  
My grandsire, well advis'd, hath sent by me  
The goodliest weapons of his armoury,  
To gratify your honourable youth,  
The hope of Rome; for so he bad me say:  
And so I do, and with his gifts present  
Your lordships, that whenever you have need,  
You may be armed and appointed well,  
And so I leave you both: [*Aside.*] like bloody villains.

[*Exeunt Boy and Attendant.*

DEMET. What 's here? a scroll; and written round about?

Let 's see:

"*Integer vitæ, scelerisque purus,  
Non eget Mauri jaculis, nec arcu.*"

CHI. O, 't is a verse in Horace; I know it well:

I read it in the grammar long ago.

AARON. Ay, just a verse in Horace<sup>b</sup>; right, you have it.

Now, what a thing it is to be an ass!

Here 's no sound jest! the old man hath found their guilt,  
And sends the weapons wrapp'd about with lines,  
That wound, beyond their feeling, to the quick:  
But were our witty empress well a-foot,  
She would applaud Andronicus' conceit.  
But let her rest in her unrest awhile.

[*The preceding seven lines are spoken aside.*

And now, young lords, was 't not a happy star  
Led us to Rome, strangers, and more than so,  
Captives, to be advanced to this height?  
It did me good, before the palace gate,  
To brave the tribune in his brother's hearing.

DEMET. But me more good, to see so great a lord  
Basely insinuate, and send us gifts.

AARON. Had he not reason, lord Demetrius?

Did you not use his daughter very friendly?

DEMET. I would we had a thousand Roman dames  
At such a bay, by turn to serve our lust.

CHI. A charitable wish, and full of love.

AARON. Here lacks but your mother for to say Amen.

\* This line is omitted in the folio; a typographical error, which has arisen through the preceding line ending with the same word.

<sup>b</sup> *Ay, just a verse in Horace*—merely a verse in Horace. The common punctuation is, "Ay, just! A verse," &c.

CHI. And that would she for twenty thousand more.

DEMET. Come, let us go, and pray to all the gods,

For our beloved mother in her pains.

AARON. Pray to the devils; the gods have given us over.

[*Aside. Trumpets sound.*]

DEMET. Why do the emperor's trumpets flourish thus?

CHI. Belike, for joy the emperor hath a son.

DEMET. Soft; who comes here?

*Enter Nurse, with a blackamoor child.*

NURSE. Good morrow, lords;

O, tell me, did you see Aaron, the Moor?

AARON. Well, more, or less, or ne'er a whit at all,

Here Aaron is; and what with Aaron now?

NURSE. O gentle Aaron, we are all undone!

Now help, or woe betide thee evermore!

AARON. Why, what a caterwauling dost thou keep!

What dost thou wrap and fumble in thine arms?

NURSE. O, that which I would hide from heaven's eye,—

Our empress' shame, and stately Rome's disgrace;

She is deliver'd, lords, she is deliver'd.

AARON. To whom?

NURSE. I mean she is brought a-bed.

AARON. Well, God give her good rest! What hath he sent her?

NURSE. A devil.

AARON. Why, then she is the devil's dam; a joyful issue.

NURSE. A joyless, dismal, black, and sorrowful issue:

Here is the babe, as loathsome as a toad,

Amongst the fairest breeders of our clime.

The empress sends it thee, thy stamp, thy seal,

And bids thee christen it with thy dagger's point.

AARON. Out, you\* whore! is black so base a hue?

Sweet blowse, you are a beauteous blossom sure.

DEMET. Villain, what hast thou done?

AARON. That which thou canst not undo.

CHI. Thou hast undone our mother.

AARON. Villain, I have done thy mother.

DEMET. And therein, hellish dog, thou hast undone.

Woe to her chance, and damn'd her loathed choice!

Accurs'd the offspring of so foul a fiend.

CHI. It shall not live.

AARON. It shall not die.

NURSE. Aaron, it must; the mother wills it so.

AARON. What! must it, nurse? Then let no man but I

\* *Out you* is the reading of the folio. The quartos, *Zounds, ye*.

Do execution on my flesh and blood.

DEMET. I'll broach the tadpole on my rapier's point:

Nurse, give it me; my sword shall soon despatch it.

AARON. Sooner this sword shall plough thy bowels up.

[*Takes the Child from the Nurse.*]

Stay, murderous villains, will you kill your brother?

Now, by the burning tapers of the sky,

That shone so brightly when this boy was got,

He dies upon my scimitar's sharp point

That touches this my first-born son and heir.

I tell you, younglings, not Enceladus,

With all his threatening band of Typhon's brood,

Nor great Alcides, nor the god of war,

Shall seize this prey out of his father's hands.

What, what! ye sanguine, shallow-hearted boys!

Ye white-lim'd walls! ye ale-house painted signs!

Coal-black is better than another hue,

In that it scorns to bear another hue:

For all the water in the ocean

Can never turn the swan's black legs to white,

Although she lave them hourly in the flood:

Tell the empress from me, I am of age

To keep mine own, excuse it how she can.

DEMET. Wilt thou betray thy noble mistress thus?

AARON. My mistress is my mistress; this, myself;

The vigour, and the picture of my youth:

This before all the world do I prefer;

This, maugre all the world, will I keep safe,

Or some of you shall smoke for it in Rome.

DEMET. By this our mother is for ever sham'd.

CHI. Rome will despise her for this foul escape.

NURSE. The emperor, in his rage, will doom her death.

CHI. I blush to think upon this ignominy<sup>a</sup>.

AARON. Why, there's the privilege your beauty bears:

Fie, treacherous hue, that will betray with blushing

The close enacts and counsels of the heart:

Here's a young lad fram'd of another leer<sup>b</sup>.

Look, how the black slave smiles upon the father,

As who should say, "Old lad, I am thine own."

He is your brother, lords, sensibly fed

Of that self-blood that first gave life to you;

And from that womb, where you imprison'd were,

He is enfranchised and come to light:

<sup>a</sup> *Ignominy*, in the folio; the quartos, *ignomy*.

<sup>b</sup> *Leer*—complexion, hue.

Nay, he is your brother by the surer side,  
Although my seal be stamped in his face.

NURSE. Aaron, what shall I say unto the empress?

DEMET. Advise thee, Aaron, what is to be done,  
And we will all subscribe to thy advice:  
Save thou the child, so we may all be safe.

AARON. Then sit we down, and let us all consult.

My son and I will have the wind of you:  
Keep there; now talk at pleasure of your safety.

DEMET. How many women saw this child of his?

AARON. Why, so, brave lords: When we<sup>a</sup> join in league  
I am a lamb; but if you brave the Moor,  
The chafed<sup>b</sup> boar, the mountain lioness,  
The ocean swells not so as Aaron storms:  
But say, again, how many saw the child?

NURSE. Cornelia the midwife, and myself,  
And no one else but the deliver'd empress.

AARON. The empress, the midwife, and yourself:  
Two may keep counsel when the third's away:  
Go to the empress, tell her this I said:

[*He kills her.*]

Weke, weke—so cries a pig prepar'd to the spit.

DEMET. What mean'st thou, Aaron? wherefore didst thou this?

AARON. Oh, lord, sir, 't is a deed of policy;

Shall she live to betray this guilt of ours?

A long-tongued babbling gossip! No, lords, no:

And now be it known to you my full intent.

Not far, one Muliteus lives<sup>c</sup>, my countryman;

His wife but yesternight was brought to bed;

His child is like to her, fair as you are:

Go pack<sup>d</sup> with him, and give the mother gold,

And tell them both the circumstance of all,

And how by this their child shall be advanc'd,

And be received for the emperor's heir,

And substituted in the place of mine,

To calm this tempest whirling in the court;

And let the emperor dandle him for his own.

Hark ye, lords; ye see I have given her physic,

[*Pointing to the Nurse.*]

And you must needs bestow her funeral;

The fields are near, and you are gallant grooms:

This done, see that you take no longer days,

But send the midwife presently to me.

<sup>a</sup> The ordinary reading is, *all* join.

<sup>b</sup> *Chafed*, in the old copies; the modern reading, *chased*.

<sup>c</sup> *Lives*, which is not in the old copies, was inserted by Rowe.

<sup>d</sup> *Pack*—contrive, arrange.



The midwife and the nurse well made away,  
Then let the ladies tattle what they please.

CHI. Aaron, I see thou wilt not trust the air with secrets.

DEMET. For this care of Tamora,

Herself and hers are highly bound to thee.

[*Exeunt DEMETRIUS and CHIRON, bearing off the Nurse.*]

AARON. Now to the Goths, as swift as swallow flies;

There to dispose this treasure in mine arms,

And secretly to greet the empress' friends:

Come on, you thick-lipp'd slave, I'll bear you hence;

For it is you that puts us to our shifts:

I'll make you feed on berries, and on roots,

And feed on curds and whey, and suck the goat,

And cabin in a cave, and bring you up

To be a warrior, and command a camp.

[*Exit.*]

### SCENE III.—*A public Place in Rome.*

*Enter TITUS, MARCUS, Young LUCIUS, and other Gentlemen, with bows, and TITUS bears the arrows with letters on them.*

TIT. Come, Marcus; come, kinsmen; this is the way:

Sir boy<sup>a</sup>, let me see your archery;

Look ye draw home enough, and 't is there straight.

*Terras Astræa reliquit*, be you remember'd, Marcus.

She's gone, she's fled. Sirs, take you to your tools;

You, cousins, shall go sound the ocean,

And cast your nets. Happily, you may find<sup>b</sup> her in the sea;

Yet there's as little justice as at land:

No; Publius and Sempronius, you must do it;

'T is you must dig with mattock and with spade,

And pierce the inmost centre of the earth;

Then, when you come to Pluto's region,

I pray you, deliver him this petition;

Tell him it is for justice and for aid,

And that it comes from old Andronicus,

Shaken with sorrows in ungrateful Rome.

Ah, Rome! well, well, I made thee miserable

What time I threw the people's suffrages

On him that thus doth tyrannise o'er me.

Go, get you gone, and pray be careful all,

And leave you not a man-of-war unsearch'd:

<sup>a</sup> The reading of the second folio is, *Sir boy, now.*

<sup>b</sup> *Find.* So the folio, and quarto of 1611; that of 1600, *catch.*

This wicked emperor may have shipp'd her hence;  
And, kinsmen, then we may go pipe for justice.

MARC. O, Publius, is not this a heavy case,  
To see thy noble uncle thus distract?

PUB. Therefore, my lord, it highly us concerns,  
By day and night t' attend him carefully;  
And feed his humour kindly as we may,  
Till time beget some careful remedy.

MARC. Kinsmen, his sorrows are past remedy.  
Join with the Goths, and with revengeful war  
Take wreak on Rome for this ingratitude,  
And vengeance on the traitor Saturnine.

TIT. Publius, how now? how now, my masters?  
What, have you met with her?

PUB. No, my good lord; but Pluto sends you word,  
If you will have revenge from hell you shall:  
Marry, for Justice she is so employ'd,  
He thinks, with Jove in heaven, or somewhere else,  
So that perforce you must needs stay a time.

TIT. He doth me wrong to feed me with delays.  
I'll dive into the burning lake below,  
And pull her out of Acheron by the heels.  
Marcus, we are but shrubs; no cedars we,  
No big-bon'd men, fram'd of the Cyclops' size;  
But metal, Marcus, steel to the very back,  
Yet wrung with wrongs more than our backs can bear:  
And sith there is no justice in earth nor hell,  
We will solicit heaven, and move the gods,  
To send down justice for to wreak our wrongs.  
Come to this gear; you are a good archer, Marcus. [*He gives them arrows.*]  
*Ad Jovem*, that's for you; here, *ad Apollinem*:  
*Ad Martem*, that's for myself;  
Here, boy, to Pallas; here, to Mercury:  
To Saturn, Caius, not to Saturnine\*,  
You were as good to shoot against the wind.  
To it, boy: Marcus, loose when I bid:  
Of my word I have written to effect,  
There's not a god left unsolicited.

MARC. Kinsmen, shoot all your shafts into the court:  
We will afflict the emperor in his pride.

TIT. Now, masters, draw. Oh, well said, Lucius! [*They shoot.*]  
Good boy, in Virgo's lap; give it Pallas.

\* The old copies read—

"To Saturnine, to Caius, not to Saturnine."

Bowe corrected the passage.

MARC. My lord, I aim a mile beyond the moon ;

Your letter is with Jupiter by this.

TIT. Ha, ha ! Publius, Publius, what hast thou done ?

See, see, thou hast shot off one of Taurus' horns.

MARC. This was the sport, my lord : when Publius shot,

The Bull, being gall'd, gave Aries such a knock,

That down fell both the Ram's horns in the court,

And who should find them but the empress' villain :

She laugh'd, and told the Moor he should not choose

But give them to his master for a present.

TIT. Why, there it goes : God give your lordship joy\*.

*Enter Clown, with a basket, and two pigeons in it.*

TIT. News, news from heaven ! Marcus, the post is come.

Sirrah, what tidings ? have you any letters ?

Shall I have justice ? what says Jupiter ?

CLOWN. Ho ! the gibbet-maker ? he says that he hath taken them down again,  
for the man must not be hanged till the next week.

TIT. But what says Jupiter, I ask thee ?

CLOWN. Alas, sir, I know not Jupiter :

I never drank with him in all my life.

TIT. Why, villain, art not thou the carrier ?

CLOWN. Ay, of my pigeons, sir ; nothing else.

TIT. Why, didst thou not come from heaven ?

CLOWN. From heaven ? alas, sir, I never came there. God forbid I should be  
so bold to press to heaven in my young days ! Why, I am going with my  
pigeons to the tribunal Plebs, to take up a matter of brawl betwixt my uncle  
and one of the imperial's men.

MARC. Why, sir, that is as fit as can be to serve for your oration ; and let him  
deliver the pigeons to the emperor from you.

TIT. Tell me, can you deliver an oration to the emperor with a grace ?

CLOWN. Nay, truly, sir ; I could never say grace in all my life.

TIT. Sirrah, come hither ; make no more ado,

But give your pigeons to the emperor :

By me thou shalt have justice at his hands.

Hold, hold ; meanwhile, here 's money for thy charges.

Give me pen and ink.

Sirrah, can you with a grace deliver a supplication ?

CLOWN. Ay, sir.

TIT. Then here is a supplication for you. And when you come to him, at the  
first approach you must kneel ; then kiss his foot ; then deliver up your  
pigeons ; and then look for your reward. I 'll be at hand, sir ; see you do  
it bravely.

\* The quarto of 1600, "*his* lordship." That of 1611 omits the line, which we print as in the folio.

CLOWN. I warrant you, sir, let me alone.

TIT. Sirrah, hast thou a knife? Come, let me see it.

Here, Marcus, fold it in the oration,

For thou hast made it like an humble suppliant.

And when thou hast given it to the emperor,

Knock at my door, and tell me what he says.

CLOWN. God be with you, sir; I will.

TIT. Come, Marcus, let us go; Publius, follow me.

[Exit.

[Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—*Before the Palace.*

*Enter SATURNINUS, TAMORA, CHIRON, DEMETRIUS, Lords, and others. The Emperor brings the arrows in his hand that TITUS shot at him.*

SAT. Why, lords, what wrongs are these? was ever seen

An emperor in Rome thus overborne,

Troubled, confronted thus; and, for the extent

Of egal justice, used in such contempt?

My lords, you know, as do<sup>a</sup> the mighty gods,

However these disturbers of our peace

Buzz in the people's ears, there nought hath pass'd,

But even with law, against the wilful sons

Of old Andronicus. And what an if

His sorrows have so overwhelm'd his wits;

Shall we be thus afflicted in his wrecks,

His fits, his frenzy, and his bitterness?

And now, he writes to heaven for his redress;

See, here 's to Jove, and this to Mercury,

This to Apollo, this to the god of war:

Sweet scrolls to fly about the streets of Rome!

What 's this, but libelling against the senate,

And blazoning our injustice everywhere?

A goodly humour, is it not, my lords?

As who would say, in Rome no justice were:

But, if I live, his feigned ecstasies

Shall be no shelter to these outrages;

But he and his shall know that Justice lives

In Saturninus' health, whom, if he<sup>b</sup> sleep,

He 'll so awake, as he in fury shall

Cut off the proud'st conspirator that lives.

TAM. My gracious lord, my lovely Saturnine,

<sup>a</sup> *As do.* These words were inserted by Rowe.

<sup>b</sup> *He.* So the original copies. The antecedent being considered *Justice*, the modern reading is.

*she.* But the change is scarcely necessary.

Lord of my life, commander of my thoughts,  
 Calm thee, and bear the faults of Titus' age,  
 Th' effects of sorrow for his valiant sons,  
 Whose loss hath pierc'd him deep, and scarr'd his heart;  
 And rather comfort his distressed plight,  
 Than prosecute the meanest or the best  
 For these contempts: Why, thus it shall become  
 High-witted Tamora to glose with all:  
 But, Titus, I have touch'd thee to the quick,  
 Thy life-blood out: if Aaron now be wise,  
 Then is all safe, the anchor 's in the port.

[*Aside.*]*Enter Clown.*

How now, good fellow, wouldst thou speak with us?

CLOWN. Yea, forsooth, an your mistership be imperial.

TAM. Empress I am, but yonder sits the emperor.

CLOWN. 'T is he. God and saint Stephen give you good den; I have brought  
 you a letter and a couple of pigeons here. [SATURNINUS reads the letter.

SAT. Go, take him away, and hang him presently.

CLOWN. How much money must I have?

TAM. Come, sirrah, you must be hanged.

CLOWN. Hanged! by 'r lady then I have brought up a neck to a fair end.

[*Exit, guarded.*]

SAT. Despiteful and intolerable wrongs!

Shall I endure this monstrous villainy?

I know from whence this same device proceeds:

May this be borne, as if his traitorous sons,

That died by law for murder of our brother,

Have by my means been butcher'd wrongfully?

Go, drag the villain hither by the hair;

Nor age, nor honour, shall shape privilege:

For this proud mock I 'll be thy slaughter-man;

Sly frantic wretch, that holpst to make me great,

In hope thyself should govern Rome and me.

*Enter ÆMILIUS.*

SAT. What news with thee, Æmilius?

ÆMIL. Arm, my lords; Rome never had more cause!

The Goths have gather'd head, and with a power

Of high-resolved men, bent to the spoil,

They hither march amain, under conduct

Of Lucius, son to old Andronicus;

Who threats in course of this revenge to do

As much as ever Coriolanus did.

SAT. Is warlike Lucius general of the Goths?

These tidings nip me; and I hang the head  
As flowers with frost, or grass beat down with storms:  
Ay, now begin our sorrows to approach:  
'T is he the common people love so much!  
Myself hath often heard them say,  
(When I have walked like a private man,)       
That Lucius' banishment was wrongfully,

And they have wish'd that Lucius were their emperor.

TAM. Why should you fear? is not your city strong?

SAT. Ay, but the citizens favour Lucius,

And will revolt from me, to succour him.

TAM. King, be thy thoughts imperious, like thy name.

Is the sun dimm'd, that gnats do fly in it?

The eagle suffers little birds to sing,

And is not careful what they mean thereby,  
Knowing that with the shadow of his wing<sup>a</sup>

He can at pleasure stint their melody.

Even so mayst thou the giddy men of Rome!

Then cheer thy spirit: for know, thou emperor,

I will enchant the old Andronicus,

With words more sweet, and yet more dangerous

Than baits to fish, or honey-stalks to sheep;

When as the one is wounded with the bait,

The other rotted with delicious feed.

SAT. But he will not entreat his son for us.

TAM. If Tamora entreat him, then he will;

For I can smooth and fill his aged ear

With golden promises, that, were his heart

Almost impregnable, his old ears deaf,

Yet should both ear and heart obey my tongue.

Go thou before to be our ambassador;

Say that the emperor requests a parley

Of warlike Lucius, and appoint the meeting.

SAT. Æmilius, do this message honourably:

And if he stand on hostage for his safety,

Bid him demand what pledge will please him best.

ÆMIL. Your bidding shall I do effectually.

[To ÆMILIUS.

[Exit ÆMILIUS.

TAM. Now will I to that old Andronicus;

And temper him, with all the art I have,

To pluck proud Lucius from the warlike Goths.

And now, sweet emperor, be blithe again,

And bury all thy fear in my devices.

SAT. Then go successantly<sup>b</sup>, and plead to him.

[Exeunt.

<sup>a</sup> *Wing*. The originals, *wings*. But the lines are meant to rhyme alternately.

<sup>b</sup> *Successantly*, in the old copies; in the modern, *successfully*.



## ACT V.

### SCENE I.—*Plains near Rome.*

*Flourish. Enter LUCIUS, with an army of Goths, with drum.*

LUC. Approved warriors, and my faithful friends,  
I have received letters from great Rome,  
Which signify what hate they bear their emperor,  
And how desirous of our sight they are.  
Therefore, great lords, be, as your titles witness,  
Imperious, and impatient of your wrongs;  
And wherein Rome hath done you any scaith,  
Let him make treble satisfaction.

GOTH. Brave slip, sprung from the great Andronicus,  
Whose name was once our terror, now our comfort;  
Whose high exploits, and honourable deeds,  
Ingrateful Rome requites with foul contempt,  
Be bold in us; we'll follow where thou lead'st,  
Like stinging bees in hottest summer's day,  
Led by their master to the flower'd fields,

And be aveng'd on cursed Tamora :

And, as he saith, so say we all with him.

LUC. I humbly thank him, and I thank you all.

But who comes here, led by a lusty Goth ?

*Enter a Goth, leading AARON with his child in his arms.*

GOth. Renowned Lucius, from our troops I stray'd,

To gaze upon a ruinous monastery,

And as I earnestly did fix mine eye

Upon the wasted building, suddenly

I heard a child cry underneath a wall :

I made unto the noise, when soon I heard

The crying babe controll'd with his discourse :

"Peace, tawny slave, half me, and half thy dam !

Did not thy hue bewray whose brat thou art,

Had nature lent thee but thy mother's look,

Villain, thou mightst have been an emperor.

But where the bull and cow are both milk-white,

They never do beget a coal-black calf :

Peace, villain, peace !"—even thus he rates the babe,—

"For I must bear thee to a trusty Goth,

Who, when he knows thou art the empress' babe,

Will hold thee dearly for thy mother's sake."

With this, my weapon drawn, I rush'd upon him,

Surpris'd him suddenly, and brought him hither

To use as you think needful of the man.

LUC. Oh worthy Goth, this is the incarnate devil

That robb'd Andronicus of his good hand :

This is the pearl that pleas'd your empress' eye ;

And here 's the base fruit of his burning lust.

Say, wall-eyed slave, whither wouldst thou convey

This growing image of thy fiendlike face ?

Why dost not speak ? what, deaf ?<sup>a</sup> not a word ?

A halter, soldiers ; hang him on this tree,

And by his side his fruit of bastardy.

AARON. Touch not the boy, he is of royal blood.

LUC. Too like the sire for ever being good.

First hang the child, that he may see it sprawl ;

A sight to vex the father's soul withal.

AARON. Get me a ladder<sup>b</sup> ! Lucius, save the child,

And bear it from me to the empress :

If thou do this, I 'll show thee wondrous things,

That highly may advantage thee to hear ;

<sup>a</sup> The second folio here inserts *no*.

<sup>b</sup> *Get me a ladder*. These words belong to the Moor in all the editions. He may mean, Execute me, but save the child ! In modern copies Lucius is made to call for the ladder.



If thou wilt not, befall what may befall,  
I'll speak no more, but vengeance rot you all.

LUC. Say on, and if it please me which thou speak'st,  
Thy child shall live, and I will see it nourish'd.

AARON. And if it please thee? why, assure thee, Lucius,  
'T will vex thy soul to hear what I shall speak:  
For I must talk of murders, rapes, and massacres,  
Acts of black night, abominable deeds,  
Complots of mischief, treason, villainies  
Ruthful to hear, yet piteously perform'd;  
And this shall all be buried by my death,  
Unless thou swear to me my child shall live.

LUC. Tell on thy mind; I say thy child shall live.

AARON. Swear that he shall, and then I will begin.

LUC. Who should I swear by? thou believ'st no God;  
That granted, how canst thou believe an oath?

AARON. What if I do not, as indeed I do not:  
Yet, for I know thou art religious,  
And hast a thing within thee called conscience,  
With twenty popish tricks and ceremonies,  
Which I have seen thee careful to observe,  
Therefore I urge thy oath; for that I know  
An idiot holds his bauble for a God,  
And keeps the oath which by that God he swears;  
To that I'll urge him: therefore thou shalt vow  
By that same God, what God soe'er it be,  
That thou ador'st, and hast in reverence,  
To save my boy, to nourish, and bring him up;  
Or else I will discover nought to thee.

LUC. Even by my God I swear to thee I will.

AARON. First know thou, I begot him on the empress.

LUC. Oh most insatiate, luxurious woman!

AARON. Tut, Lucius, this was but a deed of charity,  
To that which thou shalt hear of me anon.  
'T was her two sons that murder'd Bassianus;  
They cut thy sister's tongue, and ravish'd her,  
And cut her hands off, and trimm'd her as thou sawest.

LUC. Oh, detestable villain! call'st thou that trimming?

AARON. Why, she was wash'd, and cut, and trimm'd,  
And 't was trim sport for them that had the doing of it.

LUC. Oh, barbarous, beastly villains, like thyself!

AARON. Indeed, I was their tutor to instruct them:  
That coddling spirit had they from their mother,  
As sure a card as ever won the set:  
That bloody mind I think they learn'd of me,

As true a dog as ever fought at head :  
Well, let my deeds be witness of my worth.  
I train'd thy brethren to that guileful hole,  
Where the dead corpse of Bassianus lay :  
I wrote the letter that thy father found,  
And hid the gold within, the letter mention'd ;  
Confederate with the queen and her two sons.  
And what not done, that thou hast cause to rue,  
Wherein I had no stroke of mischief in it ?  
I play'd the cheater for thy father's hand ;  
And, when I had it, drew myself apart,  
And almost broke my heart with extreme laughter.  
I pry'd me through the crevice of a wall,  
When, for his hand, he had his two sons' heads ;  
Beheld his tears, and laugh'd so heartily,  
That both mine eyes were rainy like to his :  
And when I told the empress of this sport,  
She swoounded almost at my pleasing tale,  
And for my tidings gave me twenty kisses.

JOTH. What, canst thou say all this, and never blush ?

AARON. Ay, like a black dog, as the saying is.

LUC. Art thou not sorry for these heinous deeds ?

AARON. Ay, that I had not done a thousand more.

Even now I curse the day,—and yet I think  
Few come within the compass of my curse,—  
Wherein I did not some notorious ill :  
As kill a man, or else devise his death ;  
Ravish a maid, or plot the way to do it ;  
Accuse some innocent, and forswear myself ;  
Set deadly enmity between two friends ;  
Make poor men's cattle break their necks ;  
Set fire on barns and haystacks in the night,  
And bid the owners quench them with their tears :  
Oft have I digg'd up dead men from their graves,  
And set them upright at their dear friends' door,  
Even when their sorrows almost were forgot ;  
And on their skins, as on the bark of trees,  
Have with my knife carved in Roman letters,  
" Let not your sorrow die, though I am dead."  
Tut, I have done a thousand dreadful things  
As willingly as one would kill a fly ;  
And nothing grieves me heartily indeed,  
But that I cannot do ten thousand more.

LUC. Bring down the devil, for he must not die  
So sweet a death as hanging presently.

AARON. If there be devils, would I were a devil,  
To live and burn in everlasting fire,  
So I might have your company in hell,  
But to torment you with my bitter tongue!

LUC. Sirs, stop his mouth, and let him speak no more.

*Enter a Goth.*

GOTH. My lord, there is a messenger from Rome  
Desires to be admitted to your presence.

LUC. Let him come near.

*Enter ÆMILIUS.*

Welcome, Æmilius: What 's the news from Rome?

ÆMIL. Lord Lucius, and you princes of the Goths,  
The Roman emperor greets you all by me;  
And, for he understands you are in arms,  
He craves a parley at your father's house,  
Willing you to demand your hostages,  
And they shall be immediately deliver'd.

GOTH. What says our general?

LUC. Æmilius, let the emperor give his pledges  
Unto my father, and my uncle Marcus,  
And we will come: march away.

*[Flourish. Exeunt.]*

SCENE II.—*Before Titus's House.*

*Enter TAMORA, CHIRON, and DEMETRIUS, disguised.*

TAM. Thus in this strange and sad habiliment  
I will encounter with Andronicus,  
And say I am Revenge, sent from below,  
To join with him and right his heinous wrongs.  
Knock at his study, where they say he keeps,  
To ruminat strange plots of dire revenge:  
Tell him Revenge is come to join with him,  
And work confusion on his enemies.

*[They knock, and TITUS opens his Study door.]*

TIT. Who doth molest my contemplation?  
Is it your trick to make me ope the door,  
That so my sad decrees may fly away,  
And all my study be to no effect?  
You are deceiv'd, for what I mean to do  
See here in bloody lines I have set down;  
And what is written shall be executed.

TAM. Titus, I am come to talk with thee.

TIT. No, not a word: how can I grace my talk,

Wanting a hand to give it action<sup>a</sup>?

Thou hast the odds of me; therefore no more.

TAM. If thou didst know me, thou wouldst talk with me.

TIT. I am not mad; I know thee well enough.

Witness this wretched stump, witness these crimson lines,

Witness these trenches made by grief and care,

Witness the tiring day and heavy night,

Witness all sorrow, that I know thee well

For our proud empress, mighty Tamora:

Is not thy coming for my other hand?

TAM. Know thou, sad man, I am not Tamora;

She is thy enemy, and I thy friend.

I am Revenge, sent from the infernal kingdom,

To ease the gnawing vulture of thy mind,

By working wreakful vengeance on thy foes:

Come down, and welcome me to this world's light;

Confer with me of murder and of death.

There 's not a hollow cave or lurking-place,

No vast obscurity or misty vale,

Where bloody Murder, or detested Rape,

Can couch for fear, but I will find them out;

And in their ears tell them my dreadful name—

Revenge—which makes the foul offenders quake.

TIT. Art thou Revenge? and art thou sent to me

To be a torment to mine enemies?

TAM. I am; therefore come down, and welcome me.

TIT. Do me some service, ere I come to thee.

Lo, by thy side where Rape, and Murder, stands!

Now give some 'surance that thou art Revenge;

Stab them, or tear them on thy chariot-wheels;

And then I 'll come and be thy waggoner,

And whirl along with thee about the globes.

Provide thee two proper palfreys, as black as jet<sup>b</sup>,

To hale thy vengeful waggon swift away,

And find out murderers<sup>c</sup> in their guilty caves.

And when thy car is loaden with their heads,

I will dismount, and by the waggon-wheel

Trot like a servile footman all day long,

Even from Hyperion's rising in the east

Until his very downfall in the sea.

And, day by day, I 'll do this heavy task,

<sup>a</sup> *It action.* So the folio. The quartos, *that accord.*

<sup>b</sup> Modern editors write the line,

"Provide thee proper palfreys, black as jet."

<sup>c</sup> *Murderers.* The early copies, *murther.*

So thou destroy Rapine and Murther there.

TAM. These are my ministers, and come with me.

TIT. Are they thy ministers? what are they call'd?

TAM. Rape and Murther; therefore called so,

'Cause they take vengeance of such kind of men.

TIT. Good Lord, how like the empress' sons they are,

And you the empress! but we worldly men

Have miserable, mad, mistaking eyes.

Oh, sweet Revenge, now do I come to thee,

And, if one arm's embracement will content thee,

I will embrace thee in it by-and-by.

[TITUS closes the door.]

TAM. This closing with him fits his lunacy.

Whate'er I forge to feed his brain-sick fits,

Do you uphold, and maintain in your speeches;

For now he firmly takes me for Revenge,

And, being credulous in this mad thought,

I'll make him send for Lucius, his son;

And, whilst I at a banquet hold him sure,

I'll find some cunning practice out of hand

To scatter and disperse the giddy Goths,

Or, at the least, make them his enemies:

See, here he comes, and I must ply my theme.

*Enter Titus.*

TIT. Long have I been forlorn, and all for thee.

Welcome, dread fury, to my woful house;

Rapine, and Murther, you are welcome too.

How like the empress and her sons you are!

Well are you fitted, had you but a Moor!

Could not all hell afford you such a devil?

For well I wot the empress never wags

But in her company there is a Moor;

And, would you represent our queen aright,

It were convenient you had such a devil:

But welcome as you are: What shall we do?

TAM. What wouldst thou have us do, Andronicus?

DEMET. Show me a murtherer: I'll deal with him.

CHI. Show me a villain that hath done a rape,

And I am sent to be reveng'd on him.

TAM. Show me a thousand, that have done thee wrong,

And I will be revenged on them all.

TIT. Look round about the wicked streets of Rome,

And when thou find'st a man that 's like thyself,

Good Murther, stab him; he 's a murtherer.

Go thou with him; and when it is thy hap

To find another that is like to thee,  
 Good Rapine, stab him ; he is a ravisher.  
 Go thou with them ; and in the emperor's court  
 There is a queen attended by a Moor ;  
 Well mayst thou know her by thy own proportion,  
 For up and down she doth resemble thee.  
 I pray thee do on them some violent death :  
 They have been violent to me and mine.

TAM. Well hast thou lesson'd us ; this shall we do.

But would it please thee, good Andronicus,  
 To send for Lucius, thy thrice-valiant son,  
 Who leads towards Rome a band of warlike Goths,  
 And bid him come and banquet at thy house :  
 When he is here, even at thy solemn feast,  
 I will bring in the empress and her sons,  
 The emperor himself, and all thy foes ;  
 And at thy mercy shall they stoop and kneel ;  
 And on them shalt thou ease thy angry heart.  
 What says Andronicus to this device ?

*Enter MARCUS.*

TIT. Marcus, my brother, 't is sad Titus calls.  
 Go, gentle Marcus, to thy nephew Lucius :  
 Thou shalt inquire him out among the Goths.  
 Bid him repair to me, and bring with him  
 Some of the chiefest princes of the Goths ;  
 Bid him encamp his soldiers where they are.  
 Tell him the emperor, and the empress too,  
 Feast at my house, and he shall feast with them.  
 This do thou for my love ; and so let him,  
 As he regards his aged father's life.

MARC. This will I do, and soon return again.

[*Exit.*]

TAM. Now will I hence about my business,  
 And take my ministers along with me.

TIT. Nay, nay ; let Rape and Murther stay with me,  
 Or else I 'll call my brother back again,  
 And cleave to no Revenge but Lucius.

TAM. What say you, boys ? will you bide with him,  
 Whiles I go tell my lord the emperor,  
 How I have govern'd our determin'd jest ?  
 Yield to his humour, smooth and speak him fair,  
 And tarry with him till I turn again.

[*Aside.*]

TIT. I know them all, though they suppose me mad,  
 And will o'erreach them in their own devices :  
 A pair of cursed hell-hounds, and their dam.

[*Aside.*]

DEMET. Madam, depart at pleasure: leave us here.

TAM. Farewell, Andronicus; Revenge now goes

To lay a complot to betray thy foes.

[Exit TAMORA.]

TIT. I know thou dost; and, sweet Revenge, farewell.

CHI. Tell us, old man, how shall we be employ'd?

TIT. Tut! I have work enough for you to do.

Publius, come hither, Caius, and Valentine.

*Enter PUBLIUS and others.*

PUB. What is your will?

TIT. Know you these two?

PUB. The empress' sons, I take them, Chiron, Demetrius.

TIT. Fie, Publius, fie; thou art too much deceiv'd:

The one is Murther, Rape is the other's name;

And therefore bind them, gentle Publius:

Caius, and Valentine, lay hands on them.

Oft have you heard me wish for such an hour,

And now I find it; therefore bind them sure,

And stop their mouths if they begin to cry<sup>a</sup>.

[Exit TITUS. PUBLIUS, &c., lay hold on CHIRON and DEMETRIUS.]

CHI. Villains, forbear! we are the empress' sons.

PUB. And therefore do we what we are commanded.

Stop close their mouths; let them not speak a word;

Is he sure bound? look that you bind them fast<sup>b</sup>.

*Enter TITUS ANDRONICUS with a knife, and LAVINIA with a basin.*

TIT. Come, come, Lavinia; look, thy foes are bound:

Sirs, stop their mouths; let them not speak to me,

But let them hear what fearful words I utter.

Oh, villains, Chiron and Demetrius!

Here stands the spring whom you have stain'd with mud;

This goodly summer with your winter mix'd.

You kill'd her husband; and for that vild fault

Two of her brothers were condemn'd to death,

My hand cut off, and made a merry jest;

Both her sweet hands, her tongue, and that more dear

Than hands or tongue, her spotless chastity,

Inhuman traitors, you constrain'd and forc'd.

What would you say if I should let you speak?

Villains, for shame you could not beg for grace.

Hark, wretches, how I mean to martyr you.

This one hand yet is left to cut your throats,

Whilst that Lavinia 'tween her stumps doth hold

<sup>a</sup> This line is omitted in the folio.

<sup>b</sup> There is a stage-direction here—*Exeunt*. They perhaps go within the curtain of the secondary stage, so that the bloody scene may be veiled.

- The basin that receives your guilty blood.  
 You know your mother means to feast with me;  
 And calls herself Revenge, and thinks me mad.  
 Hark, villains! I will grind your bones to dust,  
 And with your blood and it I'll make a paste,  
 And of the paste a coffin<sup>a</sup> I will rear,  
 And make two pasties of your shameful heads,  
 And bid that strumpet, your unhallow'd dam,  
 Like to the earth, swallow her own<sup>b</sup> increase.  
 This is the feast that I have bid her to,  
 And this the banquet she shall surfeit on:  
 For worse than Philomel you used my daughter;  
 And worse than Progné I will be reveng'd.  
 And now prepare your throats: Lavinia, come,  
 Receive the blood; and when that they are dead,  
 Let me go grind their bones to powder small,  
 And with this hateful liquor temper it,  
 And in that paste let their vile heads be bak'd.  
 Come, come, be every one officious  
 To make this banquet, which I wish may prove  
 More stern and bloody than the centaur's feast. [He cuts their throats.  
 So; now bring them in; for I'll play the cook,  
 And see them ready against their mother comes. [Exeunt.

## SCENE III.—Titus's House. A Pavilion.

*Enter LUCIUS, MARCUS, and the Goths, with AARON.*

- LUC. Uncle Marcus, since 't is my father's mind  
 That I repair to Rome, I am content.  
 GOTH. And ours, with thine; befall what fortune will.  
 LUC. Good uncle, take you in this barbarous Moor,  
 This ravenous tiger, this accursed devil;  
 Let him receive no sustenance, fetter him,  
 Till he be brought unto the empress's<sup>c</sup> face,  
 For testimony of her foul proceedings:  
 And see the ambush of our friends be strong:  
 I fear the emperor means no good to us.  
 AARON. Some devil whisper curses in mine ear,  
 And prompt me that my tongue may utter forth  
 The venomous malice of my swelling heart!  
 LUC. Away, inhuman dog, unhallow'd slave!  
 Sirs, help our uncle to convey him in.  
 The trumpets show the emperor is at hand. [Flourish.

<sup>a</sup> *Coffin*—the crust of a raised pie.

<sup>b</sup> The folio omits *own*.

<sup>c</sup> *Empress*, in the quarto of 1600. The quarto of 1611, and the folio, *emperor's*.



*Sound trumpets. Enter SATURNINUS, and TAMORA, with Tribunes and others.*

SAT. What, hath the firmament more suns than one?

LUC. What boots it thee to call thyself a sun?

MARC. Rome's emperor, and nephew, break the parle<sup>a</sup>!

These quarrels must be quietly debated.

The feast is ready, which the careful Titus

Hath ordained to an honourable end;

For peace, for love, for league, and good to Rome:

Please you, therefore, draw nigh, and take your places.

SAT. Marcus, we will.

[Hautboys.]

*Enter TITUS, like a cook, placing the meat on the table; LAVINIA, with a veil over her face; Young LUCIUS, and others.*

TIT. Welcome, my gracious lord; welcome, dread queen;

Welcome, ye warlike Goths; welcome, Lucius;

And welcome, all; although the cheer be poor,

'T will fill your stomachs: please you eat of it.

SAT. Why art thou thus attir'd, Andronicus?

TIT. Because I would be sure to have all well,

To entertain your highness, and your empress.

TAM. We are beholding to you, good Andronicus.

TIT. An if your highness knew my heart, you were:

My lord the emperor, resolve me this:

Was it well done of rash Virginius,

To slay his daughter with his own right hand,

Because she was enforc'd, stain'd, and deflower'd?

SAT. It was, Andronicus.

TIT. Your reason, mighty lord?

SAT. Because the girl should not survive her shame,

And by her presence still renew his sorrows.

TIT. A reason mighty, strong, and effectual;

A pattern, precedent, and lively warrant,

For me, most wretched, to perform the like.

Die, die, Lavinia, and thy shame with thee,

And with thy shame thy father's sorrow die.

[He kills her.]

SAT. What hast thou done, unnatural and unkind?

TIT. Kill'd her, for whom my tears have made me blind.

I am as woful as Virginius was,

And have a thousand times more cause than he

To do this outrage; and it is now done<sup>b</sup>.

SAT. What, was she ravish'd? tell, who did the deed?

TIT. Will 't please you eat, will 't please your highness feed?

TAM. Why hast thou slain thy only daughter?

TIT. Not I; 't was Chiron and Demetrius.

<sup>a</sup> Begin the parley.

<sup>b</sup> This line is omitted in the folio.

They ravish'd her, and cut away her tongue,  
And they, 't was they, that did her all this wrong.

SAT. Go, fetch them hither to us presently.

TIT. Why, there they are both, baked in that pie,  
Whereof their mother daintily hath fed,  
Eating the flesh that she herself hath bred.

'T is true, 't is true, witness my knife's sharp point.

[*He stabs TAMORA.*

SAT. Die, frantic wretch, for this accursed deed!

[*He kills TITUS.*

LUC. Can the son's eye behold his father bleed?

There's meed for meed; death for a deadly deed.

[*He kills SATURNINUS. The people disperse in terror.*

MARC. You sad-fac'd men, people and sons of Rome,

By uproars sever'd, like a flight of fowl  
Scatter'd by winds and high tempestuous gusts,  
Oh, let me teach you how to knit again  
This scatter'd corn into one mutual sheaf,  
These broken limbs again into one body—

ROM. LORD. Lest<sup>a</sup> Rome herself be bane unto herself;

And she whom mighty kingdoms curtsy to,  
Like a forlorn and desperate castaway,  
Do shameful execution on herself.  
But if my frosty signs and chaps of age,  
Grave witnesses of true experience,  
Cannot induce you attend my words,  
Speak, Rome's dear friend [*To LUCIUS*], as erst our ancestor,  
When with his solemn tongue he did discourse  
To love-sick Dido's sad attending ear,  
The story of that baleful burning night,  
When subtle Greeks surpris'd king Priam's Troy.  
Tell us what Sinon hath bewitch'd our ears,  
Or who hath brought the fatal engine in  
That gives our Troy, our Rome, the civil wound.  
My heart is not compact of flint nor steel,  
Nor can I utter all our bitter grief;  
But floods of tears will drown my oratory,  
And break my very utterance, even in the time  
When it should move you to attend me most,  
Lending your kind commiseration.

Here is a captain; let him tell the tale;

Your hearts will throb and weep to hear him speak.

LUC. Then, noble auditory, be it known to you,

That cursed Chiron and Demetrius

Were they that murdered our emperor's brother,  
And they it was that ravished our sister:

<sup>a</sup> *Lest.* The originals, *let.*

For their fell faults our brothers were beheaded ;  
 Our father's tears despis'd, and basely cozen'd  
 Of that true hand that fought Rome's quarrel out,  
 And sent her enemies unto the grave :  
 Lastly, myself, unkindly banished ;  
 The gates shut on me, and turn'd weeping out,  
 To beg relief amongst Rome's enemies,  
 Who drown'd their enmity in my true tears,  
 And op'd their arms to embrace me as a friend ;  
 And I am the turned forth, be it known to you,  
 That have preserv'd her welfare in my blood,  
 And from her bosom took the enemy's point,  
 Sheathing the steel in my advent'rous body.  
 Alas, you know I am no vaunter, I ;  
 My scars can witness, dumb although they are,  
 That my report is just and full of truth.  
 But soft, methinks I do digress too much,  
 Citing my worthless praise. Oh, pardon me,  
 For, when no friends are by, men praise themselves.

MARC. Now is my turn to speak : behold this child ;  
 Of this was Tamora delivered,  
 The issue of an irreligious Moor,  
 Chief architect and plotter of these woes.  
 The villain is alive in Titus' house,  
 Damn'd<sup>a</sup> as he is, to witness this is true.  
 Now judge what cause<sup>b</sup> had Titus to revenge  
 These wrongs, unspeakable past patience,  
 Or more than any living man could bear.  
 Now you have heard the truth, what say you, Romans ?  
 Have we done aught amiss ? show us wherein,  
 And, from the place where you behold us now,  
 The poor remainder of Andronici  
 Will hand in hand all headlong cast us down,  
 And on the ragged stones beat forth our brains,  
 And make a mutual closure of our house :  
 Speak, Romans, speak ; and if you say we shall,  
 Lo, hand in hand, Lucius and I will fall.

ÆMIL. Come, come, thou reverend man of Rome,  
 And bring our emperor gently in thy hand,—  
 Lucius, our emperor ; for well I know,  
 The common voice do cry it shall be so.

MARC. Lucius, all hail, Rome's royal emperor<sup>c</sup> !

<sup>a</sup> *Damn'd.* The old copies, *And*.

<sup>b</sup> *Cause.* The earliest copies, *course*. The fourth folio gave the correction.

<sup>c</sup> This line, and the concluding line of Marcus's speech, are given to the people—"Romans"—

Go, go, into old Titus' sorrowful house,  
And hither hale that misbelieving Moor,  
To be adjudg'd some direful slaughtering death,  
As punishment for his most wicked life.

[To Attendants.

Lucius, all hail to Rome's gracious governor!

LUC. Thanks, gentle Romans! May I govern so,  
To heal Rome's harms, and wipe away her woe:  
But, gentle people, give me aim awhile,  
For nature puts me to a heavy task!  
Stand all aloof; but, uncle, draw you near,  
To shed obsequious tears upon this trunk.  
Oh, take this warm kiss on thy pale cold lips,  
These sorrowful drops upon thy blood-stain'd face,  
The last true duties of thy noble son.

[Kisses Titus.

MARC. Tear for tear, and loving kiss for kiss,  
Thy brother Marcus tenders on thy lips.  
Oh, were the sum of these that I should pay  
Countless and infinite, yet would I pay them.

LUC. Come hither, boy; come, come, and learn of us  
To melt in showers. Thy grandsire lov'd thee well;  
Many a time he danc'd thee on his knee,  
Sung thee asleep, his loving breast thy pillow;  
Many a matter hath he told to thee,  
Meet and agreeing with thine infancy;  
In that respect, then, like a loving child,  
Shed yet some small drops from thy tender spring,  
Because kind nature doth require it so:  
Friends should associate friends in grief and woe.  
Bid him farewell, commit him to the grave,  
Do him that kindness and take leave of him.

BOY. O, grandsire, grandsire, even with all my heart  
Would I were dead, so you did live again!  
O Lord, I cannot speak to him for weeping;  
My tears will choke me if I ope my mouth.

*Enter Attendants with AARON.*

ROMAN. You sad Andronici, have done with woes!  
Give sentence on this execrable wretch,  
That hath been breeder of these dire events.

LUC. Set him breast-deep in earth, and famish him:  
There let him stand, and rave, and cry for food:  
If any one relieves or pities him,  
For the offence he dies; this is our doom.

by all the modern editors, against the authority of all the original copies. Marcus is the tribune of the people, and speaks authoritatively what "the common voice" has required.

Some stay to see him fasten'd in the earth.

AARON. Ah! why should wrath be mute, and fury dumb?

I am no baby, I, that with base prayers

I should repent the evils I have done:

Ten thousand worse than ever yet I did

Would I perform, if I might have my will:

If one good deed in all my life I did,

I do repent it from my very soul.

LUC. Some loving friends convey the emperor hence,

And give him burial in his father's grave.

My father and Lavinia shall forthwith

Be closed in our household's monument:

As for that heinous tiger, Tamora,

No fun'ral rite, nor man in mournful weeds,

No mournful bell shall ring her burial;

But throw her forth to beasts and birds of<sup>a</sup> prey:

Her life was beastly<sup>b</sup> and devoid of pity,

And, being so, shall have like want of pity.

See justice done on<sup>c</sup> Aaron, that damn'd Moor,

By whom our heavy haps had their beginning:

Then afterwards, to order well the state,

That like events may ne'er it ruin.

[*Exeunt.*]

<sup>a</sup> *Of*, in the folio. The quartos, *to*.

<sup>b</sup> *Beast-like*, in the folio. The quartos, *beastly*.

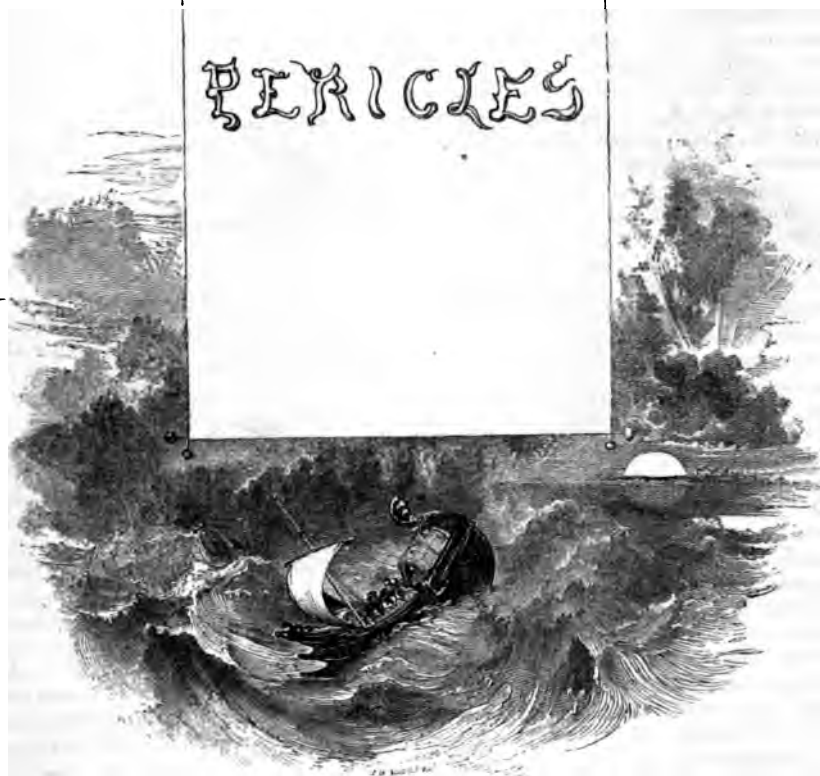
<sup>c</sup> *On*, in the quartos. The folio, *to*.





GOWER

PERICLES



## INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

THE first edition of 'Pericles' appeared in 1609, under the following title:—'The late and much admired play, called Pericles, Prince of Tyre. With the true relation of the whole historie, adventures, and fortunes of the said prince: As also the no lesse strange and worthy accidents, in the birth and life of his daughter Mariana. As it hath been divers and sundry times acted [by] his Maiesties Seruants at the Globe on the Bank-side. By William Shakespeare. Imprinted at London for Henry Gosson, and are to be sold at the sign of the Sunne in Paternoster-row, &c. 1609.' Other quarto editions appeared in 1611, in 1619, in 1630, and in 1635. The variations in these from the text of 1609 are very slight. In 1664 'Pericles' first appeared in the folio collection of Shakspeare's works, being introduced into the third edition, whose title-page states—"Unto this impression is added seven plays never before printed in folio."

We advocate the belief that 'Pyrocles,' or 'Pericles,' was a very early work of Shakspeare, in some form, however different from that which we possess. That it was an early work we are constrained to believe; not from the evidence of particular passages, which may be deficient in power or devoid of refinement, but from the entire construction of the dramatic action. The play is essentially one of movement, which is a great requisite for dramatic success; but that movement is not held in subjection to an unity of idea. But with this essential disadvantage we cannot doubt that, even with very imperfect dialogue, the action presented a succession of scenes of very absorbing interest. The introduction of Gower, however inartificial it may seem, was the result of very profound skill. The presence of Gower supplied the unity of idea which the desultory nature of the story wanted. Nevertheless, such a story we believe could not have been chosen by Shakspeare in the seventeenth century,

when his art was fully developed in all its wondrous powers and combinations. With his perfect mastery of the faculty of representing, instead of recording, the treatment of a story which would have required perpetual explanation and connection would have been painful to him, if not impossible.

Dr. Drake has bestowed very considerable attention upon the endeavour to prove that 'Pericles' ought to be received as the indisputable work of Shakspeare. Yet his arguments, after all, amount only to the establishment of the following theory: "No play, in fact, more openly discloses the hand of Shakspeare than 'Pericles,' and fortunately his share in its composition appears to have been very considerable; he may be distinctly, though not frequently, traced, in the first and second Acts; after which, *feeling the incompetency of his fellow-labourer*, he seems to have assumed almost the entire management of the remainder, nearly the whole of the third, fourth, and fifth Acts bearing indisputable testimony to the genius and execution of the great master."<sup>a</sup> We have no faith whatever in this very easy mode of disposing of the authorship of a doubtful play—of leaving entirely out of view the most important part of every drama, its action, its characterisation, looking at the whole merely as a collection of passages, of which the worst are to be assigned to some *âme damnée*, and the best triumphantly claimed for Shakspeare. There are some, however, who judge of such matters upon broader principles. Mr. Hallam says, "'Pericles' is generally reckoned to be in part, and only in part, the work of Shakspeare. From the poverty and bad management of the fable, the want of any effective or distinguishable character, for Marina is no more than the common form of female virtue, such as all the dramatists of that age could draw, and a general feebleness of the

<sup>a</sup> 'Shakspeare and his Times,' vol. ii. p. 268.

tragedy as a whole, I should not believe the structure to have been Shakspeare's. But many passages are far more in his manner than in that of any contemporary writer with whom I am acquainted."a Here "the poverty and bad management of the fable"—"the want of any effective or distinguishable character," are assigned for the belief that the structure could not have been Shakspeare's. But let us accept Dryden's opinion that

"Shakspeare's own muse his Pericles first bore,"

with reference to the original structure of the play, and the difficulty vanishes. It was impossible that the character of the early drama should not have been impressed upon Shakspeare's earliest efforts. Do we therefore think that the drama, as it has come down to us, is presented in the form in which it was first written? By no means. We agree with Mr. Hallam, that in parts the language seems rather that of Shakspeare's "second

a 'History of Literature,' vol. iii. p. 569.

or third manner than of his first."b But this belief is not inconsistent with the opinion that the original structure was Shakspeare's. No other poet that existed at the beginning of the seventeenth century—perhaps no poet that came after that period, whether Massinger, or Fletcher, or Webster—could have written the greater part of the fifth Act. Coarse as the comic scenes are, there are touches in them unlike any other writer but Shakspeare. We are willing to believe that, even in the very height of his fame, Shakspeare would have bestowed any amount of labour for the improvement of an early production of his own, if the taste of his audiences had from time to time demanded its continuance upon the stage. It is for this reason that we think that the 'Pericles' which appears to have been in some respects a new play at the beginning of the seventeenth century was the revival of a play written by Shakspeare some twenty years earlier.





## PERSONS REPRESENTED.

<p><b>ANTIOCHUS, King of Antioch.</b> <i>Appears, Act I. sc. 1.</i></p> <p><b>PERICLES, Prince of Tyre.</b> <i>Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 4.</i> <i>Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 5. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 3.</i> <i>Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3.</i></p> <p><b>HELICANUS, a lord of Tyre.</b> <i>Appears, Act I. sc. 2; sc. 3. Act II. sc. 4.</i> <i>Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3.</i></p> <p><b>ESCANES, a lord of Tyre.</b> <i>Appears, Act I. sc. 3. Act II. sc. 4.</i></p> <p><b>SIMONIDES, King of Pentapolis.</b> <i>Appears, Act II. sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 5.</i></p> <p><b>CLEON, Governor of Tharsus.</b> <i>Appears, Act I. sc. 4. Act III. sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 4.</i></p> <p><b>LYSIMACHUS, Governor of Mitylene.</b> <i>Appears, Act IV. sc. 6. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3.</i></p> <p><b>CERIMON, a lord of Ephesus.</b> <i>Appears, Act III. sc. 2; sc. 4. Act V. sc. 3.</i></p> <p><b>THALIARD, servant to Antiochus.</b> <i>Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 3.</i></p> <p><b>LEONINE, servant to Dionysa.</b> <i>Appears, Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 2.</i></p> <p style="text-align: center;"><b>Marshal.</b> <i>Appears, Act II. sc. 3.</i></p>	<p><b>A Pander and his Wife.</b> <i>Appear, Act IV. sc. 3; sc. 6.</i></p> <p><b>BOULT, servant to the Pander.</b> <i>Appears, Act IV. sc. 3; sc. 6.</i></p> <p><b>GOWER, as Chorus.</b> <i>Appears, Act I. Chorus. Act II. Chorus.</i> <i>Act III. Chorus. Act IV. Chorus, sc. 4.</i> <i>Act V. Chorus, sc. 2; sc. 3.</i></p> <p><b>The Daughter of Antiochus.</b> <i>Appears, Act I. sc. 1.</i></p> <p><b>DIONYZA, wife to Cleon.</b> <i>Appears, Act I. sc. 4. Act III. sc. 3.</i> <i>Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 4.</i></p> <p><b>THAISA, daughter to Simonides.</b> <i>Appears, Act II. sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 5. Act III. sc. 2; sc. 4.</i> <i>Act V. sc. 3.</i></p> <p><b>MARINA, daughter to Pericles and Thaisa.</b> <i>Appears, Act III. sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 3; sc. 6.</i> <i>Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3.</i></p> <p><b>LYCHORIDA, nurse to Marina.</b> <i>Appears, Act III. sc. 1; sc. 3.</i></p> <p style="text-align: center;"><b>DIANA.</b> <i>Appears, Act V. sc. 2.</i></p> <p style="text-align: center;"><i>Lords, Knights, Sailors, Pirates, Fishermen, and Messengers.</i></p>
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SCENE,—DISPERSEDLY IN VARIOUS COUNTRIES.



## ACT I.

*Enter GOWER.*

*Before the Palace of Antioch.*

To sing a song of <sup>a</sup> old was sung,  
From ashes ancient Gower is come;  
Assuming man's infirmities,  
To glad your ear, and please your eyes.  
It hath been sung, at festivals,  
On ember-eves, and holy-ales <sup>b</sup>;  
And lords and ladies, in <sup>c</sup> their lives,  
Have read it for restoratives.  
The purpose <sup>d</sup> is to make men glorious;  
*Et bonum, quo antiquius, eo melius.*

<sup>a</sup> *Of.* The early editions, *that*.

<sup>b</sup> The early copies, *holy-days*. Farmer suggested *holy-ales*.

<sup>c</sup> *In their lives*, in all the copies. During their lives.

<sup>d</sup> *Purpose.* In the originals, *purchase*.

If you, born in these latter times,  
 When wit's more ripe, accept my rhymes,  
 And that to hear an old man sing,  
 May to your wishes pleasure bring,  
 I life would wish, and that I might  
 Waste it for you, like taper-light.  
 This Antioch then, Antiochus the Great  
 Built up, this city, for his chiefest seat;  
 The fairest in all Syria;  
 (I tell you what mine authors say :)  
 This king unto him took a pheere<sup>a</sup>,  
 Who died and left a female heir,  
 So buxom, blythe, and full of face,  
 As Heaven had lent her all his grace :  
 With whom the father liking took,  
 And her to incest did provoke ;  
 Bad child, worse father ! to entice his own  
 To evil, should be done by none.  
 By<sup>b</sup> custom, what they did begin  
 Was with long use account'd no sin.  
 The beauty of this sinful dame  
 Made many princes thither frame,  
 To seek her as a bedfellow,  
 In marriage-pleasures playfellow :  
 Which to prevent, he made a law,  
 (To keep her still, and men in awe,)  
 That whoso ask'd her for his wife,  
 His riddle told not, lost his life :  
 So for her many a wight did die,  
 As yon grim looks do testify.  
 What ensues, to the judgment of your eye  
 I give, my cause who best can justify.

[Exit.]

SCENE I.—*The Palace of Antioch.**Enter ANTIOCHUS, PERICLES, and Attendants.*

ANT. Young prince of Tyre, you have at large receiv'd  
 The danger of the task you undertake.

PER. I have, Antiochus, and, with a soul  
 Embolden'd with the glory of her praise,  
 Think death no hazard in this enterprise.

[Music.]

<sup>a</sup> *Pheere*. In the originals, *peer*. *Pheere*, or *fer*, is a mate. See 'Titus Andronicus,' Act IV., Scene 1.

<sup>b</sup> *By*. The originals, *but*.

ANT. Bring in our daughter, clothed like a bride<sup>a</sup>,  
 For the embracements, even of Jove himself;  
 At whose conception (till Lucina reign'd)  
 Nature this dowry gave, to glad her presence;  
 The senate-house of planets all did sit,  
 To knit in her their best perfections.

*Enter the Daughter of ANTIOCHUS.*

PER. See where she comes, apparel'd like the spring,  
 Graces her subjects, and her thoughts the king  
 Of every virtue gives renown to men!  
 Her face the book of praises, where is read  
 Nothing but curious pleasures, as from thence  
 Sorrow were ever 'ras'd<sup>b</sup>, and testy wrath  
 Could never be her mild companion.  
 Ye gods that made me man, and sway in love,  
 That have inflam'd desire in my breast  
 To taste the fruit of yon celestial tree,  
 Or die in the adventure, be my helps,  
 As I am son and servant to your will,  
 To compass such a boundless happiness!

ANT. Prince Pericles——

PER. That would be son to great Antiochus.

ANT. Before thee stands this fair Hesperides,  
 With golden fruit, but dangerous to be touch'd;  
 For death-like dragons here affright thee hard:  
 Her face, like heav'n, enticeth thee to view  
 Her countless glory, which desert must gain:  
 And which, without desert, because thine eye  
 Presumes to reach, all thy whole heap must die.  
 Yon sometime famous princes, like thyself,  
 Drawn by report, adventurous by desire,  
 Tell thee with speechless tongues, and semblance pale,  
 That, without covering save yon field of stars,  
 Here they stand covering martyrs, slain in Cupid's wars;  
 And with dead cheeks advise thee to desist  
 For going on Death's net, whom none resist.

PER. Antiochus, I thank thee, who hast taught  
 My frail mortality to know itself,  
 And by those fearful objects to prepare

<sup>a</sup> The old copies read,

"Musick, bring in our daughter clothed like a bride."

*Musick* was evidently a marginal direction.

<sup>b</sup> *Ras'd*. The first quarto reads *racte*—the subsequent copies, *rackt*. The verb *rase*, or *erase*, was formerly written *race*, and *racte* was the past participle.

This body, like to them, to what I must:  
 For death remember'd should be like a mirror,  
 Who tells us, life 's but breath, to trust it error.  
 I 'll make my will then; and, as sick men do  
 Who know the world, see heav'n, but, feeling woe,  
 Gripe not at earthly joys, as erst they did;  
 So I bequeath a happy peace to you  
 And all good men, as every prince should do;  
 My riches to the earth from whence they came;  
 But my unspotted fire of love to you. [To the Daughter of ANTIOCHUS.  
 Thus ready for the way of life or death,  
 I wait the sharpest blow.

ANT. Scorning advice; read the conclusion then<sup>a</sup>;  
 Which read and not expounded, 't is decreed,  
 As these before, so thou thyself shalt bleed.

DAUGH. Of all 'say'd yet, mayst thou prove prosperous!  
 Of all 'say'd yet, I wish thee happiness<sup>b</sup>!

PER. Like a bold champion I assume the lists,  
 Nor ask advice of any other thought,  
 But faithfulness, and courage.

#### THE RIDDLE.

"I am no viper, yet I feed  
 On mother's flesh which did me breed:  
 I sought a husband, in which labour,  
 I found that kindness in a father.  
 He 's father, son, and husband mild,  
 I mother, wife, and yet his child.  
 How they may be, and yet in two,  
 As you will live, resolve it you."

Sharp physic is the last: but O, ye powers!  
 That give heaven countless eyes to view men's acts,  
 Why cloud they not their sights perpetually,  
 If this be true, which makes me pale to read it?  
 Fair glass of light, I lov'd you, and could still,

[Takes hold of the hand of the Princess.

Were not this glorious casket stor'd with ill:  
 But I must tell you,—now, my thoughts revolt;  
 For he 's no man on whom perfections wait,  
 That, knowing sin within, will touch the gate.  
 You 're a fair viol, and your sense the strings;

<sup>a</sup> The early editions give these lines confusedly:—

"I wait the sharpest blow, (Antiochus),  
 Scorning advice; read the conclusion then."

The name of the character was evidently mistaken for a part of the dialogue.

<sup>b</sup> Of all say'd yet is the ancient reading; which Percy suggested meant—of all who have essay'd yet. The modern is, "In all save that," in both passages.

Who, finger'd to make man his lawful music,  
 Would draw heav'n down, and all the gods, to hearken;  
 But being play'd upon before your time,  
 Hell only danceth at so harsh a chime:  
 Good sooth, I care not for you.

ANT. Prince Pericles, touch not, upon thy life,  
 For that 's an article within our law,  
 As dangerous as the rest. Your time 's expir'd;  
 Either expound now, or receive your sentence.

PER. Great king,  
 Few love to hear the sins they love to act;  
 'T would 'braid yourself too near for me to tell it.  
 Who hath a book of all that monarchs do,  
 He 's more secure to keep it shut, than shown:  
 For vice repeated is like the wand'ring wind,  
 Blows dust in others' eyes, to spread itself;  
 And yet the end of all is bought thus dear,  
 The breath is gone, and the sore eyes see clear;  
 To stop the air would hurt them. The blind mole casts  
 Copp'd hills toward heaven, to tell, the earth is throng'd<sup>a</sup>  
 By man's oppression; and the poor worm doth die for 't.  
 Kings are earth's gods: in vice their law 's their will;  
 And if Jove stray, who dares say Jove doth ill?  
 It is enough you know; and it is fit,  
 What being more known grows worse, to smother it.—  
 All love the womb that their first being bred,  
 Then give my tongue like leave to love my head.

ANT. Heaven that I had thy head! he has found the meaning!  
 But I will gloze with him. [*Aside.*] Young prince of Tyre,  
 Though by the tenor of our strict edict,  
 Your exposition misinterpreting,  
 We might proceed to cancel of your days<sup>b</sup>;  
 Yet hope, succeeding from so fair a tree  
 As your fair self, doth tune us otherwise:  
 Forty days longer we do respite you,  
 If by which time our secret be undone,  
 This mercy shows we 'll joy in such a son:  
 And, until then, your entertain shall be,  
 As doth befit our honour, and your worth.

[*Exeunt* ANTIOCHUS, his Daughter, and Attendants.]

PER. How courtesy would seem to cover sin!  
 When what is done is like an hypocrite,  
 The which is good in nothing but in sight.  
 If it be true that I interpret false,

<sup>a</sup> Steevens reads *wrong'd*.

<sup>b</sup> The quartos, *counsel of*; the folio (1664), *cancel of*.

Then were it certain, you were not so bad,  
 As with foul incest to abuse your soul;  
 Where now you 're both a father and a son,  
 By your untimely clasplings with your child  
 (Which pleasure fits a husband, not a father);  
 And she an eater of her mother's flesh,  
 By the defiling of her parent's bed;  
 And both like serpents are, who though they feed  
 On sweetest flowers, yet they poison breed.  
 Antioch, farewell! for wisdom sees, those men  
 Blush not in actions blacker than the night,  
 Will shun<sup>a</sup> no course to keep them from the light.  
 One sin, I know, another doth provoke;  
 Murder 's as near to lust, as flame to smoke.  
 Poison and treason are the hands of sin,  
 Ay, and the targets, to put off the shame:  
 Then, lest my life be cropp'd to keep you clear,  
 By flight I 'll shun the danger which I fear.

[Exit.]

*Re-enter ANTIOCHUS.*

ANT. He hath found the meaning, for the which we mean  
 To have his head;  
 He must not live to trumpet forth my infamy,  
 Nor tell the world, Antiochus doth sin  
 In such a loathed manner:  
 And therefore instantly this prince must die;  
 For by his fall my honour must keep high.  
 Who attends us there?

*Enter THALIARD.*

THAL. Doth your highness call?  
 ANT. Thaliard, you 're of our chamber, and our mind  
 Partakes her private actions to your secrecy;  
 And for your faithfulness we will advance you.  
 Thaliard, behold, here 's poison, and here 's gold;  
 We hate the prince of Tyre, and thou must kill him;  
 It fits thee not to ask the reason why,  
 Because we bid it. Say, is it done?

THAL. My lord, 't is done.

*Enter a Messenger.*

ANT. Enough.  
 Let your breath cool yourself, telling your haste.  
 MES. My lord, prince Pericles is fled.  
 ANT. As thou

<sup>a</sup> *Sham.* The original copies, *show*.

Wilt live, fly after; and like an arrow, shot  
From a well experienc'd archer, hits the mark  
His eye doth level at, so do thou ne'er return,  
Unless thou say'st, prince Pericles is dead.

THAL. My lord, if I can get him within my pistol's length, I 'll make him sure  
enough: so farewell to your highness. [Exit.]

ANT. Thaliard, adieu! till Pericles be dead,  
My heart can lend no succour to my head. [Exit.]

## SCENE II.—Tyre.

*Enter PERICLES, HELICANUS, and other Lords.*

PER. Let none disturb us: why should this charge of thoughts,—  
The sad companion, dull-ey'd Melancholy,  
By me so us'd a guest, as not an hour,  
In the day's glorious walk, or peaceful night,  
(The tomb where grief should sleep,) can breed me quiet\*?  
Here pleasures court mine eyes, and mine eyes shun them,  
And danger which I feared, is at Antioch,  
Whose arm seems far too short to hit me here;  
Yet neither pleasure's art can joy my spirits,  
Nor yet the other's distance comfort me:  
Then it is thus; the passions of the mind,  
That have their first conception by mis-dread,  
Have after-nourishment and life by care;  
And what was first but fear what might be done,  
Grows elder now, and cares it be not done.  
And so with me;—the great Antiochus  
(Gainst whom I am too little to contend,  
Since he 's so great, can make his will his act)  
Will think me speaking, though I swear to silence;  
Nor boots it me to say I honour him<sup>b</sup>,  
If he suspect I may dishonour him:

\* In the first line of this speech in the original the word now printed *charge* is *châge*. Douce thinks the reading of *change* may be supported:—"Let none disturb us; why should this *change* of thoughts [disturb us]?" *Charge* appears to be the likeliest word, in the sense of burthen. But we do not make the sentence end at *charge of thoughts*, as is usually done. *The sad companion* is that charge. The passage is usually printed thus:—

"Let none disturb us: Why this charge of thoughts?  
The sad companion, dull-ey'd melancholy,  
By me so us'd a guest *is*, not an hour," &c.

Malone reads—

"By me 's so us'd a guest, as not an hour."

In following the original we must understand the verb *be* :—

"Why should, &c.

By me [be] so us'd a guest *as* not an hour."

<sup>b</sup> *Him* was added by Rowe.



And what may make him blush in being known,  
 He 'll stop the course by which it might be known;  
 With hostile forces he 'll o'erspread the land,  
 And with the stint\* of war will look so huge,  
 Amazement shall drive courage from the state;  
 Our men be vanquish'd, ere they do resist,  
 And subjects punish'd, that ne'er thought offence:  
 Which care of them, not pity of myself,  
 (Who am<sup>b</sup> no more but as the tops of trees,  
 Which fence the roots they grow by, and defend them,)  
 Makes both my body pine, and soul to languish,  
 And punish that before, that he would punish.

1 LORD. Joy and all comfort in your sacred breast!

2 LORD. And keep your mind, till you return to us,  
 Peaceful and comfortable!

HEL. Peace, peace, and give experience tongue:  
 They do abuse the king that flatter him,  
 For flattery is the bellows blows up sin;  
 The thing the which is flatter'd, but a spark,  
 To which that spark gives heat and stronger glowing;  
 Whereas reproof, obedient, and in order,  
 Fits kings as they are men, for they may err.  
 When signior Sooth here doth proclaim a peace,  
 He flatters you, makes war upon your life:  
 Prince, pardon me, or strike me if you please,  
 I cannot be much lower than my knees.

PER. All leave us else; but let your cares o'erlook  
 What shipping and what lading's in our haven,  
 And then return to us. Helicanus, thou  
 Hast moved us: what seest thou in our looks?

HEL. An angry brow, dread lord.

PER. If there be such a dart in princes' frowns,  
 How durst thy tongue move anger to our face?

HEL. How dare the plants look up to heaven, from whence  
 They have their nourishment?

PER. Thou know'st I have power to take thy life from thee.

HEL. I have ground the axe myself; do but you strike the blow.

PER. Rise, prithee rise; sit down, thou art no flatterer;

I thank thee for it; and heaven forbid,  
 That kings should let their ears hear their faults hid!

\* *Stint*, "which is the reading of all the copies, has here no meaning," according to Malone. *Ontent* is therefore adopted. But what has been said just before?—

"He 'll stop the course by which it might be known;"

He will stop it, by the *stint* of war. *Stint* is synonymous with *stop*, in the old writers.

<sup>b</sup> *Am.* The original has *owce*. Farmer suggested *am*.

Fit counsellor, and servant for a prince,  
Who by thy wisdom mak'st a prince thy servant,  
What wouldst thou have me do?

HEL. To bear with patience  
Such griefs as you yourself do lay upon yourself.

PER. Thou speak'st like a physician, Helicanus;  
That minister'st a potion unto me,  
That thou wouldst tremble to receive thyself.  
Attend me then; I went to Antioch,  
Whereas<sup>a</sup>, thou know'st, against the face of death,  
I sought the purchase of a glorious beauty,  
From whence an issue I might propagate;  
Are arms<sup>b</sup> to princes, and bring joys to subjects.  
Her face was to mine eye beyond all wonder;  
The rest (hark in thine ear) as black as incest;  
Which by my knowledge found, the sinful father,  
Seem'd not to strike, but smooth<sup>c</sup>: but thou know'st this,  
'T is time to fear, when tyrants seem to kiss.  
Which fear so grew in me, I hither fled,  
Under the covering of a careful night,  
Who seem'd my good protector: and, being here,  
Bethought me what was past, what might succeed;  
I know him tyrannous, and tyrants' fears  
Decrease not, but grow faster than the years:  
And should he doubt it, (as no doubt he doth,)  
That I should open to the listening air,  
How many worthy princes' bloods were shed,  
To keep his bed of blackness unlaid ope,—  
To lop that doubt, he 'll fill this land with arms,  
And make pretence of wrong that I have done him:  
When all, for mine, if I may call 't offence,  
Must feel war's blow, who spares not innocence:  
Which love to all (of which thyself art one,  
Who now reprov'st me for it)——

HEL. Alas, sir!

PER. Drew sleep out of mine eyes, blood from my cheeks,  
Musings into my mind, with thousand doubts  
How I might stop this tempest ere it came;  
And finding little comfort to relieve them,  
I thought it princely charity to grieve them.

HEL. Well, my lord, since you have given me leave to speak,  
Freely will I speak. Antiochus you fear,  
And justly, too, I think; you fear the tyrant,

<sup>a</sup> Whereas, in the sense of *where*.

<sup>c</sup> To smooth signifies to *flatter*.

<sup>b</sup> Which are *arms*, &c., is here understood.

Who either by public war, or private treason,  
Will take away your life.  
Therefore, my lord, go travel for a while,  
Till that his rage and anger be forgot;  
Or till the Destinies do cut his thread of life:  
Your rule direct to any; if to me,  
Day serves not light more faithful than I 'll be.

PER. I do not doubt thy faith;

But should he wrong my liberties in my absence—

HEL. We 'll mingle our bloods together in the earth  
From whence we had our being and our birth.

PER. Tyre, I now look from thee then, and to Tharsus  
Intend my travel, where I 'll hear from thee;

And by whose letters I 'll dispose myself.

The care I had and have of subjects' good,  
On thee I lay, whose wisdom's strength can bear it.

I 'll take thy word for faith, not ask thine oath:

Who shuns not to break one, will sure crack both:

But in our orbs we 'll live so round and safe,

That time of both this truth shall ne'er convince\*,

Thou show'dst a subject's shine, I a true prince.

[*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE III.

*Enter THALIARD.*

THAL. So, this is Tyre, and this the court. Here must I kill king Pericles;  
and if I do it not, I am sure to be hanged at home: 't is dangerous.—Well,  
I perceive, he was a wise fellow, and had good discretion, that, being bid to  
ask what he would of the king, desired he might know none of his secrets.  
Now do I see he had some reason for it: for if a king bid a man be a  
villain, he is bound by the indenture of his oath to be one.  
Hush, here come the lords of Tyre.

*Enter HELICANUS, ESCANES, and other Lords of Tyre.*

HEL. You shall not need, my fellow-peers of Tyre,  
Further to question me of your king's departure.  
His seal'd commission, left in trust with me,  
Doth speak sufficiently, he 's gone to travel.

THAL. How! the king gone!

[*Aside.*]

HEL. If further yet you will be satisfied,  
Why, as it were unlicens'd of your loves  
He would depart, I 'll give some light unto you.  
Being at Antioch——

\* *Convince*, in the sense of *overcome*.

THAL. What from Antioch?

[*Aside.*

HEL. Royal Antiochus (on what cause I know not)

Took some displeasure at him, at least he judg'd so:  
And doubting lest he had err'd or sinn'd,  
To show his sorrow, he 'd correct himself;  
So puts himself unto the shipman's toil,  
With whom each minute threatens life or death.

THAL. Well, I perceive

I shall not be hang'd now, although I would;  
But since he 's gone, the king sure must please\*  
He 'scap'd the land, to perish at the sea.—

I 'll present myself. Peace to the lords of Tyre.

HEL. Lord Thaliard from Antiochus is welcome.

THAL. From him I come

With message unto princely Pericles;  
But since my landing I have understood,  
Your lord hath betook himself to unknown travels;  
My message must return from whence it came.

HEL. We have no reason to desire it,

Commended to our master, not to us:  
Yet ere you shall depart, this we desire,  
As friends to Antioch, we may feast in Tyre.

[*Exeunt.*

#### SCENE IV.—Tharsus.

*Enter CLEON, DIONYZA, and others.*

CLE. My Dionyza, shall we rest us here,  
And, by relating tales of others' griefs,  
See if 't will teach us to forget our own?

DIO. That were to blow at fire in hope to quench it;  
For who digs hills because they do aspire,  
Throws down one mountain to cast up a higher.  
O my distressed lord, ev'n such our griefs are;  
Here they 're but felt, and seen<sup>b</sup> with mischief's eyes,  
But like to groves, being topp'd, they higher rise.

CLE. O Dionyza,  
Who wanteth food, and will not say he wants it,

\* The original copies have—

“But since he 's gone, *the king's seas* must please.”

We adopt the principle of Steevens's alteration, who reads—

“But since he 's gone, the king *it* sure must please.”

<sup>b</sup> *And seen.* Thus in the original copies. Malone proposed *unseen*; but Dionyza means to say that here their griefs are but felt and seen with mischief's eyes—eyes of discontent and suffering; but if topp'd with other tales—that is, cut down by the comparison—like groves they will rise higher, be more unbearable.

Or can conceal his hunger, till he famish?  
 Our tongues and sorrows do sound deep our woes  
 Into the air; our eyes do weep, till tongues<sup>a</sup>  
 Fetch breath that may proclaim them louder, that  
 If heaven slumber, while their creatures want,  
 • They may awake their helpers<sup>b</sup> to comfort them.  
 I'll then discourse our woes felt several years,  
 And, wanting breath to speak, help me with tears.  
 DIO. I'll do my best, sir.

CLE. This Tharsus, over which I have the government,  
 A city, on whom plenty held full hand,  
 For riches strew'd herself even in the streets;  
 Whose towers bore heads so high, they kiss'd the clouds,  
 And strangers ne'er beheld, but wonder'd at;  
 Whose men and dames so jett'd and adorn'd,  
 Like one another's glass to trim them by:  
 Their tables were stor'd full, to glad the sight,  
 And not so much to feed on, as delight;  
 All poverty was scorn'd, and pride so great,  
 The name of help grew odious to repeat.

DIO. Oh, 't is too true.

CLE. But see what heaven can do! By this our change,  
 These mouths, whom but of late, earth, sea, and air,  
 Were all too little to content and please,  
 Although they gave their creatures in abundance,  
 As houses are defil'd for want of use,  
 They are now starv'd for want of exercise;  
 Those palates, who, not us'd to hunger's savour<sup>c</sup>,  
 Must have inventions to delight the taste,  
 Would now be glad of bread, and beg for it;  
 Those mothers who, to nouzle up their babes,  
 Thought nought too curious, are ready now,  
 To eat those little darlings whom they lov'd;  
 So sharp are hunger's teeth, that man and wife  
 Draw lots who first shall die to lengthen life:  
 Here stands a lord, and there a lady weeping;  
 Here many sink, yet those which see them fall  
 Have scarce strength left to give them burial.  
 Is not this true?

DIO. Our cheeks and hollow eyes do witness it.

CLE. O let those cities that of Plenty's cup

<sup>a</sup> *Tongues*, in all the early editions. Steevens changed the word to *lungs*, which is the received reading.

<sup>b</sup> *Helpers*, in the original. The modern reading is *helps*.

<sup>c</sup> This is Malone's reading. All the early copies have—

“Those pallats, who, not yet too savers younger.”

And her prosperities so largely taste,  
 With their superfluous riots, hear these tears!  
 The misery of Tharsus may be theirs.

*Enter a Lord.*

LORD. Where 's the lord governor?

CLE. Here.

Speak out thy sorrows, which thou bring'st in haste,  
 For comfort is too far for us to expect.

LORD. We have descried, upon our neighbouring shore,  
 A portly sail of ships make hitherward.

CLE. I thought as much.

One sorrow never comes but brings an heir,  
 That may succeed as his inheritor;  
 And so in ours: some neighbouring nation,  
 Taking advantage of our misery,  
 Hath<sup>a</sup> stuff'd these hollow vessels with their power,  
 To beat us down, the which are down already;  
 And make a conquest of unhappy me,  
 Whereas no glory 's got to overcome.

LORD. That 's the least fear; for, by the semblance  
 Of their white flags display'd, they bring us peace,  
 And come to us as favourers, not as foes.

CLE. Thou speak'st like him 's untutor'd to repeat,  
 Who makes the fairest show, means most deceit.  
 But bring they what they will, and what they can,  
 What need we fear?  
 The ground 's the lowest, and we are half way there:  
 Go tell their general, we attend him here,  
 To know for what he comes, and whence he comes,  
 And what he craves.

LORD. I go, my lord.

CLE. Welcome is peace, if he on peace consist<sup>b</sup>;  
 If wars, we are unable to resist.

*Enter PERICLES with Attendants.*

PER. Lord governor, for so we hear you are,  
 Let not our ships, and number of our men,  
 Be, like a beacon fir'd, to amaze your eyes.  
 We have heard your miseries as far as Tyre,  
 And seen the desolation of your streets;  
 Nor come we to add sorrow to your tears,  
 But to relieve them of their heavy load;  
 And these our ships (you happily may think

<sup>a</sup> *Hath*. The original copies, *that*.

<sup>b</sup> *Consist*—stands on.

Are, like the Trojan horse, war-stuff'd<sup>a</sup> within,  
 With bloody views expecting overthrow)  
 Are stor'd with corn to make your needy bread,  
 And give them life, whom hunger starv'd half dead.  
 OMNES. The gods of Greece protect you !  
 And we will pray for you.

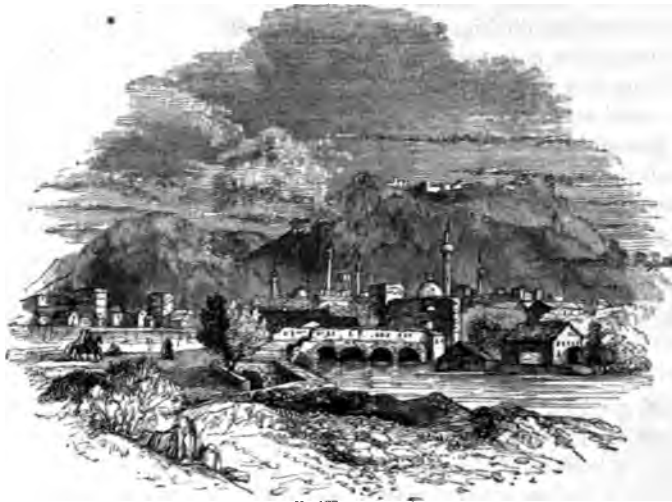
PER. Arise, I pray you, rise ;  
 We do not look for reverence, but for love,  
 And harbourage for ourself, our ships, and men.

CLE. The which when any shall not gratify,  
 Or pay you with unthankfulness in thought,  
 Be it our wives, our children, or ourselves,  
 The curse of heaven and men succeed their evils !  
 Till when (the which, I hope, shall ne'er be seen),  
 Your grace is welcome to our town and us.

PER. Which welcome we 'll accept ; feast here a while,  
 Until our stars, that frown, lend us a smile.

[*Exeunt.*]

<sup>a</sup> *War-stuff'd*. This is Steevens's ingenious emendation of *was stuff'd*.



[*Antioch.*]



## ACT II.

*Enter GOWER.*

Gow. Here have you seen a mighty king  
His child, I wis, to incest bring :  
A better prince and benign lord,  
That will prove awful both in deed and word.  
Be quiet then, as men should be,  
Till he hath past necessity.  
I 'll show you those in trouble's reign,  
Losing a mite, a mountain gain.  
The good, in conversation  
(To whom I give my benizon)  
Is still at Tharsus, where each man  
Thinks all is writ he spoken can \* :

\* The meaning of this obscure line probably is—thinks all he can speak is as holy writ.



And, to remember what he does,  
 Build his statue<sup>a</sup> to make him glorious :  
 But tidings to the contrary  
 Are brought to your eyes ; what need speak I ?

*Dumb show.*

*Enter at one door PERICLES talking with CLEON ; all the Train with them.*

*Enter at another door a Gentleman, with a letter to PERICLES ; PERICLES shows the letter to CLEON ; PERICLES gives the Messenger a reward, and knights him.*

*[Exit PERICLES at one door, and CLEON at another.<sup>b</sup>*

Good Helicane hath<sup>c</sup> stay'd at home,  
 Not to eat honey, like a drone,  
 From others' labours ; for though he strive  
 To killen bad, keeps good alive ;  
 And, to fulfil his prince' desire,  
 Sends word<sup>d</sup> of all that haps in Tyre :  
 How Thaliard came full bent with sin,  
 And had intent to murder him ;  
 And that in Tharsus 't was not best  
 Longer for him to make his rest :  
 He, knowing so<sup>e</sup>, put forth to seas,  
 Where when men bin, there 's seldom ease ;  
 For now the wind begins to blow ;  
 Thunder above, and deeps below,  
 Make such unquiet, that the ship  
 Should house him safe, is wrack'd and split ;  
 And he, good prince, having all lost,  
 By waves from coast to coast is toss'd :  
 All perishen of man, of pelf,  
 Ne aught escapen'd but himself ;  
 Till fortune, tir'd with doing bad,  
 Threw him ashore to give him glad :

<sup>a</sup> *Build his statue.* All the old copies read *build* ; but the word is invariably changed to *gild*, because in the 'Confessio Amantis' we find, with regard to this statue—

"It was of laton over-gilt."

But before the statue was *gilt* it was erected, according to the same authority :—

"For they were all of him so glad,  
 That they for ever in remembrance  
 Made a figure in resemblance  
 Of him, and in a common place  
 They set it up."

Why not then *build* as well as *gild* ?

<sup>b</sup> We give this *dumb show* literally, as in the original.

<sup>c</sup> *Hath.* In the old copies *that*.

<sup>e</sup> In the old copies, *he doing so*.

<sup>d</sup> *Sends word.* In the old copies, *sav'd one*.

And here he comes; what shall be next,  
Pardon old Gower; this 'longs the text<sup>a</sup>.

[*Exit.*

SCENE I.—Pentapolis.

*Enter PERICLES, wet.*

PER. Yet cease your ire, ye angry stars of heaven!  
Wind, rain, and thunder, remember, earthly man  
Is but a substance, that must yield to you;  
And I, as fits my nature, do obey you;  
Alas, the sea hath cast me on the rocks,  
Wash'd me from shore to shore, and left me breath,  
Nothing to think on, but ensuing death:  
Let it suffice the greatness of your powers,  
To have bereft a prince of all his fortunes;  
And having thrown him from your wat'ry grave,  
Here to have death in peace, is all he'll crave.

*Enter three Fishermen.*

- 1 FISH. What, ho, Pilche<sup>b</sup>!
- 2 FISH. Ha, come, and bring away the nets.
- 1 FISH. What, Patch-breech, I say!
- 3 FISH. What say you, master?
- 1 FISH. Look how thou stirrest now: come away, or I'll fetch thee with a wannion.
- 3 FISH. Faith, master, I am thinking of the poor men that were cast away before us, even now.
- 1 FISH. Alas, poor souls! it grieved my heart to hear what pitiful cries they made to us, to help them, when, well-a-day, we could scarce help ourselves.
- 3 FISH. Nay, master, said not I as much, when I saw the porpus how he bounced and tumbled? they say, they are half fish, half flesh; a plague on them! they ne'er come but I look to be wash'd. Master, I marvel how the fishes live in the sea.
- 1 FISH. Why, as men do a-land; the great ones eat up the little ones: I can compare our rich misers to nothing so fitly as to a whale; 'a plays and tumbles, driving the poor fry before him, and at last devours them all at a mouthful. Such whales have I heard on a' the land, who never leave gaping, till they've swallowed the whole parish, church, steeple, bells and all.

PER. A pretty moral.

<sup>a</sup> Douce explains this clearly:—"This 'longs the text' is, in Gower's elliptical construction, *this belongs to the text*; I need not comment upon it; you will see it."

<sup>b</sup> *Pilche* is most probably a name; as we have afterwards Patch-breech. The old copies have "What to pelch?"

3 FISH. But, master, if I had been the sexton, I would have been that day in the belfry.

2 FISH. Why, man?

3 FISH. Because he should have swallowed me too: and when I had been in his belly, I would have kept such a jangling of the bells, that he should never have left, till he cast bells, steeple, church, and parish, up again. But if the good king Simonides were of my mind——

PER. Simonides?

3 FISH. We would purge the land of these drones, that rob the bee of her honey.

PER. How from the finny subject<sup>a</sup> of the sea

These fishers tell the infirmities of men;

And from their watery empire recollect

All that may men approve, or men detect!

Peace be at your labour, honest fishermen.

2 FISH. Honest, good fellow, what's that? If it be a day fits you, search out of the calendar, and nobody look after it<sup>b</sup>.

PER. You may see, the sea hath cast me on your coast<sup>c</sup>.

2 FISH. What a drunken knave was the sea, to cast thee in our way!

PER. A man whom both the waters and the wind,

In that vast tennis-court, hath made the ball

For them to play upon, entreats you pity him;

He asks of you, that never us'd to beg.

1 FISH. No, friend, cannot you beg? here 's them in our country of Greece gets more with begging, than we can do with working.

2 FISH. Canst thou catch any fishes then?

PER. I never practis'd it.

2 FISH. Nay, then thou wilt starve sure; for here 's nothing to be got now-a-days, unless thou canst fish for 't.

PER. What I have been, I have forgot to know;

But what I am, want teaches me to think on;

A man throng'd up with cold; my veins are chill,

And have no more of life than may suffice

To give my tongue that heat to ask your help:

Which if you shall refuse, when I am dead,

For that I am a man, pray see me buried.

<sup>a</sup> *Finny subject*. The original has *fenny*. *Subject* must be taken as a plural noun.

<sup>b</sup> This is the reading of the original, and has occasioned some discussion. Does it not mean that the fisherman, laughing at the rarity of being honest, remarks, If it be a day (i. e. a saint's or red-letter day) fits you, search out of (not *in*) the calendar, and nobody look after it (there, as it would be useless)? Steevens supposes that the dialogue originally ran thus:—

"Per. Peace be at your labour, honest fishermen;

*The day is rough and thwarts your occupation.*

2 Fish. Honest! good fellow, what's that? If it be not a day fits you, scratch it out of the calendar, and nobody will look after it."

<sup>c</sup> This is the reading of the folio.

1 FISH. Die, quoth-a? Now gods forbid! I have a gown here; come, put it on, keep thee warm. Now, afore me, a handsome fellow! Come, thou shalt go home, and we'll have flesh for holidays<sup>a</sup>, fish for fasting days, and more-o'er puddings and flap-jacks; and thou shalt be welcome.

PER. I thank you, sir.

2 FISH. Hark you, my friend, you said you could not beg.

PER. I did but crave.

2 FISH. But crave? then I'll turn craver too, and so I shall 'scape whipping.

PER. Why, are all your beggars whipp'd then?

2 FISH. O, not all, my friend, not all; for if all your beggars were whipped, I would wish no better office than to be a beadle. But, master, I'll go draw up the net. *[Exeunt two of the Fishermen.]*

PER. How well this honest mirth becomes their labour!

1 FISH. Hark you, sir, do you know where you are?

PER. Not well.

1 FISH. Why, I'll tell you; this is called Pentapolis, and our king, the good Simonides.

PER. The good king Simonides, do you call him?

1 FISH. Ay, sir, and he deserves so to be called, for his peaceable reign, and good government.

PER. He is a happy king, since he gains from his subjects the name of good, by his government. How far is his court distant from this shore?

1 FISH. Marry, sir, half a day's journey; and I'll tell you, he hath a fair daughter, and to-morrow is her birthday; and there are princes and knights come from all parts of the world to just and tourney for her love.

PER. Were my fortunes equal to my desires, I could wish to make one there.

1 FISH. O, sir, things must be as they may; and what a man cannot get, he may lawfully deal for—his wife's soul<sup>b</sup>.

*Re-enter the two Fishermen, drawing up a net.*

2 FISH. Help, master, help; here 's a fish hangs in the net, like a poor man's right in the law; 't will hardly come out. Ha! bots on 't, 't is come at last, and 't is turned to a rusty armour!

PER. An armour, friends! I pray you, let me see it.

Thanks, Fortune, yet, that, after all my crosses,

Thou giv'st me somewhat to repair myself;

And, though it was mine own, part of mine heritage

Which my dead father did bequeath to me,

With this strict charge (even as he left his life),

"Keep it, my Pericles, it hath been a shield

"Twixt me and death (and pointed to this brace);

For that it sav'd me, keep it; in like necessity,

<sup>a</sup> The old copies have *all day*.

<sup>b</sup> We cannot attempt to explain this. There are more riddles in this play than that of *Antiochus*.

The which the gods protect thee from! 't may defend thee."<sup>a</sup>  
 It kept where I kept, I so dearly lov'd it;  
 Till the rough seas, that spare not any man,  
 Took it in rage, though calm'd they 've given it again:  
 I thank thee for it; my shipwrack now 's no ill,  
 Since I have here my father's gift in his will.

1 FISH. What mean you, sir?

PER. To beg of you, kind friends, this coat of worth,  
 For it was some time target to a king;  
 I know it by this mark; he lov'd me dearly,  
 And, for his sake, I wish the having of it;  
 And that you'd guide me to your sovereign's court,  
 Where with it I may appear a gentleman;  
 And if that ever my low fortune 's better,  
 I 'll pay your bounties; till then, rest your debtor.

1 FISH. Why, wilt thou tourney for the lady?

PER. I 'll show the virtue I have borne in arms.

1 FISH. Why, d'ye take it, and the gods give thee good on 't.

2 FISH. Ay, but hark you, my friend; 't was we that made up this garment  
 through the rough seams of the water: there are certain condolences,  
 certain vails. I hope, sir, if you thrive, you 'll remember from whence you  
 had it.

PER. Believe it, I will.

By your furtherance I am cloth'd in steel;  
 And spite of all the rupture of the sea,  
 This jewel holds his bidding<sup>b</sup> on my arm;  
 Unto thy value I will mount myself  
 Upon a courser, whose delightful steps  
 Shall make the gazer joy to see him tread.—  
 Only, my friend, I yet am unprovided  
 Of a pair of bases<sup>c</sup>.

2 FISH. We 'll sure provide: thou shalt have my best gown to make thee a  
 pair; and I 'll bring thee to the court myself.

PER. Then honour be but a goal to my will,

This day I 'll rise, or else add ill to ill.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*A public Way or Platform, leading to the Lists. A Pavilion by  
 the side of it, for the reception of the King and Princess<sup>d</sup>.*

*Enter SIMONIDES, THAISA, Lords, and Attendants.*

SIM. Are the knights ready to begin the triumph?

\* The old copies read—

"The which the gods protect thee, *fame* may defend thee."

<sup>b</sup> *Biding.* The old copies, *buylding*.

\* Armour for the legs.

<sup>d</sup> This description of the scene is modern.

1 LORD. They are, my liege ;

And stay your coming, to present themselves.

SIM. Return them, we are ready ; and our daughter,

In honour of whose birth these triumphs are,  
Sits here, like beauty's child, whom Nature gat  
For men to see, and seeing wonder at.

[*Exit a Lord.*]

THAI. It pleaseth you, my royal father, to express

My commendations great, whose merit 's less.

SIM. 'T is fit it should be so ; for princes are  
A model which heaven makes like to itself :

As jewels lose their glory, if neglected,  
So princes their renown, if not respected.

'T is now your honour, daughter, to explain\*

The labour of each knight, in his device.

THAI. Which, to preserve mine honour, I 'll perform.

[*Enter a Knight ; he passes over the stage, and his Squire presents his shield to the Princess.*]

SIM. Who is the first that doth prefer himself ?

THAI. A knight of Sparta, my renowned father ;

And the device he bears upon his shield  
Is a black Æthiop reaching at the sun ;  
The word, *Lux tua vita mihi.*

SIM. He loves you well, that holds his life of you. [*The second Knight passes.*]

Who is the second that presents himself ?

THAI. A prince of Macedon, my royal father ;

And the device he bears upon his shield  
Is an arm'd knight, that 's conquer'd by a lady :  
The motto thus, in Spanish, *Piu per dulcura que per fuerça.*

[*The third Knight passes.*]

SIM. And what 's the third ?

THAI. The third of Antioch ; and his device,

A wreath of chivalry : the word, *Me pompæ provexit apex.*

[*The fourth Knight passes.*]

SIM. What is the fourth ?

THAI. A burning torch that 's turned upside down ;

The word, *Quod me alit, me exinguit.*

SIM. Which shows that beauty hath his power and will,

Which can as well inflame, as it can kill.

[*The fifth Knight passes.*]

THAI. The fifth, an hand environed with clouds,

Holding out gold, that 's by the touchstone tried :

The motto thus, *Sic spectanda fides.*

[*The sixth Knight passes.*]

SIM. And what 's the sixth and last, the which the knight himself

With such a graceful courtesy deliver'd ?

THAI. He seems to be a stranger ; but his present

\* *Explain.* The old copies read *entertain.*

Is a wither'd branch, that 's only green at top :  
The motto, *In hac spe vivo*.

SIM. A pretty moral ;

From the dejected state wherein he is,  
He hopes by you his fortunes yet may flourish.

1 LORD. He had need mean better than his outward show  
Can any way speak in his just commend :

For, by his rusty outside, he appears  
To have practis'd more the whipstock than the lance.

2 LORD. He well may be a stranger, for he comes  
To an honour'd triumph, strangely furnished.

3 LORD. And on set purpose let his armour rust  
Until this day, to scour it in the dust.

SIM. Opinion 's but a fool, that makes us scan

The outward habit by the inward man.

But stay, the knights are coming ; we 'll withdraw  
Into the gallery.

[*Exeunt.*

[*Great shouts, and all cry, The mean Knight !*

SCENE III.—*A Hall of State. A Banquet prepared.*

*Enter SIMONIDES, THAISA, Lords, Attendants, and the Knights from tilting.*

SIM. Knights,

To say you are welcome, were superfluous.  
To place upon the volume of your deeds,  
As in a title-page, your worth in arms,  
Were more than you expect, or more than 's fit,  
Since every worth in show commends itself.  
Prepare for mirth, for mirth becomes a feast :  
You are princes, and my guests.

THAI. But you, my knight and guest ;

To whom this wreath of victory I give,  
And crown you king of this day's happiness.

PER. 'T is more by fortune, lady, than by merit.

SIM. Call it by what you will, the day is yours ;

And here, I hope, is none that envies it.

In framing an artist, art hath thus decreed,

To make some good, but others to exceed ;

And you 're her labour'd scholar. Come, queen o' the feast,

(For, daughter, so you are,) here take your place :

Marshal the rest, as they deserve their grace.

KNIGHTS. We are honour'd much by good Simonides.

SIM. Your presence glads our days ; honour we love,

For who hates honour, hates the gods above.

MARSHAL. Sir, yonder is your place.

PER. Some other is more fit.

1 KNIGHT. Contend not, sir; for we are gentlemen,  
That neither in our hearts, nor outward eyes,  
Envy the great, nor do the low despise,

PER. You are right courteous knights.

SIM. Sit, sir, sit.

By Jove, I wonder, that is king of thoughts,  
These cates resist me, he not thought upon<sup>a</sup>.

THAI. By Juno, that is queen of marriage,  
All viands that I eat do seem unsavoury,  
Wishing him my meat: sure he 's a gallant gentleman.

SIM. He 's but a country gentleman; has done no more  
Than other knights have done; has broken a staff,  
Or so; so let it pass.

THAI. To me he seems like diamond to glass.

PER. Yon king 's to me, like to my father's picture,  
Which tells me, in that glory once he was;  
Had princes sit like stars about his throne,  
And he the sun, for them to reverence.  
None that beheld him, but, like lesser lights,  
Did veil their crowns to his supremacy;  
Where<sup>b</sup> now his son 's like a glow-worm in the night,  
The which hath fire in darkness, none in light;  
Whereby I see that Time 's the king of men,  
For he 's their parent, and he is their grave,  
And gives them what he will, not what they crave.

SIM. What, are you merry, knights?

1 KNIGHT. Who can be other in this royal presence?

SIM. Here, with a cup that 's stor'd<sup>c</sup> unto the brim,  
(As you do love, fill to your mistress' lips,)  
We drink this health to you.

KNIGHTS. We thank your grace.

SIM. Yet pause a while; yon knight doth sit too melancholy,  
As if the entertainment in our court

<sup>a</sup> This speech is usually assigned to Pericles; and in the second line under this arrangement, we read, "*she* not thought upon." But throughout the remainder of the scene Pericles gives no intimation of a sudden attachment to the Princess. The King, on the contrary, is evidently moved to treat him with marked attention, and to bestow his thoughts upon him almost as exclusively as his daughter. If we leave the old reading, and the old indication of the speaker, Simonides wonders that he cannot eat—"these cates resist me"—although he (Pericles) is "not thought upon." This is an attempt to disguise the cause of his solicitude even to himself. It must be observed that the succeeding speeches of Simonides, Thaisa, and Pericles, are all to be received as soliloquies. In the second speech Simonides continues the idea of "he not thought upon," by attempting to depreciate Pericles—"He 's but a country gentleman."

<sup>b</sup> *Where*—whereas.

<sup>c</sup> *Stor'd*. The first quarto has *sturd*; the subsequent copies *stirr'd*—each the same word.



Had not a show might countervail his worth.

Note it not you, Thaisa?

THAI. What is 't to me, my father?

SIM. O, attend, my daughter;

Princes, in this, should live like gods above,

Who freely give to every one that comes

To honour them:

And princes, not doing so, are like to gnats,

Which make a sound, but kill'd are wonder'd at.

Therefore to make his entrance more sweet,

Here say, we drink this standing bowl of wine to him.

THAI. Alas, my father, it befits not me

Unto a stranger knight to be so bold;

He may my proffer take for an offence,

Since men take women's gifts for impudence.

SIM. How! do as I bid you, or you 'll move me else.

THAI. Now, by the gods, he could not please me better.

[Aside.]

SIM. And further tell him, we desire to know of him,

Of whence he is, his name and parentage.

THAI. The king my father, sir, hath drunk to you.

PER. I thank him.

THAI. Wishing it so much blood unto your life.

PER. I thank both him and you, and pledge him freely.

THAI. And further he desires to know of you,

Of whence you are, your name and parentage.

PER. A gentleman of Tyre—(my name Pericles;

My education has been in arts and arms;)

Who, looking for adventures in the world,

Was by the rough seas reft of ships and men,

And, after shipwrack, driven upon this shore.

THAI. He thanks your grace; names himself Pericles,

A gentleman of Tyre, who only by

Misfortune of the sea has been bereft

Of ships and men, and cast upon this shore.

SIM. Now, by the gods, I pity his misfortune,

And will awake him from his melancholy.

Come, gentlemen, we sit too long on trifles,

And waste the time, which looks for other revels.

Even in your armours, as you are address'd,

Will very well become a soldier's dance\*:

\* Malone says, "The dance here introduced is thus described in an ancient 'Dialogue against the Abuse of Dancing' (black letter, no date):—

"There is a dance call'd Choria,  
Which joy doth testify;  
Another called Pyrricke,  
Which warlike feats doth try.

I will not have excuse, with saying, this  
 Loud music is too harsh for ladies' heads;  
 Since they love men in arms, as well as beds. *[The Knights dance.]*  
 So, this was well ask'd; 't was so well perform'd.  
 Come, sir; here is a lady that wants breathing too:  
 And I have often heard, you knights of Tyre  
 Are excellent in making ladies trip;  
 And that their measures are as excellent.

PER. In those that practise them, they are, my lord.

SIM. Oh, that 's as much as you would be denied *[The Knights and Ladies dance.]*

Of your fair courtesy.—Unclasp, unclasp;  
 Thanks, gentlemen, to all; all have done well,  
 But you the best. *[To PERICLES.]* Pages and lights, to conduct  
 These knights unto their several lodgings: Yours, sir,  
 We have given order to be next our own.

PER. I am at your grace's pleasure.

SIM. Princes, it is too late to talk of love,  
 For that 's the mark I know you level at:  
 Therefore each one betake him to his rest;  
 To-morrow, all for speeding do their best. *[Exeunt.]*

#### SCENE IV.—Tyre.

*Enter HELICANUS and ESCANES.*

HEL. No, Escanes, know this of me,  
 Antiochus from incest liv'd not free;  
 For which, the most high gods not minding longer  
 To withhold the vengeance that they had in store,  
 Due to this heinous capital offence;  
 Even in the height and pride of all his glory,  
 When he was seated in a chariot of  
 An inestimable value, and his daughter  
 With him, a fire from heaven came and shrivell'd up  
 Those bodies, even to loathing: for they so stunk,  
 That all those eyes ador'd them<sup>a</sup> ere their fall,  
 Scorn now their hand should give them burial.

ESCA. 'T was very strange.

HEL. And yet but justice; for though

For men in armour gestures made,  
 And leap'd, that so they might,  
 When need requires, be more prompt  
 In public weal to fight."

<sup>a</sup> An elliptical construction—all those eyes *which* ador'd them.

This king were great, his greatness was no guard  
To bar heav'n's shaft, but sin had his reward.

ESCA. 'T is very true.

*Enter three Lords.*

1 LORD. See, not a man in private conference,  
Or council, hath respect with him but he.

2 LORD. It shall no longer grieve without reproof.

3 LORD. And curs'd be he that will not second it.

1 LORD. Follow me then: lord Helicane, a word.

HEL. With me? and welcome: happy day, my lords.

1 LORD. Know that our griefs are risen to the top,  
And now at length they overflow their banks.

HEL. Your griefs, for what? wrong not your prince you love.

1 LORD. Wrong not yourself then, noble Helicane;  
But if the prince do live, let us salute him,  
Or know what ground 's made happy by his breath.  
If in the world he live, we 'll seek him out;  
If in his grave he rest, we 'll find him there;  
And be resolv'd, he lives to govern us,  
Or dead, gives cause to mourn his funeral,  
And leaves us to our free election.

2 LORD. Whose death 's, indeed, the strongest in our censure<sup>a</sup>:  
And knowing this kingdom is without a head,  
(Like goodly buildings left without a roof  
Soon fall to ruin,) your noble self,  
That best know'st how to rule, and how to reign,  
We thus submit unto,—our sovereign.

OMNES. Live, noble Helicane.

HEL. Try honour's cause; forbear your suffrages:  
If that you love prince Pericles, forbear.  
Take I your wish, I leap into the seas<sup>b</sup>,  
Where 's hourly trouble, for a minute's ease.  
A twelvemonth longer, let me entreat you  
To forbear the absence of your king;  
If in which time expir'd, he not return,  
I shall with aged patience bear your yoke.  
But if I cannot win you to this love,  
Go search like nobles, like noble subjects,  
And in your search spend your adventurous worth;  
Whom if you find, and win unto return,  
You shall like diamonds sit about his crown.

<sup>a</sup> *Censure*—opinion. We believe, says the speaker, that the probability of the death of Pericles is the strongest. He then proceeds to assume that the kingdom is without a head. So the ancient readings, which we follow.

<sup>b</sup> *Seas*. Malone proposed to read *seat*.

1 LORD. To wisdom he 's a fool that will not yield;  
And since lord Helicane enjoine<sup>th</sup> us,  
We with our travels will endeavour it<sup>a</sup>.

HEL. Then you love us, we you, and we 'll clasp hands;  
When peers thus knit, a kingdom ever stands.

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE V.—Pentapolis.

*Enter SIMONIDES reading a Letter; the Knights meet him.*

1 KNIGHT. Good morrow to the good Simonides.

SIM. Knights, from my daughter this I let you know,  
That for this twelvemonth she will not undertake  
A married life:

Her reason to herself is only known,  
Which from herself by no means can I get.

2 KNIGHT. May we not get access to her, my lord?

SIM. 'Faith, by no means; she hath so strictly tied her  
To her chamber, that it is impossible.  
One twelve moons more she 'll wear Diana's livery;  
This by the eye of Cynthia hath she vow'd,  
And on her virgin honour will not break.

3 KNIGHT. Loth to bid farewell, we take our leaves.

[*Exeunt.*]

SIM. So,

They 're well despatch'd; now to my daughter's letter:  
She tells me here, she 'll wed the stranger knight,  
Or never more to view nor day nor light.  
'T is well, mistress, your choice agrees with mine;  
I like that well:—nay, how absolute she 's in 't,  
Not minding whether I dislike or no.  
Well, I do commend her choice,  
And will no longer have it be delay'd:  
Soft, here he comes;—I must dissemble it.

*Enter PERICLES.*

PER. All fortune to the good Simonides!

SIM. To you as much! Sir, I am beholden to you,  
For your sweet music this last night: I do  
Protest, my ears were never better fed  
With such delightful pleasing harmony.

PER. It is your grace's pleasure to commend;  
Not my desert.

SIM. Sir, you are music's master.

PER. The worst of all her scholars, my good lord.

SIM. Let me ask you one thing. What do you think  
Of my daughter, sir?

<sup>a</sup> It has been added to the old reading.

PER. A most virtuous princess.

SIM. And she is fair too, is she not?

PER. As a fair day in summer; wond'rous fair.

SIM. My daughter, sir, thinks very well of you;  
Ay, so well, that you must be her master,  
And she will be your scholar; therefore look to it.

PER. I am unworthy for her schoolmaster.

SIM. She thinks not so; peruse this writing else.

PER. What 's here!

A letter, that she loves the knight of Tyre?

'T is the king's subtilty to have my life.

[*Aside.*]

Oh, seek not to entrap me, gracious lord,  
A stranger and distressed gentleman,  
That never aim'd so high to love your daughter,  
But bent all offices to honour her.

SIM. Thou hast bewitch'd my daughter, and thou art  
A villain.

PER. By the gods I have not;  
Never did thought of mine levy offence;  
Nor never did my actions yet commence  
A deed might gain her love, or your displeasure.

SIM. Traitor, thou liest.

PER. Traitor!

SIM. Ay, traitor.

PER. Even in his throat (unless it be a king),  
That calls me traitor, I return the lie.

SIM. Now, by the gods, I do applaud his courage.

[*Aside.*]

PER. My actions are as noble as my thoughts,  
That never relish'd of a base descent.  
I came unto your court for honour's cause,  
And not to be a rebel to her state;  
And he that otherwise accounts of me,  
This sword shall prove, he 's honour's enemy.

SIM. No!—

Here comes my daughter, she can witness it.

*Enter THAISA.*

PER. Then, as you are as virtuous as fair,  
Resolve your angry father, if my tongue  
Did e'er solicit, or my hand subscribe  
To any syllable that made love to you?

THAI. Why, sir, say if you had, who takes offence  
At that would make me glad?

SIM. Yea, mistress, are you so peremptory?  
I am glad of it with all my heart.

[*Aside.*]

I 'll tame you; I 'll bring you in subjection.  
Will you, not having my consent, bestow  
Your love and your affections upon a stranger?

(Who, for aught I know,

May be, nor can I think the contrary.

As great in blood as I myself.)

[*Aside.*

Therefore, hear you, mistress; either frame

Your will to mine—and you, sir, hear you,

Either be rul'd by me, or I will make you—

Man and wife;

Nay, come, your hands and lips must seal it too:

And, being join'd, I 'll thus your hopes destroy;—

And for a further grief,—God give you joy!—

What, are you both pleas'd?

THAI. Yes, if you love me, sir.

PER. Even as my life, or<sup>a</sup> blood that fosters it.

SIM. What, are you both agreed?

BOTH. Yes, if it please your majesty.

SIM. It pleaseth me so well, that I 'll see you wed:

Then, with what haste you can, get you to bed.

[*Exeunt.*

<sup>a</sup> Or, in the old copies. Malone reads—

“Even as my life *my* blood,” &c.

Even as my life loves my blood. The original answer is clear enough—I love you, even as my life, or as my blood that fosters my life.



[*Tyre.*]



### ACT III.

*Enter GOWER.*

Gow. Now sleep yslaked hath the rout ;  
 No din but snores, the house about <sup>a</sup>,  
 Made louder by the o'er-fed breast  
 Of this most pompous marriage feast.  
 The cat, with eyne of burning coal,  
 Now couches from <sup>b</sup> the mouse's hole ;  
 And crickets sing at the oven's mouth,  
 Are <sup>c</sup> the blither for their drouth.  
 Hymen hath brought the bride to bed,  
 Where, by the loss of maidenhead,  
 A babe is moulded :—Be attent,  
 And time that is so briefly spent,  
 With your fine fancies quaintly eche <sup>d</sup> ;  
 What's dumb in show, I 'll plain with speech. .

*Dumb show.*

*Enter PERICLES and SIMONIDES, at one door, with Attendants ; a Messenger meets them, kneels, and gives PERICLES a letter. PERICLES shows it to*

<sup>a</sup> *The house about.* In the original, "about the house."

<sup>b</sup> *From—before—a short distance off.*

<sup>c</sup> *Are.* So the original. *As* is the modern reading.

<sup>d</sup> *Eche—eke out.*

SIMONIDES; *the Lords kneel to him<sup>a</sup>. Then enter THAISA with child, and LYCHORIDA, a nurse. SIMONIDES shows [his daughter] the letter; she rejoices: she and PERICLES take leave of her father, and depart.*

Gow. By many a derne<sup>b</sup> and painful perch,  
 Of Pericles the careful search  
 By the four opposing coignes<sup>c</sup>,  
 Which the world together joins,  
 Is made, with all due diligence,  
 That horse, and sail, and high expense,  
 Can stead the quest. At last from Tyre  
 (Fame answering the most strange inquire)  
 To the court of king Simonides  
 Are letters brought; the tenor these:  
 Antiochus and his daughter dead;  
 The men of Tyrus on the head  
 Of Helicanus would set on  
 The crown of Tyre, but he will none:  
 The mutiny he there hastes t' oppress;  
 Says to them, if king Pericles  
 Come not home in twice six moons,  
 He, obedient to their dooms,  
 Will take the crown. The sum of this,  
 Brought hither to Pentapolis,  
 Yraved the regions round,  
 And every one with claps 'gan sound,  
 "Our heir apparent is a king:  
 Who dream'd, who thought of such a thing?"  
 Brief, he must hence depart to Tyre;  
 His queen with child, makes her desire  
 (Which who shall cross?) along to go;  
 (Omit we all their dole and woe:)  
 Lychorida her nurse she takes,  
 And so to sea. Their vessel shakes  
 On Neptune's billow; half the flood  
 Hath their keel cut; but fortune mov'd<sup>d</sup>,  
 Varies again: the grizzled north  
 Disgorges such a tempest forth,  
 That, as a duck for life that dives,  
 So up and down the poor ship drives.  
 The lady shrieks, and well-a-near  
 Doth fall in travail with her fear:

<sup>a</sup> Malone says, "The lords kneel to Pericles, because they are now, for the first time, informed by this letter that he is king of Tyre."

<sup>b</sup> *Derne*—solitary.

<sup>c</sup> *Coignes*. The old copies have *crignes*.

<sup>d</sup> *Fortune mov'd*. So the old copies. Steevens reads, "fortune's mood."



And what ensues in this fell storm,  
 Shall for itself, itself perform ;  
 I nill relate ; action may  
 Conveniently the rest convey :  
 Which might not what by me is told.—  
 In your imagination hold  
 This stage, the ship, upon whose deck  
 The sea-toss'd Pericles appears to speak.

[Exit.]

## SCENE I.

*Enter PERICLES on a ship at sea.*

PER. Thou God of this great vast, rebuke these surges,  
 Which wash both heaven and hell ; and thou that hast  
 Upon the winds command, bind them in brass,  
 Having call'd them from the deep ! O still  
 Thy deaf'ning, dreadful thunders ; gently quench  
 Thy nimble, sulphurous flashes !—O how, Lychorida,  
 How does my queen ?—Thou storm, venomously,  
 Wilt thou spit all thyself ?—The seaman's whistle  
 Is, as a whisper in the ear of death,  
 Unheard.—Lychorida !—Lucina, O  
 Divinest patroness, and midwife<sup>a</sup>, gentle  
 To those that cry by night, convey thy deity  
 Aboard our dancing boat ; make swift the pangs  
 Of my queen's travails !—Now, Lychorida—

*Enter LYCHORIDA.*

LYC. Here is a thing too young for such a place,  
 Who, if it had conceit, would die, as I  
 Am like to do : take in your arms this piece  
 Of your dead queen.

PER. How ! how, Lychorida !

LYC. Patience, good sir, do not assist the storm.  
 Here 's all that is left living of your queen,  
 A little daughter ; for the sake of it,  
 Be manly, and take comfort.

PER. O ye gods !  
 Why do you make us love your goodly gifts,  
 And snatch them straight away ? We, here below,  
 Recall not what we give, and therein may  
 Use honour with you.

<sup>a</sup> *Midwife.* The old copies, *my wife.*

LYC. Patience, good sir,  
Even for this charge.

PER. Now, mild may be thy life!  
For a more blust'rous birth had never babe:  
Quiet and gentle thy conditions!  
For thou art the rudeliest welcom'd to this world,  
That e'er was prince's child. Happy what follows!  
Thou hast as chiding a nativity,  
As fire, air, water, earth, and heaven can make,  
To herald thee from the womb:  
Even at the first, thy loss is more than can  
Thy portage quit, with all thou canst find here.—  
Now the good gods throw their best eyes upon it!

*Enter two Sailors.*

1 SAIL. What! courage, sir! God save you.

PER. Courage enough: I do not fear the flaw;  
It hath done to me the worst. Yet for the love  
Of this poor infant, this fresh-new seafarer,  
I would it would be quiet.

1 SAIL. Slack the bolins there; thou wilt not, wilt thou? Blow and split thyself.

2 SAIL. But sea-room, an the brine and cloudy billow kiss the moon, I care not.

1 SAIL. Sir, your queen must overboard; the sea works high, the wind is loud,  
and will not lie till the ship be cleared of the dead.

PER. That's your superstition.

1 SAIL. Pardon us, sir; with us at sea it hath been still observed; and we are  
strong in, astern<sup>a</sup>. Therefore briefly yield her; for she must overboard  
straight.

PER. Be it as you think meet.—Most wretched queen!

LYC. Here she lies, sir.

PER. A terrible childbed hast thou had, my dear;  
No light, no fire: the unfriendly elements  
Forgot thee utterly; nor have I time  
To give thee hallow'd to thy grave, but straight  
Must cast thee, scarcely coffin'd, in the ooze<sup>b</sup>;

<sup>a</sup> *Strong in, astern.* The original copies have, "we are strong in *eastern*." Steevens first proposed to read, "we are strong in *credence*;" and subsequently, "we are strong in *earnest*." Boswell would read, "we are strong in *custom*." It appears to us that the sailor, at such a moment, was not very likely to enter into an explanation of his superstition. He believes in it; and he points out the danger. Thus Malone receives "we are strong in *eastern*" as, "there is a strong easterly wind." Will not the slightest change give a nautical sense, with the conciseness of nautical language? All that one of the sailors wants is "sea-room." The ship, as we learn immediately, is off the coast of Tharsus. The sailor dreads the coast, and the ship is driving upon it, unmanageable—answering not the helm:—"We are *strong in* [driving strongly in shore] *astern*."

<sup>b</sup> *Ooze.* The originals have *oare*. Steevens made the ingenious correction.

Where, for a monument upon thy bones,  
 And aye-remaining<sup>a</sup> lamps, the belching whale  
 And humming water must o'erwhelm thy corpse,  
 Lying with simple shells. O, Lychorida,  
 Bid Nestor bring me spices, ink and paper,  
 My casket and my jewels; and bid Nicander  
 Bring me the satin coffin<sup>b</sup>: lay the babe  
 Upon the pillow; hie thee, whiles I say  
 A priestly farewell to her: suddenly, woman.

2 SAIL. Sir, we have a chest beneath the hatches, caulked and bitumed ready.

PER. I thank thee. Mariner, say what coast is this?

2 SAIL. We are near Tharsus.

PER. Thither, gentle mariner;

Alter thy course for Tyre<sup>c</sup>. When canst thou reach it?

2 SAIL. By break of day, if the wind cease.

PER. O make for Tharsus.

There will I visit Cleon, for the babe  
 Cannot hold out to Tyrus; there I'll leave it  
 At careful nursing. Go thy ways, good mariner;  
 I'll bring the body presently.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—Ephesus. *A Room in Cerimon's House.*

*Enter CERIMON, a Servant, and some persons who have been shipwrecked.*

CER. Philemon, ho!

*Enter PHILEMON.*

PHIL. Doth my lord call?

CER. Get fire and meat for these poor men;

It hath been a turbulent and stormy night.

SER. I have been in many; but such a night as this,  
 Till now, I ne'er endur'd.

CER. Your master will be dead ere you return;  
 There's nothing can be minister'd to nature,  
 That can recover him. Give this to the 'pothecary,  
 And tell me how it works.

[*To PHILEMON.*]

*Enter two Gentlemen.*

1 GENT. Good morrow.

2 GENT. Good morrow to your lordship.

<sup>a</sup> *And aye-remaining.* The originals have, "*The aye-remaining.*" Malone made the alteration, which gives a clear meaning, monuments being surrounded with constantly-burning lamps.

<sup>b</sup> *Coffin*, and *coffer*, are words of the same original meaning. Subsequently, Cerimon says to Thaisa—

"Madam, this letter, and some certain jewels  
 Lay with you in your *coffer*."

<sup>c</sup> Pursue not the course for Tyre.

CER. Gentlemen, why do you stir so early ?

1 GENT. Sir, our lodgings, standing bleak upon the sea,  
Shook as the earth did quake ;  
The very principals <sup>a</sup> did seem to rend,  
And all to topple : pure surprise and fear  
Made me to leave the house.

2 GENT. That is the cause we trouble you so early ;  
'T is not our husbandry.

CER. O you say well.

1 GENT. But I much marvel that your lordship, having  
Rich tire about you, should at these early hours  
Shake off the golden slumber of repose :  
It is most strange,  
Nature should be so conversant with pain,  
Being thereto not compell'd.

CER. I held it ever,  
Virtue and cunning <sup>b</sup> were endowments greater  
Than nobleness and riches : careless heirs  
May the two latter darken and expend ;  
But immortality attends the former,  
Making a man a god. 'T is known, I ever  
Have studied physic, through which secret art,  
By turning o'er authorities, I have  
(Together with my practice) made familiar  
To me and to my aid, the bless'd infusions  
That dwell in vegetives, in metals, stones ;  
And I can speak of the disturbances  
That nature works, and of her cures ; which gives me  
A more content in course of true delight  
Than to be thirsty after tottering honour,  
Or tie my pleasure up in silken bags,  
To please the fool and death <sup>c</sup>.

2 GENT. Your honour hath through Ephesus pour'd forth  
Your charity, and hundreds call themselves  
Your creatures, who by you have been restor'd :  
And not your knowledge, your personal pain, but even  
Your purse, still open, hath built lord Cerimon  
Such strong renown as time shall never——

*Enter two Servants with a Chest.*

SER. So ; lift there.

<sup>a</sup> *Principals.* The strongest timbers of a building.

<sup>b</sup> *Cunning*—knowledge.

<sup>c</sup> So, in 'Measure for Measure'—

"Merely thou art death's fool,  
For him thou labour'st by thy flight to shun,  
And yet runn'st toward him still."

CER. What 's that ?

SER. Sir,

Even now did the sea toss up upon our shore

This chest ; 't is of some wrack.

CER. Set it down, let 's look upon it.

2 GENT. 'T is like a coffin, sir.

CER.

Whate'er it be,

'T is wondrous heavy. Wrench it open straight ;

If the sea's stomach be o'ercharg'd with gold,

It is a good constraint of Fortune it belches upon us.

2 GENT. It is so, my lord.

CER.

How close 't is caulk'd and bitum'd !

Did the sea cast it up ?

SER. I never saw so huge a billow, sir,

As toss'd it upon shore.

CER. Wrench it open ;

Soft—it smells most sweetly in my sense.

2 GENT. A delicate odour.

CER. As ever hit my nostril ; so,—up with it.

Oh you most potent gods ! what 's here ? a corse !

1 GENT. Most strange !

CER.

Shrouded in cloth of state !

Balm'd and entreasur'd with full bags of spices !

A passport too ! Apollo, perfect me

In the characters !

*[He reads out of a scroll.]*

“ Here I give to understand  
(If e'er this coffin drive a-land),  
I, king Pericles, have lost  
This queen, worth all our mundane cost.  
Who finds her, give her burying,  
She was the daughter of a king :  
Besides this treasure for a fee,  
The gods requite his charity ! ”

If thou liv'st, Pericles, thou hast a heart

That even cracks for woe ! This chanc'd to-night.

2 GENT. Most likely, sir.

CER. Nay, certainly to-night ;

For look how fresh she looks !—They were too rough

That threw her in the sea. Make a fire within ;

Fetch hither all my boxes in my closet.

Death may usurp on nature many hours,

And yet the fire of life kindle again

The o'erpress'd spirits. I have heard of an Egyptian

That had nine hours lien dead,

Who was by good appliance recovered.

*Enter a Servant with napkins and fire.*

Well said, well said; the fire and the cloths.—  
The rough and woeful music that we have,  
Cause it to sound, 'beseech you.  
The viol <sup>a</sup> once more;—How thou stirr'st, thou block!—  
The music there.—I pray you, give her air;—  
Gentlemen, this queen will live:  
Nature awakes; a warmth breathes out of her;  
She hath not been entranc'd above five hours.  
See how she 'gins to blow into life's flower again!

1 GENT. The heavens, through you, increase our wonder,  
And set up your fame for ever.

CER. She is alive; behold,  
Her eyelids, cases to those heavenly jewels  
Which Pericles hath lost,  
Begin to part their fringes of bright gold;  
The diamonds of a most praised water  
Do appear, to make the world twice rich. O live,  
And make us weep to hear your fate, fair creature,  
Rare as you seem to be!

[*She moves.*]

THAI. O dear Diana,  
Where am I? Where 's my lord? What world is this?

2 GENT. Is not this strange?

1 GENT. Most rare.

CER. Hush, my gentle neighbours;

Lend me your hands: to the next chamber bear her.

Get linen; now this matter must be look'd to,

For her relapse is mortal. Come, come,

And Esculapius guide us!

[*Exeunt, carrying her away.*]

SCENE III.—Tharsus. *A Room in Cleon's House.*

*Enter PERICLES, CLEON, DIONYZA, LYCHORIDA, and MARINA.*

PER. Most honour'd Cleon, I must needs be gone;  
My twelve months are expir'd, and Tyrus stands  
In a litigious peace. You and your lady  
Take from my heart all thankfulness! The gods  
Make up the rest upon you!

CLE. Your shafts of fortune, though they hurt you mortally,  
Yet glance full wond'ringly on us<sup>b</sup>.

DION. O your sweet queen!

<sup>a</sup> *The viol.* So the first quarto. The second and subsequent editions, *the viol*.

<sup>b</sup> This is Steevens's reading. The originals have *shakes* (not shafts), and *hurt* (not hurt). The use of *glance* decides the value of the correction.

That the strict fates had pleas'd you had brought her hither,  
To have bless'd mine eyes with her!

PER. We cannot but obey

The powers above us. Could I rage and roar  
As doth the sea she lies in, yet the end  
Must be as 't is. My gentle babe, Marina,  
(Whom, for she was born at sea, I have nam'd so,)  
Here I charge your charity withal,  
Leaving her the infant of your care, beseeching you  
To give her princely training, that she may be  
Manner'd as she is born.

CLE. Fear not, my lord; but think,  
Your grace, that fed my country with your corn,  
(For which the people's prayers still fall upon you,)  
Must in your child be thought on. If neglect  
Should therein make me vile, the common body,  
By you reliev'd, would force me to my duty:  
But if to that my nature need a spur,  
The gods revenge it upon me and mine,  
To the end of generation!

PER. I believe you;  
Your honour and your goodness teach me to it,  
Without your vows. Till she be married, madam,  
By bright Diana, whom we honour all,  
Unscissar'd shall this hair of mine remain,  
Though I show will in 't\*. So I take my leave:  
Good madam, make me blessed in your care  
In bringing up my child.

DION. I have one myself,  
Who shall not be more dear to my respect,  
Than yours, my lord.

PER. Madam, my thanks and prayers.

CLE. We 'll bring your grace even to the edge o' the shore;  
Then give you up to the mask'd Neptune, and  
The gentlest winds of heaven.

PER. I will embrace  
Your offer. Come, dearest madam.—O, no tears,  
Lychorida, no tears:  
Look to your little mistress, on whose grace  
You may depend hereafter.—Come, my lord.

[*Exeunt.*]

\* The original has "*unscissar'd* shall this *hair*." He will not marry; she shall be *unscissar'd*. But when Pericles in the fifth Act discovers his daughter, he will "clip to form" what makes him "look so dismal;" and beautify what for "fourteen years no razor touch'd." Steevens has the merit of this construction of the passage.

SCENE IV.—Ephesus. *A Room in Cerimon's House.**Enter CERIMON and THAISA.*

CER. Madam, this letter, and some certain jewels,  
Lay with you in your coffer; which are now  
At your command. Know you the character?

THAI. It is my lord's. That I was shipp'd at sea  
I well remember, even on my yearning time;  
But whether there delivered or no,  
By the holy gods, I cannot rightly say;  
But since king Pericles, my wedded lord,  
I ne'er shall see again, a vestal livery  
Will I take me to, and never more have joy.

CER. Madam, if this you purpose as you speak,  
Diana's temple is not distant far,  
Where you may 'bide until your date expire\*:  
Moreover, if you please, a niece of mine  
Shall there attend you.

THAI. My recompense is thanks, that 's all;  
Yet my good will is great, though the gift small.

[*Exeunt.*]

\* Until you die.







## ACT IV.

*Enter GOWER<sup>a</sup>.*

Gow. Imagine Pericles arriv'd at Tyre,  
Welcom'd and settled to his own desire.  
His woeful queen we leave at Ephesus,  
Unto Diana there a votaress.  
Now to Marina bend your mind,  
Whom our fast-growing scene must find  
At Tharsus, and by Cleon train'd  
In music, letters; who hath gain'd  
Of education all the grace,  
Which makes her both the heart and place<sup>b</sup>  
Of general wonder. But, alack!  
That monster Envy, oft the wrack

<sup>a</sup> In the early quartos there is no division into acts and scenes, which first occurs in the folio of 1664. In that edition this chorus, and the two following scenes, belong to Act III.

<sup>b</sup> The old copies have—

“Which makes *high* both the *art* and place.”

Of earned praise, Marina's life  
 Seeks to take off by treason's knife.  
 And in this kind hath our Cleon  
 One daughter, and a wench full grown<sup>a</sup>,  
 Even ripe<sup>b</sup> for marriage fight; this maid  
 Hight Philoten: and it is said  
 For certain in our story, she  
 Would ever with Marina be.  
 Be't when she<sup>c</sup> weav'd the sleided silk  
 With fingers long, small, white as milk;  
 Or when she would with sharp needl wound  
 The cambric, which she made more sound  
 By hurting it; or when to the lute  
 She sung, and made the night-bird mute  
 That still records<sup>d</sup> with moan; or when  
 She would with rich and constant pen  
 Vail to her mistress Dian; still  
 This Philoten contends in skill  
 With absolute Marina: so  
 The dove of Paphos might with the crow  
 Vie feathers white. Marina gets  
 All praises, which are paid as debts,  
 And not as given. This so darks  
 In Philoten all graceful marks,  
 That Cleon's wife, with envy rare,  
 A present murderer does prepare  
 For good Marina, that her daughter  
 Might stand peerless by this slaughter.  
 The sooner her vile thoughts to stead,  
 Lychorida, our nurse, is dead,  
 And cursed Dionyza hath  
 The pregnant instrument of wrath  
 Prest<sup>e</sup> for this blow. The unborn event  
 I do commend to your content:  
 Only I carried winged time  
 Post on the lame feet of my rhyme;  
 Which never could I so convey,  
 Unless your thoughts went on my way.  
 Dionyza doth appear,  
 With Leonine, a murderer.

[Exit.

<sup>a</sup> The old copies read—"And in this kind our Cleon hath  
 One daughter and a full-grown wench."

Steevens transposed the words to produce the rhyme.

<sup>b</sup> *Ripe* is the reading of one of the quartos: *Right* is the general reading.<sup>c</sup> *She*. The old copies, *they*.<sup>d</sup> *Records*—makes music—sings.<sup>e</sup> *Prest*—ready.

SCENE I.—Tharsus. *An open Place near the Sea-shore**Enter DIONYZA and LEONINE.*

DION. Thy oath remember; thou hast sworn to do it.

T is but a blow, which never shall be known.

Thou canst not do a thing in the world so soon,

To yield thee so much profit. Let not conscience,

Which is but cold, inflaming love i' thy bosom,

Inflame too nicely<sup>a</sup>; nor let pity, which

Even women have cast off, melt thee, but be

A soldier to thy purpose.

LEON. I'll do 't; but yet she is a goodly creature.

DION. The fitter then the gods above should have her.

Here she comes weeping for her only mistress' death<sup>b</sup>.

Thou art resolv'd?

LEON. I am resolv'd.

*Enter MARINA, with a basket of flowers.*

MAR. No: I will rob Tellus of her weed,

To strew thy green<sup>c</sup> with flowers: the yellows, blues,

The purple violets, and marigolds,

Shall as a carpet<sup>d</sup> hang upon thy grave,

While summer days do last. Ah me! poor maid,

Born in a tempest, when my mother died,

This world to me is like a lasting storm,

Whirring me from my friends.

DION. How now, Marina! why do you keep alone?

How chance my daughter is not with you? Do not

Consume your blood with sorrowing; you have

A nurse of me. Lord! how your favour's chang'd

With this unprofitable woe!

<sup>a</sup> Much of this scene, though evidently intended to be metrical, is printed as prose in the old copies. This passage runs thus: "Let not conscience, which is but cold, *inflaming thy love bosom*, inflame too nicely." The passage is usually printed "*inflame love in thy bosom*." We gain a better construction by departing less from the original.

<sup>b</sup> Malone prints this,

"Here she comes weeping for her only mistress.  
Death—thou art resolv'd."

Percy suggested that the passage should be altered to "weeping for her *old nurse's* death." We follow the original; though probably *mistress* is a misprint for *nourice*.

<sup>c</sup> *Green*, in the quartos. The folio of 1664, *grave*. See the next note.

<sup>d</sup> *Carpet*. So the old copies. The modern reading is *chapel*. But it is evident that the poet was thinking of the *green* mound that marks the last resting-place of the humble, and not of the sculptured tomb to be adorned with wreaths. Upon the grassy grave Marina will hang a *carpet* of flowers—she will *strew* flowers, she has before said. The *carpet* of Shakspeare's time was a piece of tapestry, or embroidery, spread upon tables; and the real flowers with which Marina will cover the grave of her friend might have been, in her imagination, so intertwined as to resemble a carpet, usually bright with the flowers of the needle.

Come, give me your flowers, ere the sea mar them<sup>a</sup>.  
 Walk with Leonine; the air's quick there,  
 And it pierces and sharpens the stomach. Come,  
 Leonine, take her by the arm, walk with her.

MAR. No, I pray you;

I'll not bereave you of your servant.

DION. Come, come;

I love the king your father, and yourself,  
 With more than foreign heart. We every day  
 Expect him here: when he shall come, and find  
 Our paragon to all reports thus blasted,  
 He will repent the breadth of his great voyage;  
 Blame both my lord and me, that we have ta'en  
 No care to your best courses. Go, I pray you,  
 Walk, and be cheerful once again; reserve<sup>b</sup>  
 That excellent complexion which did steal  
 The eyes of young and old. Care not for me;  
 I can go home alone.

MAR. Well, I will go;

But yet I have no desire to it.

DION. Come, come, I know 't is good for you.

Walk half an hour, Leonine, at the least;  
 Remember what I have said.

LEON. I warrant you, madam.

DION. I'll leave you, my sweet lady, for a while;

Pray walk softly, do not heat your blood:

What! I must have a care of you.

MAR. My thanks, sweet madam.

[Exit DIONYZA.]

Is this wind westerly that blows?

LEON. South-west.

MAR. When I was born the wind was north.

LEON. Was 't so?

MAR. My father, as nurse said, did never fear,  
 But cried, "Good seamen," to the sailors, galling  
 His kingly hands with hauling of the ropes;  
 And, clasping to the mast, endur'd a sea  
 That almost burst the deck.

LEON. When was this?

MAR. When I was born.

Never was waves nor wind more violent;

<sup>a</sup> *Them.* The early copies read *it*; and Malone has,

"Give me your *wreath of* flowers, ere the sea mar it.

The change of *it* to *them* is less violent.

<sup>b</sup> *Reserve*—preserve.

And from the ladder-tackle washes off  
 A canvas-climber: "Ha!" says one, "wilt out?"  
 And with a dropping industry they skip  
 From stem to stern: the boatswain whistles, and  
 The master calls, and trebles their confusion.

LEON. Come, say your prayers.

MAR. What mean you?

LEON. If you require a little space for prayer,  
 I grant it: pray; but be not tedious,  
 For the gods are quick of ear, and I am sworn  
 To do my work with haste.

MAR. Why will you kill me?

LEON. To satisfy my lady.

MAR. Why would she have me kill'd?

Now, as I can remember, by my troth,  
 I never did her hurt in all my life;  
 I never spake bad word, nor did ill turn,  
 To any living creature: believe me, la,  
 I never kill'd a mouse, nor hurt a fly:  
 I trod upon a worm against my will,  
 But I wept for it. How have I offended,  
 Wherein my death might yield her any profit,  
 Or my life imply her any danger?

LEON. My commission

Is not to reason of the deed, but do it.

MAR. You will not do 't for all the world, I hope.

You are well-favour'd, and your looks foreshow  
 You have a gentle heart. I saw you lately,  
 When you caught hurt in parting two that fought:  
 Good sooth, it show'd well in you; do so now:  
 Your lady seeks my life;—come you between,  
 And save poor me, the weaker.

LEON. I am sworn,

And will despatch.

*Enter Pirates whilst she is struggling.*

1 PIRATE. Hold, villain! [LEONINE runs away.]

2 PIRATE. A prize! a prize!

3 PIRATE. Half-part, mates, half-part. Come, let's have her aboard suddenly.  
 [Exeunt Pirates with MARINA.]

SCENE II.—*The same.*

*Re-enter LEONINE.*

LEON. These roguing thieves serve the great pirate Valdes;

And they have seiz'd Marina. Let her go;  
 There's no hope she'll return. I'll swear she's dead,  
 And thrown into the sea.—But I'll see further;  
 Perhaps they will but please themselves upon her,  
 Not carry her aboard. If she remain,  
 Whom they have ravish'd must by me be slain.

[*Exit.*]SCENE III.—Mitylene. *A Room in a Brothel.**Enter Pander, Bawd, and BOULT.*

PAND. Boul't.

BOULT. Sir.

PAND. Search the market narrowly; Mitylene is full of gallants. We lost too much money this mart by being too wenchless.

BAWD. We were never so much out of creatures. We have but poor three, and they can do no more than they can do; and they with continual action are even as good as rotten.

PAND. Therefore let's have fresh ones, whate'er we pay for them. If there be not a conscience to be used in every trade, we shall never prosper.

BAWD. Thou say'st true: 't is not our bringing up of poor bastards, as I think I have brought up some eleven——

BOULT. Ay, to eleven, and brought them down again. But shall I search the market?

BAWD. What else, man? The stuff we have, a strong wind will blow it to pieces, they are so pitifully sodden.

PAND. Thou say'st true; they're too unwholesome o' conscience. The poor Transylvanian is dead that lay with the little baggage.

BOULT. Ay, she quickly pooped him; she made him roast-meat for worms:—but I'll go search the market. [*Exit BOULT.*]

PAND. Three or four thousand chequins were as pretty a proportion to live quietly, and so give over.

BAWD. Why, to give over, I pray you? Is it a shame to get when we are old?

PAND. O, our credit comes not in like the commodity; nor the commodity wages not with the danger: therefore, if in our youths we could pick up some pretty estate, 't were not amiss to keep our door hatched. Besides, the sore terms we stand upon with the gods, will be strong with us for giving over.

BAWD. Come, other sorts offend as well as we.

PAND. As well as we! ay, and better too; we offend worse. Neither is our profession any trade; it's no calling; but here comes Boul't.

*Enter the Pirates, and BOULT dragging in MARINA.*

BOULT. Come your ways [*To MARINA*]. My masters, you say she's a virgin?

1 PIRATE. O sir, we doubt it not.

BOULT. Master, I have gone thorough for this piece, you see: if you like her, so; if not, I have lost my earnest.

BAWD. Boul't, has she any qualities?

BOULT. She has a good face, speaks well, and hath excellent good clothes; there 's no farther necessity of qualities can make her be refused.

BAWD. What 's her price, Boul't?

BOULT. I cannot be bated one doit of a thousand pieces.

PAND. Well, follow me, my masters; you shall have your money presently. Wife, take her in; instruct her what she has to do, that she may not be raw in her entertainment. *[Exeunt Pander and Pirates.]*

BAWD. Boul't, take you the marks of her; the colour of her hair, complexion, height, her age, with warrant of her virginity; and cry, "He that will give most, shall have her first." Such a maidenhead were no cheap thing, if men were as they have been. Get this done as I command you.

BOULT. Performance shall follow.

*[Exit BOULT.]*

MAR. Alack, that Leonine was so slack, so slow!

(He should have struck, not spoke;) or that these pirates,

Not enough barbarous, had but overboard

Thrown me, for to seek my mother!

BAWD. Why lament you, pretty one?

MAR. That I am pretty.

BAWD. Come, the gods have done their part in you.

MAR. I accuse them not.

BAWD. You are lit into my hands, where you are like to live.

MAR. The more my fault, to 'scape his hands, where I  
Was like to die.

BAWD. Ay, and you shall live in pleasure.

MAR. No.

BAWD. Yes, indeed shall you, and taste gentlemen of all fashions. You shall fare well; you shall have the difference of all complexions. What! do you stop your ears?

MAR. Are you a woman?

BAWD. What would you have me be, an I be not a woman?

MAR. An honest woman, or not a woman.

BAWD. Marry, whip thee, gosling: I think I shall have something to do with you. Come, you are a young foolish sapling, and must be bowed as I would have you.

MAR. The gods defend me!

BAWD. If it please the gods to defend you by men, then men must comfort you, men must feed you, men must stir you up.—Boul't 's returned.

*Enter BOULT.*

Now, sir, hast thou cried her through the market?

BOULT. I have cried her almost to the number of her hairs; I have drawn her picture with my voice.

BAWD. And I prithee tell me, how dost thou find the inclination of the people, especially of the younger sort?

BOULT. 'Faith they listened to me, as they would have hearkened to their father's testament. There was a Spaniard's mouth so watered, that he went to bed to her very description.

BAWD. We shall have him here to-morrow, with his best ruff on.

BOULT. To-night, to-night. But, mistress, do you know the French knight that cowers i' the hams?

BAWD. Who? monsieur Veroles?

BOULT. Ay; he offered to cut a caper at the proclamation; but he made a groan at it, and swore he would see her to-morrow.

BAWD. Well, well; as for him, he brought his disease hither: here he doth but repair it. I know he will come in our shadow, to scatter his crowns in the sun.

BOULT. Well, if we had of every nation a traveller, we should lodge them with this sign.

BAWD. Pray you, come hither a while. You have fortunes coming upon you. Mark me; you must seem to do that fearfully which you commit willingly; to despise profit where you have most gain. To weep that you live as you do makes pity in your lovers: Seldom but that pity begets you a good opinion, and that opinion a mere\* profit.

MAR. I understand you not.

BOULT. O take her home, mistress, take her home: these blushes of hers must be quenched with some present practice.

BAWD. Thou say'st true, i' faith, so they must; for your bride goes to that with shame, which is her way to go with warrant.

BOULT. 'Faith some do, and some do not. But, mistress, if I have bargain'd for the joint,—

BAWD. Thou mayst cut a morsel off the spit.

BOULT. I may so.

BAWD. Who should deny it? Come, young one, I like the manner of your garments well.

BOULT. Ay, by my faith, they shall not be changed yet.

BAWD. Boul't, spend thou that in the town: report what a sojourner we have; you'll lose nothing by custom. When Nature framed this piece, she meant thee a good turn; therefore say what a paragon she is, and thou hast the harvest out of thine own report.

BOULT. I warrant you, mistress, thunder shall not so awake the beds of eels, as my giving out of her beauty stir up the lewdly-inclined. I'll bring home some to-night.

BAWD. Come your ways; follow me.

MAR. If fires be hot, knives sharp, or waters deep,  
Untied I still my virgin knot will keep.  
Diana, aid my purpose!

BAWD. What have we to do with Diana?

Pray you, will you go with us?

[*Exeunt.*]

\* Mere—absolute—certain.



SCENE IV.—*A Room in Cleon's House at Tharsus.**Enter CLEON and DIONYZA.*

DION. Why, are you foolish? Can it be undone?

CLE. O Dionyza, such a piece of slaughter

The sun and moon ne'er look'd upon!

DION. I think you 'll turn a child again.

CLE. Were I chief lord of all this spacious world,

I 'd give it to undo the deed. O lady,

Much less in blood than virtue, yet a princess

To equal any single crown o' the earth,

I' the justice of compare! O villain Leonine,

Whom thou hast poison'd too!

If thou hadst drunk to him, it had been a kindness

Becoming well thy face: what canst thou say,

When noble Pericles shall demand his child?

DION. That she is dead. Nurses are not the fates,

To foster it, nor ever to preserve.

She died at night; I 'll say so. Who can cross it?

Unless you play the impious innocent,

And for an honest attribute, cry out,

"She died by foul play."

CLE. O, go to. Well, well,

Of all the faults beneath the heavens, the gods

Do like this worst.

DION. Be one of those that think

The pretty wrens of Tharsus will fly hence,

And open this to Pericles. I do shame

To think of what a noble strain you are,

And of how coward a spirit.

CLE. To such proceeding

Who ever but his approbation added,

Though not his pre-consent<sup>a</sup>, he did not flow

From honourable courses.

DION. Be it so, then:

Yet none doth know, but you, how she came dead,

Nor none can know, Leonine being gone.

She did disdain my child, and stood between

Her and her fortunes: none would look on her,

But cast their gazes on Marina's face;

Whilst ours was blurted at, and held a malkin

Not worth the time of day. It pierc'd me thorough;

And though you call my course unnatural,

<sup>a</sup> *Pre-consent.* The first quarto has *prince consent*; the second quarto, *whole consent*. Steevens made the judicious alteration.

You not your child well loving, yet I find,  
It greets me, as an enterprise of kindness,  
Perform'd to your sole daughter.

CLE. Heavens forgive it!

DION. And as for Pericles,  
What should he say? We wept after her hearse,  
And even yet we mourn: her monument  
Is almost finish'd, and her epitaphs  
In glittering golden characters express  
A general praise to her, and care in us  
At whose expense 't is done.

CLE. Thou art like the harpy,  
Which, to betray, dost, with thine angel's face,  
Seize with thine eagle's talons.

DION. You are like one, that superstitiously  
Doth swear to the gods, that winter kills the flies:  
But yet I know you 'll do as I advise.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter GOWER, before the Monument of MARINA at Tharsus.*

Gow. Thus time we waste, and longest leagues make short,  
Sail seas in cockles, have and wish but for 't;  
Making (to take your imagination)  
From bourn to bourn, region to region.  
By you being pardon'd, we commit no crime  
To use one language, in each several clime  
Where our scenes seem to live. I do beseech you,  
To learn of me, who stand i' the gaps to teach you,  
The stages of our story. Pericles  
Is now again thwarting the wayward seas,  
(Attended on by many a lord and knight,)  
To see his daughter, all his life's delight.  
Old Escanes, whom Helicanus late  
Advanc'd in time to great and high estate,  
Is left to govern. Bear you it in mind,  
Old Helicanus goes along behind\*.  
Well-sailing ships and bounteous winds have brought  
This king to Tharsus (think his pilot thought;  
So with his steerage shall your thoughts grow on),  
To fetch his daughter home, who first is gone.  
Like motes and shadows see them move a while;  
Your ears unto your eyes I 'll reconcile.

\* In the old copies these lines are thus misplaced:—

“ Old Helicanus goes along behind  
Is left to governe it: you beare in mind  
Old Escanes whom Helicanus late  
Advanede in time to great and hie estate.”

*Dumb show.*

*Enter PERICLES at one door, with all his train; CLEON and DIONYZA at the other.*

*CLEON shows PERICLES the tomb [of MARINA]; whereat PERICLES makes lamentation, puts on sackcloth, and in a mighty passion departs.*

Gow. See how belief may suffer by foul show!

This borrow'd passion stands for true old woe;  
 And Pericles, in sorrow all devour'd,  
 With sighs shot through, and biggest tears o'ershow'r'd,  
 Leaves Tharsus, and again embarks. He swears  
 Never to wash his face, nor cut his hairs;  
 He puts on sackcloth, and to sea. He bears  
 A tempest, which his mortal vessel tears,  
 And yet he rides it out. Now please you wit<sup>a</sup>  
 The epitaph is for Marina writ  
 By wicked Dionyza.

*[Reads the inscription on MARINA's monument.*

"The fairest, sweetest, best, lies here,  
 Who wither'd in her spring of year.  
 She was of Tyrus, the king's daughter,  
 On whom foul death hath made this slaughter;  
 Marina was she call'd; and at her birth,  
 Thetis, being proud, swallow'd some part o' the earth:  
 Therefore the earth, fearing to be o'erflow'd,  
 Hath Thetis' birth-child on the heavens bestow'd:  
 Wherefore she does, and swears she 'll never stint,  
 Make raging battery upon shores of flint."

No vizor does become black villainy  
 So well as soft and tender flattery.  
 Let Pericles believe his daughter's dead,  
 And bear his courses to be ordered  
 By lady Fortune; while our tears<sup>b</sup> must play  
 His daughter's woe and heavy well-a-day,  
 In her unholy service. Patience then,  
 And think you now are all in Mitylene.

*[Exit.*

SCENE V.—Mitylene. *A Street before the Brothel.*

*Enter, from the Brothel, two Gentlemen.*

1 GENT. Did you ever hear the like?

2 GENT. No, nor never shall do in such a place as this, she being once gone.

1 GENT. But to have divinity preach'd there! did you ever dream of such a thing?

<sup>a</sup> *Please you wit*—be pleased to know.

<sup>b</sup> *Tears.* In the old copies, *steare*.

2 GENT. No, no. Come, I am for no more bawdy-houses: shall we go hear the vestals sing?

1 GENT. I'll do anything now that is virtuous, but I am out of the road of rutting, for ever. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VI.—*The same. A Room in the Brothel.*

*Enter Pander, Bawd, and BOULT.*

PAND. Well, I had rather than twice the worth of her, she had ne'er come here.

BAWD. Fie, fie upon her; she is able to freeze the god Priapus, and undo a whole generation. We must either get her ravish'd, or be rid of her. When she should do for clients her fitment, and do me the kindness of our profession, she has me her quirks, her reasons, her master-reasons, her prayers, her knees; that she would make a puritan of the devil, if he should cheapen a kiss of her.

BOULT. 'Faith I must ravish her, or she'll disfurnish us of all our cavaliers, and make all our swearers priests.

PAND. Now, the pox upon her green-sickness for me!

BAWD. 'Faith, there's no way to be rid on't, but by the way to the pox. Here comes the lord Lysimachus, disguised.

BOULT. We should have both lord and lown, if the peevish baggage would but give way to customers.

*Enter LYSIMACHUS.*

LYS. How now? How a dozen of virginities?

BAWD. Now, the gods to-bless your honour!

BOULT. I am glad to see your honour in good health.

LYS. You may so; 't is the better for you that your resorters stand upon sound legs. How now, wholesome iniquity? Have you that a man may deal withal and defy the surgeon?

BAWD. We have here one, sir, if she would—but there never came her like in Mitylene.

LYS. If she'd do the deed of darkness, thou wouldst say.

BAWD. Your honour knows what 't is to say, well enough.

LYS. Well; call forth, call forth.

BOULT. For flesh and blood, sir, white and red, you shall see a rose; and she were a rose indeed, if she had but——

LYS. What, prithee?

BOULT. O, sir, I can be modest.

LYS. That dignifies the renown of a bawd, no less than it gives a good report to a number to be chaste.

*Enter MARINA.*

BAWD. Here comes that which grows to the stalk;—never plucked yet, I can assure you. Is she not a fair creature?

LYS. 'Faith she would serve after a long voyage at sea. Well, there 's for you;—leave us.

BAWD. I beseech your honour, give me leave: a word, and I 'll have done presently.

LYS. I beseech you, do.

BAWD. First, I would have you note, this is an honourable man.

[To MARINA, whom she takes aside.

MAR. I desire to find him so, that I may worthily note him.

BAWD. Next, he 's the governor of this country, and a man whom I am bound to.

MAR. If he govern the country, you are bound to him indeed; but how honourable he is in that, I know not.

BAWD. Pray you, without any more virginal fencing, will you use him kindly? He will line your apron with gold.

MAR. What he will do graciously I will thankfully receive.

LYS. Have you done?

BAWD. My lord, she 's not paced yet; you must take some pains to work her to your manage. Come, we will leave his honour and her together.

[Exeunt Bawd, Pander, and Boulton.]

LYS. Go thy ways.—Now, pretty one, how long have you been at this trade?

MAR. What trade, sir?

LYS. What I cannot name but I shall offend.

MAR. I cannot be offended with my trade. Please you to name it.

LYS. How long have you been of this profession?

MAR. Ever since I can remember.

LYS. Did you go to it so young? Were you a gamester at five, or at seven?

MAR. Earlier, too, sir, if now I be one.

LYS. Why, the house you dwell in proclaims you to be a creature of sale.

MAR. Do you know this house to be a place of such resort, and will come into it? I hear say, you are of honourable parts, and are the governor of this place.

LYS. Why, hath your principal made known unto you who I am?

MAR. Who is my principal?

LYS. Why, your herb-woman; she that sets seeds and roots of shame and iniquity. O, you have heard something of my power, and so stand aloof for more serious wooing. But I protest to thee, pretty one, my authority shall not see thee, or else, look friendly upon thee. Come, bring me to some private place. Come, come.

MAR. If you were born to honour, show it now;

If put upon you, make the judgment good

That thought you worthy of it.

LYS. How 's this? how 's this?—Some more;—be sage.

MAR. For me, that am a maid, though most ungente

Fortune have plac'd me in this loathsome sty,

Where since I came, diseases have been sold

Dearer than physic,—O that the good gods  
Would set me free from this unhallow'd place,  
Though they did change me to the meanest bird  
That flies i' the purer air!

LYS. I did not think  
Thou couldst have spoke so well; ne'er dream'd thou couldst.  
Had I brought hither a corrupted mind,  
Thy speech had alter'd it. Hold, here's gold for thee:  
Persever in that clear way thou goest,  
And the gods strengthen thee!

MAR. The good gods preserve you!

LYS. For me, be you thoughten  
That I came with no ill intent; for to me  
The very doors and windows savour vilely.  
Fare thee well. Thou art a piece of virtue,  
And I doubt not but thy training hath been noble.  
Hold; here's more gold for thee.  
A curse upon him, die he like a thief,  
That robs thee of thy goodness! If thou hear'st from me  
It shall be for thy good.

[As LYSIMACHUS is putting up his purse, BOULT enters.

BOULT. I beseech your honour, one piece for me.

LYS. Avaunt, thou damned door-keeper!

Your house, but for this virgin that doth prop it,  
Would sink and overwhelm you. Away.

[Exit.

BOULT. How's this? We must take another course with you. If your peevish  
chastity, which is not worth a breakfast in the cheapest country under the  
cope, shall undo a whole household, let me be gelded like a spaniel. Come  
your ways.

MAR. Whither would you have me?

BOULT. I must have your maidenhead taken off, or the common hangman shall  
execute it. Come your way. We'll have no more gentlemen driven away.  
Come your ways, I say.

Re-enter Bawd.

BAWD. How now! what's the matter?

BOULT. Worse and worse, mistress; she has here spoken holy words to the lord  
Lysimachus.

BAWD. O abominable!

BOULT. She makes our profession as it were to stink afore the face of the gods.

BAWD. Marry, hang her up for ever!

BOULT. The nobleman would have dealt with her like a nobleman, and she sent  
him away as cold as a snowball; saying his prayers too.

BAWD. Boul't, take her away; use her at thy pleasure: crack the glass of her  
virginity, and make the rest malleable.

BOULT. An if she were a thornier piece of ground than she is, she shall be ploughed.

MAR. Hark, hark, ye gods!

BAWD. She conjures: away with her. Would she had never come within my doors! Marry hang you! She's born to undo us. Will you not go the way of womenkind? Marry come up, my dish of chastity with rosemary and bays!  
[Exit Bawd.]

BOULT. Come, mistress: come your way with me.

MAR. Whither would you have me?

BOULT. To take from you the jewel you hold so dear.

MAR. Prithee, tell me one thing first.

BOULT. Come now, your one thing?

MAR. What canst thou wish thine enemy to be?

BOULT. Why, I could wish him to be my master, or rather, my mistress.

MAR. Neither of these are yet so bad as thou art,  
Since they do better thee in their command.  
Thou hold'st a place, for which the pained'st fiend  
Of hell would not in reputation change:  
Thou art the damn'd door-keeper to every coyst'rel  
That comes inquiring for his tib;  
To the choleric fisting of every rogue thy ear  
Is liable; thy food is such  
As hath been belch'd on by infected lungs.

BOULT. What would you have me do? go to the wars, would you? where a man may serve seven years for the loss of a leg, and have not money enough in the end to buy him a wooden one?

MAR. Do anything but this thou doest. Empty  
Old receptacles, or common sewers of filth;  
Serve by indenture to the common hangman;  
Any of these ways are better yet than this:  
For what thou professest, a baboon, could he speak,  
Would own a name too dear. That the gods would safely  
Deliver me from this place! Here, here's gold for thee.  
If that thy master would gain aught by me,  
Proclaim that I can sing, weave, sew, and dance,  
With other virtues, which I'll keep from boast;  
And I will undertake all these to teach.  
I doubt not but this populous city will  
Yield many scholars.

BOULT. But can you teach all this you speak of?

MAR. Prove that I cannot, take me home again,  
And prostitute me to the basest groom  
That doth frequent your house.

BOULT. Well, I will see what I can do for thee: if I can place thee, I will.

MAR. But amongst honest women?

LT. Faith, my acquaintance lies little amongst them. But since my master and mistress have bought you, there's no going but by their consent: therefore I will make them acquainted with your purpose, and I doubt not but I shall find them tractable enough. Come, I'll do for thee what I can; come your ways. *[Exeunt.]*



*[Mitylene.]*





## ACT V.

*Enter GOWER.*

Gow. Marina thus the brothel scapes, and chances  
 Into an honest house, our story says.  
 She sings like one immortal, and she dances  
 As goddess-like to her admired lays :  
 Deep clerks she dumbs ; and with her neeld composes  
 Nature's own shape, of bud, bird, branch, or berry ;  
 That even her art sisters the natural roses ;  
 Her inkle, silk, twin with the rubied cherry :  
 That pupils lacks she none of noble race,  
 Who pour their bounty on her ; and her gain  
 She gives the cursed bawd. Here we her place,  
 And to her father turn our thoughts again,  
 Where we left him on the sea. We there him lost :  
 Where driven before the winds he is arriv'd  
 Here where his daughter dwells ; and on this coast  
 Suppose him now at anchor. The city striv'd

God Neptune's annual feast to keep: from whence  
Lysimachus our Tyrian ship espies,  
His banners sable, trimm'd with rich expense;  
And to him in his barge with fervour hies.  
In your supposing once more put your sight.  
Of heavy Pericles think this the bark:  
Where, what is done in action, more, if might,  
Shall be discover'd; please you sit and hark.

[Exit.

SCENE I.—*On board PERICLES' ship off Mitylene. A close Pavilion on deck, with a curtain before it; PERICLES within it, reclined on a couch. A barge lying beside the Tyrian vessel.*

*Enter two Sailors, one belonging to the Tyrian vessel, the other to the barge; to them HELICANUS.*

TYR. SAIL. Where is the lord Helicanus? He can resolve you [*To the Sailor of Mitylene*]. O, here he is. Sir, there is a barge put off from Mitylene, and in it is Lysimachus the governor, who craves to come aboard. What is your will?

HEL. That he have his. Call up some gentlemen.

TYR. SAIL. Ho, gentlemen! my lord calls.

*Enter two Gentlemen.*

1 GENT. Doth your lordship call?

HEL. Gentlemen, there is some one of worth would come aboard; I pray, greet him fairly.

[*The Gentlemen and the two Sailors descend, and go on board the barge.*

*Enter from thence LYSIMACHUS, attended; the Tyrian Gentlemen, and the two Sailors.*

TYR. SAIL. Sir, this is the man that can, in aught you would, resolve you.

LYS. Hail, reverend sir! The gods preserve you!

HEL. And you, sir, to outlive the age I am,  
And die as I would do.

LYS. You wish me well.

Being on shore, honouring of Neptune's triumphs,  
Seeing this goodly vessel ride before us,  
I made to it, to know of whence you are.

HEL. First, what is your place?

LYS. I am the governor of this place you lie before.

HEL. Sir, our vessel is of Tyre, in it the king;  
A man, who for this three months hath not spoken  
To any one, nor taken sustenance,  
But to prorogue his grief.

LYS. Upon what ground is his distemperature?

HEL. Sir, it would be too tedious to repeat;  
 But the main grief of all springs from the loss  
 Of a beloved daughter and a wife.

LYS. May we not see him?

HEL. You may,

But bootless is your sight; he will not speak to any.

LYS. Yet let me obtain my wish.

HEL. Behold him, sir [*PERICLES discovered*]. This was a goodly person,  
 Till the disaster that, one mortal night<sup>a</sup>,  
 Drove him to this.

LYS. Sir, king, all hail! the gods preserve you! Hail,  
 Royal sir!

HEL. It is in vain; he will not speak to you.

LORD. Sir, we have a maid in Mitylene, I durst wager,  
 Would win some words of him.

LYS. 'T is well bethought.

She, questionless, with her sweet harmony,  
 And other chosen attractions, would allure,  
 And make a battery through his deafen'd parts,  
 Which now are midway stopp'd:  
 She is all happy as the fairest of all,  
 And, with her fellow-maids, is now upon  
 The leafy shelter that abuts against  
 The island's side.

[*Whispers one of the attendant Lords. Exit Lord in the barge of*  
*LYSIMACHUS.*]

HEL. Sure all 's effectless; yet nothing we 'll omit  
 That bears recovery's name. But since your kindness  
 We have stretch'd thus far, let us beseech you,  
 That for our gold we may provision have,  
 Wherein we are not destitute for want,  
 But weary for the staleness.

LYS. O, sir, a courtesy,  
 Which if we should deny, the most just God  
 For every graff would send a caterpillar,  
 And so inflict our province.—Yet once more  
 Let me entreat to know at large the cause  
 Of your king's sorrow.

HEL. Sit, sir, I will recount it to you.  
 But see, I am prevented.

*Enter, from the barge, Lord, MARINA, and a young Lady.*

LYS. O here 's the lady that I sent for. Welcome, fair one!  
 Is 't not a goodly presence?

<sup>a</sup> *Night.* The old copies, *night*.

HEL. She 's a gallant lady.

LYS. She 's such a one, that were I well assur'd  
 Came of a gentle kind, and noble stock,  
 I 'd wish no better choice, and think me rarely wed.  
 Fair one, all goodness that consists in bounty<sup>a</sup>  
 Expect even here, where is a kingly patient:  
 If that thy prosperous and artificial feat<sup>b</sup>  
 Can draw him but to answer thee in aught,  
 Thy sacred physic shall receive such pay  
 As thy desires can wish.

MAR. Sir, I will use  
 My utmost skill in his recovery,  
 Provided none but I and my companion  
 Be suffer'd to come near him.

LYS. Come, let us leave her,  
 And the gods make her prosperous!

[MARINA sings.

LYS. Mark'd he your music?

MAR. No, nor look'd on us.

LYS. See, she will speak to him.

MAR. Hail, sir! my lord,  
 Lend ear.

PER. Hum, ha!

MAR. I am a maid,  
 My lord, that ne'er before invited eyes,  
 But have been gaz'd on like a comet: she speaks,  
 My lord, that, may be, hath endur'd a grief  
 Might equal yours, if both were justly weigh'd.  
 Though wayward fortune did malign my state,  
 My derivation was from ancestors  
 Who stood equivalent with mighty kings:  
 But time hath rooted out my parentage,  
 And to the world and awkward casualties  
 Bound me in servitude.—I will desist;  
 But there is something glows upon my cheek,  
 And whispers in mine ear, "Go not till he speak."

[Aside.

PER. My fortunes—parentage—good parentage—  
 To equal mine!—was it not thus? what say you?

MAR. I said, my lord, if you did know my parentage,  
 You would not do me violence.

PER. I do think so. Pray you, turn your eyes upon me.  
 You are like something, that—What countrywoman?  
 Here of these shores<sup>c</sup>?

<sup>a</sup> *Bounty*. The old copies have *beauty*. Steevens made the correction.

<sup>b</sup> *Feat*. The old copies, *fate*. Percy suggested *feat*.

<sup>c</sup> *Shores*. The old copies, *shewes*.

MAR. No, nor of any shores :

Yet I was mortally brought forth, and am

No other than I appear.

PER. I am great with woe, and shall deliver weeping.

My dearest wife was like this maid, and such a one

My daughter might have been : my queen's square brows ;

Her stature to an inch ; as wand-like straight ;

As silver-voic'd ; her eyes as jewel-like,

And cas'd as richly : in pace another Juno ;

Who starves the ears she feeds, and makes them hungry,

The more she gives them speech. Where do you live ?

MAR. Where I am but a stranger : from the deck

You may discern the place.

PER. Where were you bred ?

And how achiev'd you these endowments, which

You make more rich to owe\* ?

MAR. If I should tell my history, it would seem

Like lies disdain'd in the reporting.

PER. Prithee speak ;

Falseness cannot come from thee, for thou look'st

Modest as Justice, and thou seem'st a palace

For the crown'd Truth to dwell in : I 'll believe thee,

And make my senses credit thy relation,

To points that seem impossible ; for thou look'st

Like one I lov'd indeed. What were thy friends ?

Didst thou not say, when I did push thee back,

(Which was when I perceiv'd thee,) that thou cam'st

From good descending ?

MAR. So indeed I did.

PER. Report thy parentage. I think thou said'st

Thou hadst been toss'd from wrong to injury,

And that thou thought'st thy griefs might equal mine,

If both were open'd.

MAR. Some such thing I said, and said no more

But what my thoughts did warrant me was likely.

PER. Tell thy story ;

If thine, consider'd, prove the thousandth part

Of my endurance, thou art a man, and I

Have suffer'd like a girl : yet thou dost look

Like Patience, gazing on kings' graves, and smiling

Extremity out of act. What were thy friends ?

How lost thou them<sup>b</sup> ? Thy name, my most kind virgin ?

Recount, I do beseech thee ; come, sit by me.

MAR. My name is Marina.

\* *Once—own.*

<sup>b</sup> *Them* is not found in the old copies.

- PER. O, I am mock'd,  
And thou by some incensed god sent hither  
To make the world to laugh at me.
- MAR. Patience, good sir, or here I 'll cease.
- PER. Nay, I 'll be patient;  
Thou little knowest how thou dost startle me,  
To call thyself Marina.
- MAR. The name was given me  
By one that had some power; my father and a king.
- PER. How! a king's daughter, and call'd Marina?
- MAR. You said you would believe me;  
But, not to be a troubler of your peace,  
I will end here.
- PER. But are you flesh and blood?  
Have you a working pulse? and are no fairy-motion?  
Well; speak on. Where were you born?  
And wherefore call'd Marina?
- MAR. Call'd Marina,  
For I was born at sea.
- PER. At sea? who was thy mother?
- MAR. My mother was the daughter of a king;  
Who died the very minute I was born,  
As my good nurse Lychorida hath oft  
Deliver'd weeping.
- PER. O, stop there a little!  
This is the rarest dream that e'er dull sleep  
Did mock sad fools withal: This cannot be  
My daughter buried. [*Aside.*] Well;—where were you bred?  
I 'll hear you more, to the bottom of your story,  
And never interrupt you.
- MAR. You 'll scarce<sup>b</sup> believe me; 't were best I did give o'er.
- PER. I will believe you by the syllable  
Of what you shall deliver. Yet give me leave—  
How came you in these parts? where were you bred?
- MAR. The king, my father, did in Tharsus leave me;  
Till cruel Cleon, with his wicked wife,  
Did seek to murder me: and having woo'd  
A villain to attempt it, who having drawn to do 't,  
A crew of pirates came and rescued me;  
Brought me to Mitylene. But, good sir, whither

<sup>a</sup> Malone reads,

"Have you a working pulse? and are no fairy?  
Motion?—Well; speak on. Where were you born?"

This reading was probably adopted from the desire to avoid an alexandrine. A "fairy-motion" appears to us in the poet's best manner.

<sup>b</sup> You 'll scarce. The old copies have, you scorn. Malone made the change.

Will you have me? Why do you weep? It may be  
 You think me an impostor; no, good faith;  
 I am the daughter to king Pericles  
 If good king Pericles be.

PER. Ho, Helicanus!

HEL. Calls my lord?

PER. Thou art a grave and noble counsellor,  
 Most wise in general; tell me, if thou canst,  
 What this maid is, or what is like to be,  
 That thus hath made me weep?

HEL. I know not; but  
 Here is the regent, sir, of Mitylene  
 Speaks nobly of her.

LYS. She never would tell her parentage;  
 Being demanded that, she would sit still and weep.

PER. O Helicanus, strike me, honour'd sir;  
 Give me a gash, put me to present pain;  
 Lest this great sea of joys rushing upon me,  
 O'erbear the shores of my mortality,  
 And drown me with their sweetness. O come hither,  
 Thou that begett'st him that did thee beget;  
 Thou that wast born at sea, buried at Tharsus,  
 And found at sea again!—O Helicanus,  
 Down on thy knees, thank the holy gods as loud  
 As thunder threatens us: This is Marina.—  
 What was thy mother's name? tell me but that,  
 For truth can never be confirm'd enough,  
 Though doubts did ever sleep.

MAR. First, sir, I pray, what is your title?

PER. I am Pericles of Tyre; but tell me now  
 My drown'd queen's name; as in the rest you said,  
 Thou hast been god-like perfect, the heir of kingdoms,  
 And another like<sup>a</sup> to Pericles thy father.

MAR. Is it no more to be your daughter, than  
 To say, my mother's name was Thaisa?  
 Thaisa was my mother, who did end  
 The minute I began.

PER. Now, blessing on thee, rise; thou art my child.  
 Give me fresh garments. Mine own, Helicanus, she is<sup>b</sup>;  
 Not dead at Tharsus, as she should have been,  
 By savage Cleon: she shall tell thee all;

<sup>a</sup> Like. Monck Mason suggests *life*.

<sup>b</sup> Malone prints the passage thus:—

" Mine own Helicanus,  
 She is not dead," &c.

Steevens omits *she is*.

When thou shalt kneel, and justify in knowledge,  
She is thy very princess.—Who is this?

HEL. Sir, 't is the governor of Mitylene,  
Who, hearing of your melancholy state,  
Did come to see you.

PER. I embrace you.

Give me my robes; I am wild in my beholding.  
O heavens bless my girl! But hark, what music 's this?  
Tell Helicanus, my Marina, tell him  
O'er, point by point, for yet he seems to doubt,  
How sure you are my daughter.—But what music?

HEL. My lord, I hear none.

PER. None?

The music of the spheres: list, my Marina.

LYS. It is not good to cross him; give him way.

PER. Rarest sounds do ye not hear?

LYS. Music? My lord, I hear—

PER. Most heavenly music:

It nips me unto list'ning, and thick slumber

Hangs on mine eyes; let me rest.

[*He sleeps.*]

LYS. A pillow for his head.

So leave him all. Well, my companion-friends,  
If this but answer to my just belief,  
I'll well remember you\*.

[*Exeunt LYSIMACHUS, HELICANUS, MARINA, and attendant Lady.*]

SCENE II.—*The same.*

PERICLES on deck asleep: DIANA appearing to him as in a vision.

DIA. My temple stands in Ephesus; hie thee thither,

And do upon mine altar sacrifice.

There, when my maiden priests are met together,

Before the people all

Reveal how thou at sea didst lose thy wife:

To mourn thy crosses, with thy daughter's, call,

And give them repetition to the like.

Perform my bidding, or thou liv'st in woe:

Do 't, and be happy: by my silver bow

Awake, and tell thy dream.

[*DIANA disappears.*]

PER. Celestial Dian, goddess argentine,  
I will obey thee!—Helicanus!

*Enter LYSIMACHUS, HELICANUS, and MARINA.*

My purpose was for Tharsus, there to strike

\* Malone thinks this sentence should be spoken by Marina to her female companion.



Th' inhospitable Cleon; but I am  
 For other service first: toward Ephesus  
 Turn our blown sails; eftsoons I'll tell thee why.  
 Shall we refresh us, sir, upon your shore,  
 And give you gold for such provision  
 As our intents will need?

[To HELICANUS.]

LYS. Sir,

With all my heart; and when you come ashore,  
 I have another suit<sup>a</sup>.

PER. You shall prevail,

Were it to woo my daughter; for it seems  
 You have been noble towards her.

LYS. Sir, lend me your arm.

PER. Come, my Marina.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter GOWER, before the Temple of DIANA at Ephesus.*

Gow. Now our sands are almost run;  
 More a little, and then dumb.  
 This, as my last boon, give me,  
 (For such kindness must relieve me,)
 That you aptly will suppose  
 What pageantry, what feats, what shows,  
 What minstrelsy, what pretty din,  
 The regent made in Mitylin,  
 To greet the king. So he has thriv'd,  
 That he is promis'd to be wiv'd  
 To fair Marina; but in no wise,  
 Till he had done his sacrifice,  
 As Dian bade: whereto being bound,  
 The interim, pray you, all confound.  
 In feather'd briefness sails are fill'd,  
 And wishes fall out as they're will'd.  
 At Ephesus, the temple see,  
 Our king, and all his company.  
 That he can hither come so soon,  
 Is by your fancy's thankful doom.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—*The Temple of DIANA at Ephesus; THAISA standing near the altar, as high priestess; a number of Virgins on each side; CERIMON and other Inhabitants of Ephesus attending.*

*Enter PERICLES with his Train; LYSIMACHUS, HELICANUS, MARINA, and a Lady.*

PER. Hail, Dian! to perform thy just command,  
 I here confess myself the king of Tyre;  
 Who, frightened from my country, did wed

<sup>a</sup> *Suit.* The old copies have *sleight*.

The fair Thaisa, at Pentapolis.  
At sea in childbed died she, but brought forth  
A maid-child call'd Marina; who, O goddess,  
Wears yet thy silver livery. She, at Tharsus  
Was nurs'd with Cleon; whom at fourteen years  
He sought to murder: but her better stars  
Brought her to Mitylene; against whose shore  
Riding, her fortunes brought the maid aboard us,  
Where, by her own most clear remembrance, she  
Made known herself my daughter.

THAI. Voice and favour;—  
You are, you are—O royal Pericles!—

[*She faints.*]

PER. What means the woman? she dies! help, gentlemen!

CER. Noble sir,

If you have told Diana's altar true,  
This is your wife.

PER. Reverend appearer, no;  
I threw her o'erboard with these very arms.

CER. Upon this coast, I warrant you.

PER. 'T is most certain.

CER. Look to the lady;—O, she 's but o'erjoy'd.

Early in blust'ring morn this lady was  
Thrown upon this shore. I op'd the coffin, and  
Found there rich jewels; recover'd her, and plac'd her  
Here in Diana's temple.

PER. May we see them?

CER. Great sir, they shall be brought you to my house,  
Whither I invite you. Look, Thaisa is  
Recovered.

THAI. O, let me look upon him!

If he be none of mine, my sanctity  
Will to my sense bend no licentious ear,  
But curb it, spite of seeing. O, my lord,  
Are you not Pericles? Like him you speak,  
Like him you are: Did you not name a tempest,  
A birth, and death?

PER. The voice of dead Thaisa!

THAI. That Thaisa am I, supposed drown'd  
And dead.

PER. Immortal Dian!

THAI. Now I know you better.—

When we with tears parted Pentapolis,  
The king, my father, gave you such a ring.

[*Shows a ring.*]

PER. This, this; no more, you gods! your present kindness  
Makes my past miseries sports: You shall do well,

That on the touching of her lips I may  
Melt, and no more be seen. O come, be buried  
A second time within these arms.

MAR. My heart

Leaps to be gone into my mother's bosom.

[Kneels to THAISA.]

PER. Look, who kneels here! Flesh of thy flesh, Thaisa;  
Thy burthen at the sea, and call'd Marina,  
For she was yielded there.

THAI. Bless'd and mine own!

HEL. Hail, madam, and my queen!

THAI. I know you not.

PER. You have heard me say, when I did fly from Tyre,  
I left behind an ancient substitute.  
Can you remember what I call'd the man?  
I have nam'd him oft.

THAI. 'T was Helicanus then.

PER. Still confirmation:

Embrace him, dear Thaisa; this is he.  
Now do I long to hear how you were found;  
How possibly preserv'd; and whom to thank,  
Besides the gods, for this great miracle.

THAI. Lord Cerimon, my lord; this man, through whom  
The gods have shown their power; that can from first  
To last resolve you.

PER. Reverend sir, the gods

Can have no mortal officer more like  
A god than you. Will you deliver how  
This dead queen re-lives?

CER. I will, my lord.

Beseech you, first go with me to my house,  
Where shall be shown you all was found with her;  
How she came placed here within the temple;  
No needful thing omitted.

PER. Pure Diana!

I bless thee for thy vision, and will offer  
Night-oblations to thee. Thaisa,  
This prince, the fair-betrothed of your daughter,  
Shall marry her at Pentapolis. And now,  
This ornament that makes me look so dismal,  
Will I, my lov'd Marina, clip to form;  
And what this fourteen years no razor touch'd,  
To grace thy marriage-day, I'll beautify.

THAI. Lord Cerimon hath letters of good credit,  
Sir, that my father's dead.

PER. Heavens make a star of him! Yet there, my queen,

We'll celebrate their nuptials, and ourselves  
Will in that kingdom spend our following days;  
Our son and daughter shall in Tyrus reign.  
Lord Cerimon, we do our longing stay,  
To hear the rest untold.—Sir, lead the way.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

*Enter GOWER.*

Gow. In Antiochus and his daughter, you have heard  
Of monstrous lust the due and just reward:  
In Pericles, his queen and daughter, seen  
(Although assail'd with fortune fierce and keen)  
Virtue preserv'd from fell destruction's blast,  
Led on by heaven, and crown'd with joy at last:  
In Helicanus may you well descry  
A figure of truth, of faith, of loyalty:  
In reverend Cerimon there well appears,  
The worth that learned charity aye wears.  
For wicked Cleon and his wife, when fame  
Had spread their cursed deed, and honour'd name  
Of Pericles, to rage the city turn;  
That him and his they in his palace burn.  
The gods for murder seemed so content  
To punish them<sup>a</sup>; although not done, but meant.  
So, on your patience ever more attending,  
New joy wait on you! Here our play hath ending.

[*Exit GOWER.*]

<sup>a</sup> *Them* is omitted in the old copies.



## ILLUSTRATIONS.

### ACT I.

To enable the reader to judge how closely the author of 'Pericles' has followed the course of the narrative in Gower's 'Confessio Amantis,' we shall make some considerable extracts from that poem; following the exact order of the poem, so as to include the events of each Act. It will be unnecessary for us to trace the association by reference to particular scenes and passages. We have modernised the orthography, so that the comparison may be pursued with more facility; and we give an interpretation of some obsolete words:—

"The father, when he understood  
That they his daughter thus besought,  
With all his wit he cast and sought  
How that he might find a let;  
And thus a statute then he set,  
And in this wise his law he taxeth—  
That what man that his daughter axeth,  
But if he couth<sup>a</sup> his question  
Assail<sup>b</sup>, upon suggestion  
Of certain things that befell,  
The which he would unto him tell,  
He should in certain lose his head.  
And thus there were many dead,  
Their heads standing on the gate.  
Till at last, long and late,  
For lack of answer in the wise,  
The remnant, that weren wise,  
Eschewden to make essay."

"The king declareth him the case  
With stern look, and sturdy cheer,  
To him, and said in this manner:  
With felony I am up bore,  
I eat, and have it nought forbore,  
My mother's flesh, whose husband  
My father for to seek I founde<sup>d</sup>.  
Which is the son of my wife,  
Hereof I am inquisitive,  
And who that can my tale save,  
All quite<sup>e</sup> he shall my daughter have  
Of his answer; and if he fail,  
He shall be dead without fail.  
For thee, my son, quoth the king,  
Be well advised of this thing  
Which hath thy life in jeopardy."

"This young prince forth he went,  
And understood well what he meant,

<sup>a</sup> Couth—was able.      <sup>b</sup> Assail—answer.  
<sup>c</sup> In the wise—in the manner.      <sup>d</sup> Founde—try.  
<sup>e</sup> Quite—free.

Within his heart, as he was lered<sup>a</sup>;  
That for to make him afferd<sup>b</sup>  
The king his time hath so delayed.  
Whereof he dradde<sup>c</sup>, and was amayed<sup>d</sup>  
Of treason that he die should,  
For he the king his soth<sup>e</sup> told:  
And suddenly the night's tide,  
That more would he not abide,  
All privily his barge he hent<sup>f</sup>,  
And home again to Tyre he went.  
And in his own wit he said,  
For dread if he the king bewray'd<sup>g</sup>,  
He knew so well the king's heart,  
That death he should he not asterte<sup>h</sup>,  
The king him would so pursue.  
But he that would his death eschew,  
And knew all this to fore the hand,  
Forsake he thought his own land,  
That there would he not abide;  
For well he knew that on some side  
This tyrant, of his felony,  
By some manner of treachery  
To grieve his body would not leave."

"Antiochus, the great sire,  
Which full of rancour and of ire  
His heart beareth so, as ye heard,  
Of that this prince of Tyre answer'd.  
He had a fellow-bachelor,  
Which was the privy councillor,  
And Taliart by name he hight,  
The king a strong poison dight  
Within a box, and gold thereto,  
In all haste, and bad him go  
Straight unto Tyre, and for no cost  
Ne spare, till he had lost  
The prince, which he would spill.  
And when the king hath said his will,  
This Taliart in a galley  
With all haste he took his way.  
The wind was good, and sailleth blive<sup>i</sup>,  
Till he took land upon the rive<sup>k</sup>  
Of Tyre, and forthwith all anon  
Into the burgh he gan to gon,  
And took his inn, and bode a throw<sup>l</sup>,  
But for he would not be know,  
Disguised then he goeth him out,  
He saw the weeping all about,  
And axeth what the cause was.  
And they him tolden all the case,  
How suddenly the prince is go.  
And when he saw that it was so,

<sup>a</sup> Lered—taught.      <sup>b</sup> Afferd—afraid.  
<sup>c</sup> Dradde—dreaded.      <sup>d</sup> Amayed—dismayed.  
<sup>e</sup> Soth—truth.      <sup>f</sup> Hent—took to.  
<sup>g</sup> Bewray'd—discovered.      <sup>h</sup> Asterte—escape.  
<sup>i</sup> Blive—quick.      <sup>k</sup> Rive—coast.  
<sup>l</sup> Throw—time.

And that his labour was in vain,  
Anon he turneth home again :  
And to the king when he came nigh,  
He told of that he heard and sith,  
How that the prince of Tyre is fled,  
So was he come again unpaid.

The king was sorry for a while,  
But when he saw, that with no wile  
He might achieve his cruelty,  
He stint his wrath, and let him be."

\* \* \* \* \*

"But over this now for to tell  
Of adventures, that befell  
Unto this prince of whom yfold:  
He hath his right course forth hold  
By stern and needle<sup>b</sup>, till he came  
To Tharsus, and there his land he name.  
A burgess rich of gold and fee  
Was thilke time in that city,  
Which cleped was Strangulio;  
His wife was Dionise also.  
This young prince, as saith the book,  
With him his herbergeage<sup>c</sup> took

\* *Sith*—saw.      *Stern and needle*—stars and compass.  
\* *Herbergeage*—lodging.

And it befell that city so,  
By fore time and then also,  
Thurh<sup>a</sup> strong famine, which them lad<sup>b</sup>,  
Was none that any wheat had.  
Appollinus, when that he heard  
The mischief how the city ferde<sup>c</sup>,  
All freely of his own gift,  
His wheat among them for to shift,  
The which by ship he had brought,  
He gave, and took of them right nought.  
But sithen first the world began,  
Was never yet to such a man  
More joy made, than they him made;  
For they were all of him so glad,  
That they for ever in remembrance  
Made a figure in resemblance  
Of him, and in common place  
They set it up; so that his face  
Might every manner man behold,  
So that the city was behold.  
It was of laton<sup>d</sup> over-gilt;  
Thus hath he not his gift split."

\* *Thurh*—through.      *Lad*—lead.  
\* *Ferde*—terrified.      *Laton*—mixed metal.

## ACT II.

"WHEN him thought all grace away,  
There came a fisher in the way,  
And saw a man there naked stond,  
And when that he hath understand  
The cause, he hath of him great ruth<sup>a</sup>,  
And only of his poor truth,  
Of such clothes as he had  
With great pity this lord he clad,  
And he him thanketh, as he should,  
And saith him that it shall be gold,  
If ever he get his state again;  
And pray'd that he would him say<sup>b</sup>  
If nigh were any town for him?  
He said, Yea, Pentapolim,  
Where both king and queen dwellen.  
When he this tale heard tellen  
He gladdeth him, and gan beseech  
That he the way him would teach;  
And he him taught, and forth he went,  
And prayed God with good intent  
To send him joy after his sorrow.  
It was not yet passed mid-morrow."

\* \* \* \* \*

"Then thitherward his way he name<sup>c</sup>,  
Where soon upon the noon he came.  
He eat such as he might get,  
And forth anon, when he had eat,  
He goeth to see the town about;  
And came there as he found a rout  
Of young lusty men withal;  
And as it should then befall,  
That day was set of such assise,  
That they should in the land's guise,  
As he heard of the people say,  
The common game then play:  
And cried was, that they should come  
Unto the game, all and some  
Of them that ben<sup>d</sup> deliver and wight<sup>e</sup>,  
To do such mastery as they might."

\* *Ruth*—pity.      *Say*—say.      *Name*—taken.  
\* *Ben*—are.      *Deliver*—nimble.      *Wight*—active.

\* \* \* \* \*

"And fell among them into game,  
And there he won him such a name,  
So as the king himself accounteth  
That he all other men surmounteth,  
And bare the prise above them all.  
The king bade that into his hall,  
At supper-time, he shall be brought;  
And he came there, and left it nought  
Without company alone.  
Was none so seemly of person,  
Of visage, and of limbs both,  
If that he had what to clothe.  
At supper time, natheless,  
The king, amid all the press,  
Let clap him up among them all,  
And bade his marshal of his hall  
To setten him in such degree  
That he upon him might see.  
The king was soon set and serv<sup>d</sup>,  
And he which hath his prise deserv<sup>d</sup>,  
After the king's own word,  
Was made begin a middle board,  
That both king and queen him sith<sup>e</sup>.  
He sat, and cast about his eye,  
And saw the lords in estate,  
And with himself wax in debate,  
Thinking what he had lore<sup>b</sup>;  
And such a sorrow he took therefore,  
That he sat ever still, and thought,  
As he which of no meat rought."

\* \* \* \* \*

"The king beheld his heaviness,  
And of his great gentleness  
His daughter, which was fair and good,  
And at the board before him stood,  
As it was thilke<sup>c</sup> time usage,  
He bade to go on his message,

\* *Sith*—saw.      *Lore*—lost.  
\* *Rought*—cared.      *Thilke*—that same.

And fonde<sup>a</sup> for to make him glad,  
And she did as her father bade,  
And goeth to him the soft pace,  
And axeth whence and what he was ?  
And prayeth he should his thoughts leave."

\* \* \* \* \*  
"When he hath harped all his fill  
The king's heat to fulfil,  
Away goeth dish, away goeth cup,  
Down goeth the board, the cloth was up,  
They risen, and gone out of hall.

The king his chamberlain let call,  
And bade that he by all way  
A chamber for this man purvey,  
Which nigh his own chamber be.  
It shall be do, my lord, quoth he."

<sup>a</sup> Fonde—try.

\* \* \* \* \*  
"And when that he to chamber is come,  
He hath into his council nome<sup>a</sup>  
This man of Tyre, and let him see  
This letter, and all the privy  
The which his daughter to him sent.  
And he his knee to ground bent,  
And thanketh him and her also;  
And ere they went then a two<sup>b</sup>,  
With good heart, and with good courage,  
Of full love and full marriage  
The king and he ben whole accorded.  
And after, when it was recorded  
Unto the daughter how it stood,  
The gift of all the world's good  
Ne should have made her half so blithe."

<sup>a</sup> Nome—taken.

<sup>b</sup> A two—apart.

### ACT III.

"THEY axen when the ship is come ?  
From Tyre, anon answered some.  
And over this they saiden more,  
The cause why they come for  
Was for to seek, and for to find,  
Appollinus, which is of kind  
Their liege lord; and he appeareth,  
And of the tale which he heareth  
He was right glad; for him they told  
That for vengeance, as God it would,  
Antiochus, as men may wete<sup>a</sup>,  
With thunder and lightning is sore smete<sup>b</sup>.  
His daughter hath the same chance,  
So be they both in o<sup>c</sup> balance."

\* \* \* \* \*  
"Lychorida for her office  
Was take, which was a nourrice,  
To wend with this young wife,  
To whom was shape a woeful life.  
Within a time as it betid,  
When they were in the sea amid,  
Out of the north they saw a cloud:  
The storm arose, the winds loud  
They blewen many a dreadful blast,  
The welkin was all overcast.  
The dark night the sun hath under,  
There was a great tempest of thunder.  
The moon and eke the stars both,  
In black clouds they them clothe,  
Whereof their bright look they hid.  
This young lady wept and cried,  
To whom no comfort might avail:  
Of child she began travail,  
Where she lay in a cabin close.  
Her woeful lord from her arose,  
And that was long ere any morrow,  
So that in anguish and in sorrow  
She was deliver'd all by night,  
And dead in every man's sight.  
But natheless for all this woe  
A maid child was bore tho."<sup>d</sup>

\* \* \* \* \*  
"The master shipman came and pray'd,  
With other such as be therein,  
And said that he may nothing win  
Again the death, but they him rede<sup>e</sup>,  
He be well ware, and take heed.

<sup>a</sup> Wete—know.

<sup>b</sup> Smete—smitten.

<sup>c</sup> O—one.

<sup>d</sup> Tho—then.

<sup>e</sup> Rede—advise.

The sea by way of his nature  
Receive may no creatur,  
Within himself as for to hold  
The which is dead; for this they would,  
As they councilen all about,  
The dead body casten out:  
For better it is, they saiden all,  
That it of her so befall,  
Than if they shouden all spill."

\* \* \* \* \*  
"I am, quoth he, but one alone;  
So would I not for my person  
There fell such adversity,  
But when it may no better be,  
Do then thus upon my word:  
Let make a coffer strong of board,  
That it be firm with lead and pitch.  
Anon was made a coffer such  
Already brought unto his hand;  
And when he saw, and ready found  
This coffer made, and well enclosed,  
The dead body was besowed  
In cloth of gold, and laid therein."

\* \* \* \* \*  
"I, king of Tyre, Appollinus,  
Do all manner men to wit,  
That hear and see this letter writ,  
That, helpless without rede<sup>a</sup>,  
Here lieth a king's daughter dead;  
And who that happeth her to find,  
For charity take in his mind,  
And do so that she begrave<sup>b</sup>,  
With this treasure which he shall have."

\* \* \* \* \*  
"Right as the corpe was thrown on land,  
There came walking upon the strand  
A worthy clerk, a surgeon,  
And eke a great physician,  
Of all that land the wisest one,  
Which hight master Cerymon:  
There were of his disciples some.  
This master to the coffer is come,  
And prayseth<sup>c</sup> there was somewhat in,  
And bade them bear it to his inn,  
And goeth himself forth withal.  
All that shall fall, fall shall."

<sup>a</sup> Rede—counsel; perhaps here medical aid.

<sup>b</sup> Begrave—buried.

<sup>c</sup> Prayseth—considereth.

" They laid her on a couch soft,  
And with a sheet warmed oft,  
Her cold breast began to heat,  
Her heart also to flack \* and beat.  
This master hath her every joint  
With certain oil and balm anoint,  
And put a liquor in her mouth,  
Which is to few clerks couth <sup>b</sup>,  
So that she 'covereth at the last.  
And first her eyes up she cast;  
And when she more of strength caught,  
Her arms both forth she straight <sup>c</sup>,  
Held up her hand, and piteously  
She spake, and said, 'Ah! where am I?

\* Flack—flutter.                      <sup>b</sup> Couth—known.  
      <sup>c</sup> Straight—stretched.

Where is my lord? What world is this?  
As she that wot nought how it is."

\* \* \* \* \*  
" My daughter Thaysa, by your leave,  
I think shall with you bileeve <sup>a</sup>  
As for a time; and thus I pray  
That she be kept by all way:  
And when she hath of age more,  
That she be set to books' lore.  
And this avow to God I make,  
That I shall never for her sake  
My beard for no liking shave,  
Till it befall that I have,  
In convenable time of age,  
Beset her unto marriage."

<sup>a</sup> Bileeve—leave behind.

## ACT IV.

" And for to speak how that it stood  
Of Thaysa his daughter, where she dwelleth  
In Tharsa, as the chronicle telleth.  
She was well kept, she was well looked,  
She was well taught, she was well booked;  
So well she sped in her youth  
That she of every wisdom couth,  
That for to seek in every land  
No wise another no man found,  
Ne so well taught at man's eye;  
But, woe-worth, ever falls envy."

\* \* \* \* \*  
" The treason and the time is shape,  
So fell it that this churlish knape  
Hath led this maiden where he would  
Upon the strand, and what she should  
She was a drad; and he out braid <sup>a</sup>  
A rusty sword, and to her said,  
Thou shalt be dead: alas, quoth she,  
Why shall I so? So thus, quoth he,  
My lady Dionise hath bade  
Thou shalt be murder'd in this stede.

This maid then for fear shrikt <sup>b</sup>,  
And for the love of God all-might  
She pray'd, that for a little stound <sup>c</sup>  
She might kneel upon the ground  
Toward the heaven, for to crave  
Her woeful soul that she may save.  
And with this noise and with this cry  
Out of a barge fast by,  
Which hid was there on scomefare,  
Men start out, and weren ware  
Of this felon: and he to go,  
And she began to cry tho <sup>d</sup>,

<sup>a</sup> Braid—started, drew.                      <sup>b</sup> Shrikt—shrieked.  
<sup>c</sup> Stound—moment.                      <sup>d</sup> Tho—then.

Ha, mercy, help, for God's sake!  
Into the barge they her take,  
As thieves should, and forth they went."

\* \* \* \* \*  
" If so be that thy master would  
That I his gold increase should,  
It may not fall by this way;  
But suffer me to go my way  
Out of this house, where I am in,  
And I shall make him for to win  
In some place else of the town,  
Be so it be of religion,  
Where that honest women dwell.  
And thus thou might thy master tell,  
That when I have a chamber there,  
Let him do cry ay wide-where <sup>a</sup>  
What lord that hath his daughter dear,  
And is in will that she shall lere <sup>b</sup>  
Of such a school as is true;  
I shall her teach of things new,  
Which that none other woman can  
In all this land."

\* \* \* \* \*  
" Her epitaph of good asise <sup>a</sup>  
Was writ about, and in this wise  
It spake: O ye that this behold,  
Lo, here lieth she, the which was hold  
The fairest, and the flower of all,  
Whose name Taysis men call.  
The king of Tyre, Appollinus,  
Her father was: now lieth she thus.  
Fourteen year she was of age  
When death her took to his viage <sup>d</sup>."

<sup>a</sup> Wide-where—far and near.                      <sup>b</sup> Lere—learn.  
<sup>c</sup> Asise—situation.                      <sup>d</sup> Viage—journey.

## ACT V.

" A MESSENGER for her is gone,  
And she came with her harp on hand;  
And she said them, that she would fonde <sup>a</sup>  
By all the ways that she can  
To glad with this sorry man.

<sup>a</sup> Fonde—try.

But what he was she wist nought,  
But all the ship her hath besought,  
That she on him her wits despend <sup>a</sup>,  
In aunter <sup>b</sup> if he might amend,  
And say it shall be well acquit.  
When she hath understooden it

<sup>a</sup> Despend—would expend.                      <sup>b</sup> Aunter—adventure.



She goeth her down, there as he lay,  
Where that she harpeth many a lay,  
And like an angel sang withal.  
But he no more than the wall  
Took heed of anything he heard.

And when she saw that he so ferde<sup>a</sup>,  
She falleth with him into words,  
And telleth him of sundry bordes<sup>b</sup>.  
And asketh him demands strange,  
Whereof she made his heart change;  
And to her speech his ear he laid,  
And hath marvel of that she said.  
For in proverb and in problem  
She spake, and bade he should deme<sup>c</sup>.  
In many a subtle question;  
But he for no suggestion  
Which toward him she could sterc<sup>d</sup>,  
He would not o<sup>e</sup> word answer,  
But as a madman at the last,  
His head weeping away he cast,  
And half in wroth he bade her go:  
But yet she would nought do so;  
And in the dark forth she goeth  
Till she him toucheth, and he wrothe<sup>f</sup>.  
And after her with his hand  
He smote: and thus when she him found  
Diseased, courteously she said,—  
Avoys, my lord, I am a maid;  
And if ye wist what I am,  
And out of what lineage I come,  
Ye would not be so salvage.  
With that he sober'th his courage,  
And put away his heavy cheer.  
But of them two a man may here  
What is to be so sibbe<sup>g</sup> of blood:  
None wist of other how it stood,  
And yet the father at last  
His heart upon this maid cast,  
That he her loveth kindly;  
And yet he wist never why,  
But all was known ere that they went;  
For God, which wot their whole intent,  
Their hearts both he discloseth.  
This king unto this maid opposeth,  
And asketh first, what is her name,  
And where she learned all this game,  
And of what kin that she was come?  
And she, that hath his words nome<sup>h</sup>,  
Answereth, and saith, My name is Thaise,  
That was some time well at ease.  
In Tharse I was forth draw and fed,  
There learned I till I was sped,  
Of that I can: my father eke,  
I not where that I should him seek:  
He was a king men told me.  
My mother drown'd was in the sea.  
From point to point all she him told  
That she hath long in heart hold,

<sup>a</sup> Ferde—fared.

<sup>c</sup> Deme—judge.

<sup>e</sup> O—one.

<sup>g</sup> Avoys—avoid.

<sup>h</sup> Nome—taken.

<sup>b</sup> Bordes—countries.

<sup>d</sup> Sterc—stir.

<sup>f</sup> Wrothe—was angry.

<sup>g</sup> Sibbe—related.

And never durst make her noon  
But only to this lord alone,  
To whom her heart cannot hale<sup>a</sup>,  
Turn it to woe, turn it to weal,  
Turn it to good, turn it to harm.  
And he then took her in his arms;  
But such a joy as he then made  
Was never seen: thus be they glad  
That sorry hadden be to for<sup>b</sup>.  
From this day forth fortune hath sworn  
To set them upward on the wheel:  
So goeth the world, now woe, now weal<sup>c</sup>."

\* \* \* \* \*

"With worthy knights environed,  
The king himself hath abandoned  
Into the temple in good intent.  
The door is up, and in he went,  
Where as, with great devotion  
Of holy contemplation  
Within his heart, he made his shrift,  
And after that a rich gift  
He off'reth with great reverence;  
And there in open audience  
Of them that stood all about  
He told them, and declareth out  
His hap, such as him is befall:  
There was no thing forget of all.  
His wife, as it was God's grace,  
Which was professed in the place  
As she that was abbess there,  
Unto his tale hath laid her ear.  
She knew the voice, and the visage:  
For pure joy, as in a rage,  
She stretch'd unto him all at once,  
And fell a swoon upon the stones  
Whereof the temple-floor was paved.  
She was anon with water lav'd,  
Till she came to herself again,  
And then she began to sayn—  
Ah, blessed be the high sounde<sup>d</sup>,  
That I may see mine husband,  
Which whilom he and I were one."

\* \* \* \* \*

"Attaint they weren by the law,  
And doomed for to hang, and draw,  
And brent, and with the wind to blow,  
That all the world it might know.  
And upon this condition,  
The doom in execution  
Was put anon without fail.  
And every man hath great marvel  
Which heard tellen of this chance,  
And thanketh God's purveyance,  
Which doth mercy forth with justice.  
Slain is the murd'rer, and murd'ress;  
Through very truth of righteousness;  
And through mercy safe is simpleme<sup>e</sup>.  
Of her, whom mercy preserveth,  
Thus hath he well, that well deserveth."

<sup>a</sup> Hale—hide.

<sup>c</sup> Sounde—gift.

<sup>b</sup> To for—before.

<sup>e</sup> Simpleme—simplicity.

*"This Shadow  
is renowned Shakespear's."*



## NOTICE.

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THE present Edition of the Poems of Shakspeare comprises the 'VENUS AND ADONIS,' 'THE RAPE OF LUCRECE,' 'THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM,' 'THE LOVER'S COMPLAINT,' and the SONNETS. The Songs from the Plays of Shakspeare are necessarily excluded from this Edition, it being sufficient for the reader to make a reference to the Dramas to which they respectively belong.

## INTRODUCTORY NOTICE

TO

## THE POEMS.

"If the first heir of my invention prove deformed, I shall be sorry it had so noble a god-father." These are the words which, in relation to the 'Venus and Adonis,' Shakspeare addressed, in 1593, to the Earl of Southampton. Are we to accept them literally? Was the 'Venus and Adonis' the first production of Shakspeare's imagination? Or did he put out of his view those dramatic performances which he had then unquestionably produced, in deference to the critical opinions which regarded plays as works not belonging to "invention?" We think that he used the words in a literal sense. We regard the 'Venus and Adonis' as the production of a very young man, improved, perhaps, considerably in the interval between its first composition and its publication, but distinguished by peculiarities which belong to the wild luxuriance of youthful power,—such power, however, as few besides Shakspeare have ever possessed.

A deep thinker and eloquent writer, Julius Charles Hare, thus describes "the spirit of self-sacrifice," as applied to poetry:—

"The might of the imagination is manifested by its launching forth from the petty creek, where the accidents of birth moored it, into the wide ocean of being,—by its going abroad into the world around, passing into whatever it meets with, animating it, and becoming one with it. This complete union and identification of the poet with his poem,—this suppression of his own individual insulated consciousness, with its narrowness of thought and pettiness of feeling,—is what we admire in the great masters of that which for this reason we justly call classical poetry, as representing that which is symbolical and universal, not that which is merely occasional and peculiar. This gives them that majestic calmness which still breathes upon us from the statues of their gods. This invests

their works with that lucid transparent atmosphere wherein every form stands out in perfect definiteness and distinctness, only beautified by the distance which idealises it. This has delivered those works from the casualties of time and space, and has lifted them up like stars into the pure firmament of thought, so that they do not shine on one spot alone, nor fade like earthly flowers, but journey on from clime to clime, shedding the light of beauty on generation after generation. The same quality, amounting to a total extinction of his own selfish being, so that his spirit became a mighty organ through which Nature gave utterance to the full diapason of her notes, is what we wonder at in our own great dramatist, and is the groundwork of all his other powers: for it is only when purged of selfishness that the intellect becomes fitted for receiving the inspirations of genius."<sup>a</sup>

What Mr. Hare so justly considers as the great moving principle of "classical poetry,"—what he further notes as the pre-eminent characteristic of "our own great dramatist,"—is abundantly found in that great dramatist's earliest work. Coleridge was the first to point out this pervading quality in the 'Venus and Adonis;' and he has done this so admirably, that it would be profanation were we to attempt to elucidate the point in any other than his own words:—

"It is throughout as if a superior spirit, more intuitive, more intimately conscious, even than the characters themselves, not only of every outward look and act, but of the flux and reflux of the mind in all its subtlest thoughts and feelings, were placing the whole before our view; himself meanwhile unparticipating in the passions, and actuated only by that pleasurable excitement

<sup>a</sup> The 'Victory of Faith; and other Sermons.' By Julius Charles Hare, M.A. 1840. P. 277.

which had resulted from the energetic fervour of his own spirit in so vividly exhibiting what it had so accurately and profoundly contemplated. I think I should have conjectured from these poems, that even then the great instinct which impelled the poet to the drama was secretly working in him, prompting him by a series and never-broken chain of imagery, always vivid, and, because unbroken, often minute,—by the highest effort of the picturesque in words of which words are capable, higher perhaps than was ever realised by any other poet, even Dante not excepted,—to provide a substitute for that visual language, that constant intervention and running comment by tone, look, and gesture, which in his dramatic works he was entitled to expect from the players. His *Venus* and *Adonis* seem at once the characters themselves, and the whole representation of those characters by the most consummate actors. You seem to be *told* nothing, but to see and hear everything. Hence it is, that, from the perpetual activity of attention required on the part of the reader,—from the rapid flow, the quick change, and the playful nature of the thoughts and images,—and, above all, from the alienation, and, if I may hazard such an expression, the utter *aloofness* of the poet's own feelings from those of which he is at once the painter and the analyst,—that though the very subject cannot but detract from the pleasure of a delicate mind, yet never was poem less dangerous on a moral account.”\*

Coleridge, in the preceding chapter of his ‘*Literary Life*,’ says, “During the first year that Mr. Wordsworth and I were neighbours, our conversations turned frequently on the two cardinal points of poetry—the power of exciting the sympathy of the reader by a faithful adherence to the truth of nature, and the power of giving the interest of novelty by the modifying colours of imagination.” In Coleridge’s ‘*Literary Remains*’ the ‘*Venus and Adonis*’ is cited as furnishing a signal example of “that affectionate love of nature and natural objects, without which no man could have observed so steadily, or painted so truly and passionately, the very minutest beauties of the external world.” The description of the hare-hunt is there given at length as a specimen of this power. A remarkable proof of the completeness as well as accuracy of Shakspeare’s descrip-

tion lately presented itself to our mind, in running through a little volume, full of talent, published in 1825—‘*Essays and Sketches of Character*, by the late Richard Ayton, Esq.’ There is a paper on hunting, and especially on hare-hunting. He says—“I am not one of the perfect fox-hunters of these realms; but having been in the way of late of seeing a good deal of various modes of hunting, I would, for the benefit of the uninitiated, set down the results of my observations.” In this matter he writes with a perfect unconsciousness that he is describing what any one has described before. But as accurate an observer *had* been before him:—

“She (the hare) generally returns to the seat from which she was put up, running, as all the world knows, in a circle, or something sometimes like it, we had better say, that we may keep on good terms with the mathematical. At starting, she tears away at her utmost speed for a mile or more, and distances the dogs half-way: she then returns, diverging a little to the right or left, that she may not run into the mouths of her enemies—a necessity which accounts for what we call the circularity of her course. Her flight from home is direct and precipitate; but on her way back, when she has gained a little time for consideration and stratagem, she describes a curious labyrinth of short turnings and windings, as if to perplex the dogs by the intricacy of her track.”

Compare this with Shakspeare:—

“And when thou hast on foot the purblind hare,  
Mark the poor wretch, to overshoot his troubles,  
How he outruns the wind, and with what care  
He cranks and crosses, with a thousand doubles:  
The many mists through the which he goes  
Are like a labyrinth to amaze his foes.”

Mr. Ayton thus goes on:—

“The hounds, whom we left in full cry, continue their music without remission as long as they are faithful to the scent; as a summons, it should seem, like the seaman’s cry, to pull together, or keep together, and it is a certain proof to themselves and their followers that they are in the right way. On the instant that they are ‘at fault’ or lose the scent, they are silent. . . . The weather, in its impression on the scent, is the great father of ‘faults;’ but they may arise from other accidents, even when the day is in every respect favourable. The intervention of ploughed land, on which the scent soon cools or evaporates, is at least perilous; but sheep-stains,

\* ‘*Biographia Literaria*,’ 1817, vol. ii. p. 15.

recently left by a flock, are fatal: they cut off the scent irrecoverably—making a gap, as it were, in the clue, in which the dogs have not even a hint for their guidance."

Compare Shakspeare again:—

"Sometime he runs among a flock of sheep,  
To make the cunning hounds mistake their smell,  
And sometime where earth-delving conies keep,  
To stop the loud pursuers in their yell;  
And sometimes sorteth with a herd of deer;  
Danger deviseth shifts; wit waits on fear:

"For there his smell with others being mingled,  
The hot scent-snuffing hounds are driven to doubt,  
Cessing their clamorous cry till they have singled  
With much ado the cold fault cleanly out;  
Then do they spend their mouths: Echo replies,  
As if another chase were in the skies."

One more extract from Mr. Ayton:—

"Suppose then, after the usual rounds, that you see the hare at last (a sorry mark for so many foes) sorely beleaguered—looking dark and draggled—and limping heavily along; then stopping to listen—again tottering on a little—and again stopping; and at every step, and every pause, hearing the death-cry grow nearer and louder."

One more comparison, and we have exhausted Shakspeare's description:—

"By this, poor Wat, far off upon a hill,  
Stands on his hinder legs with listening ear,  
To hearken if his foes pursue him still;  
Anon their loud alarms he doth hear;  
And now his grief may be compared well  
To one sore sick that hears the passing-bell.

"Then shalt thou see the dew-bedabbled wretch  
Turn and return, indenting with the way:  
Each envious briar his weary legs doth scratch,  
Each shadow makes him stop, each murmur stay;  
For misery is trodden on by many,  
And being low never reliev'd by any."

Here then, be it observed, are not only the same objects, the same accidents, the same movement in each description, but the very words employed to convey the scene to the mind are often the same in each. It would be easy to say that Mr. Ayton copied Shakspeare. We believe he did not. There is a sturdy ingenuousness about his writings which would have led him to notice the 'Venus and Adonis' if he had had it in his mind. Shakspeare and he had each looked minutely and practically upon the same scene; and the wonder is, not that Shakspeare was an accurate describer, but that in him the accurate is so thoroughly fused with the poetical, that it is one and the same life.

The celebrated description of the courser in

the 'Venus and Adonis' is another remarkable instance of the accuracy of the young Shakspeare's observation. Not the most experienced dealer ever knew the *points* of a horse better. The whole poem is indeed full of evidence that the circumstances by which the writer was surrounded, in a country district, had entered deeply into his mind, and were reproduced in the poetical form. The bird "tangled in a net"—the "di-dapper peering through a wave"—the "blue-veined violets"—the

"Red morn, that ever yet betoken'd  
Wreck to the seamen, tempest to the field"—

the fisher that forbears the "ungrown fry"—the sheep "gone to fold"—the caterpillars feeding on the "tender leaves"—and, not to weary with examples, that exquisite image,

"Look how a bright star shooteth from the sky,  
So glides he in the night from Venus' eye"—

all these bespeak a poet who had formed himself upon Nature, and not upon books. To understand the value as well as the rarity of this quality in Shakspeare, we should open any contemporary poem. Take Marlowe's 'Hero and Leander,' for example. We read line after line, beautiful, gorgeous, running over with a satiating luxuriousness; but we look in vain for a single familiar image. Shakspeare describes what he has seen, throwing over the real the delicious tint of his own imagination. Marlowe looks at Nature herself very rarely; but he knows all the conventional images by which the real is supposed to be elevated into the poetical. His most beautiful things are thus but copies of copies. The mode in which each poet describes the morning will illustrate our meaning:—

"Lo! here the gentle lark, weary of rest,  
From his moist cabinet mounts up on high,  
And wakes the morning, from whose silver breast  
The sun ariseth in his majesty;  
Who doth the world so gloriously behold,  
The cedar-tops and hills seem burnish'd gold."

We feel that *this* is true. Compare—

"By this Apollo's golden harp began  
To sound forth music to the ocean;  
Which watchful Hesperus no sooner heard  
But he the day bright-bearing car prepar'd,  
And ran before, as harbinger of light,  
And with his flaming beams mock'd ugly Night,  
Till she, o'ercome with anguish, shame, and rage,  
Dang'd down to hell her loathsome carriage."

We are taught that *this* is classical.

Coleridge has observed that, "in the 'Venus and Adonis,' the first and most obvious ex-

cellence is the perfect sweetness of the versification; its adaptation to the subject; and the power displayed in varying the march of the words without passing into a loftier and more majestic rhythm than was demanded by the thoughts, or permitted by the propriety of preserving a sense of melody predominant.\* This self-controlling power of "varying the march of the words without passing into a loftier and more majestic rhythm," is perhaps one of the most signal instances of Shakspeare's consummate mastery of his art, even as a very young man. He who, at the proper season, knew how to strike the grandest music within the compass of our own powerful and sonorous language, in his early productions breathes out his thoughts

"To the Dorian mood  
Of flutes and soft recorder."

The sustained sweetness of the versification is never cloying; and yet there are no violent contrasts, no sudden elevations: all is equable in its infinite variety. The early comedies are full of the same rare beauty. In 'Love's Labour's Lost'—'The Comedy of Errors'—'A Midsummer Night's Dream'—we have verses of alternate rhymes formed upon the same model as those of the 'Venus and Adonis,' and producing the same feeling of placid delight by their exquisite harmony. The same principles on which he built the versification of the 'Venus and Adonis' exhibited to him the grace which these elegiac harmonies would impart to the scenes of repose in the progress of a dramatic action.

We proceed to the 'Lucrece.' Of that poem the date of the composition is fixed as accurately as we can desire. In the dedication to the 'Venus and Adonis' the poet says—"If your honour seem but pleased I account myself highly praised, and vow to take advantage of all idle hours till I have honoured you with some graver labour." In 1594, a year after the 'Venus and Adonis,' 'Lucrece' was published, and was dedicated to Lord Southampton. This, then, was undoubtedly the "graver labour;" this was the produce of the "idle hours" of 1593. Shakspeare was then nearly thirty years of age—the period at which it is held by some he first began to produce anything original for the stage. The poet unquestionably intended the "graver labour" for a higher effort than had

produced the "first heir" of his invention. He describes the 'Venus and Adonis' as "unpolished lines"—lines thrown off with youthful luxuriousness and rapidity. The verses of the 'Lucrece' are "untutored lines"—lines formed upon no established model. There is to our mind the difference of eight or even ten years in the aspect of these poems—a difference as manifest as that which exists between 'Love's Labour's Lost' and 'Romeo and Juliet.' Coleridge has marked the great distinction between the one poem and the other:—

"The 'Venus and Adonis' did not perhaps allow the display of the deeper passions. But the story of Lucretia seems to favour, and even demand, their intensest workings. And yet we find in *Shakspeare's* management of the tale neither pathos nor any other *dramatic* quality. There is the same minute and faithful imagery as in the former poem, in the same vivid colour, inspirited by the same impetuous vigour of thought, and diverging and contracting with the same activity of the assimilative and of the modifying faculties; and with a yet larger display, a yet wider range of knowledge and reflection: and, lastly, with the same perfect dominion, often *domination*, over the whole world of language."

It is in this paragraph that Coleridge has marked the difference—which a critic of the very highest order could alone have pointed out—between the power which Shakspeare's mind possessed of going out of itself in a narrative poem and the dramatic power. The same mighty, and to most unattainable, power, of utterly subduing the self-conscious to the universal, was essential to the highest excellence of both species of composition,—the poem and the drama. But the exercise of that power was essentially different in each. Coleridge, in another place, says, "in his very first production he projected his mind out of his own particular being, and felt, and made others feel, on subjects no way connected with himself except by force of contemplation, and that sublime faculty by which a great mind becomes that on which it meditates." But this "sublime faculty" went greatly farther when it became dramatic. In the narrative poems of an ordinary man we perpetually see the narrator. Coleridge, in a passage previously quoted, has shown the essential superiority of Shak-

\* 'Biographia Literaria,' vol. ii. p. 14.

† 'Biographia Literaria,' vol. ii. p. 21.

‡ 'Literary Remains,' vol. ii. p. 54.

Spenser's narrative poems, where the whole is placed before our view, the poet unparticipating in the passions. There is a remarkable example of how strictly Shakspeare adhered to this principle in his beautiful poem of 'A Lover's Complaint.' There the poet is actually present to the scene:—

"From off a hill whose concave womb re-worded  
A plaintful story from a sisting vale,  
My spirits to attend this double voice accorded,  
And down I laid to list the sad-tun'd tale."

But not one word of comment does he offer upon the revelations of the "fickle maid full pale." The dramatic power, however, as we have said, is many steps beyond this. It dispenses with narrative altogether. It renders a complicated story, or stories, *one* in the action. It makes the characters reveal *themselves*, sometimes by a word. It trusts for everything to the capacity of an audience to appreciate the greatest subtilties, and the nicest shades of passion, *through* the action. It is the very reverse of the oratorical power, which repeats and explains. And how is it able to effect this prodigious mastery over the senses and the understanding? By raising the mind of the spectator, or reader, into such a state of poetical excitement as corresponds in some degree to the excitement of the poet, and thus clears away the mists of our ordinary vision, and irradiates the whole complex moral world in which we for a time live, and move, and have our being, with the brightness of his own intellectual sunlight. Now, it appears to us that, although the 'Venus and Adonis,' and the 'Lucrece,' do not pretend to be the creations of this wonderful power—their forms did not demand its complete exercise—they could not have been produced by a man who did not possess the power, and had assiduously cultivated it in its own proper field. In the second poem, more especially, do we think the power has reached a higher development, indicating itself in "a yet wider range of knowledge and reflection."

Malone says, "I have observed that Painter has inserted the story of Lucrece in the first volume of his 'Palace of Pleasure,' 1567, on which I make no doubt our author formed his poem." Be it so. The story of Lucrece in Painter's novel occupies four pages. The first page describes the circumstances that preceded the unholy visit of Tarquin to Lucrece; nearly the whole of the last two pages detail the events that followed the death of Lucrece. A page

and a half at most is given to the tragedy. This is proper enough in a narrative, whose business it is to make all the circumstances intelligible. But the narrative poet, who was also thoroughly master of the dramatic power, concentrates all the interest upon the main circumstances of the story. He places the scene of those circumstances before our eyes at the very opening:—

"From the besieged Ardes all in post,  
Borne by the trustless wings of false desire,  
Lust-breathed Tarquin leaves the Roman host,  
And to Collatium bears," &c.

The preceding circumstances which impel this journey are then rapidly told. Again, after the crowning action of the tragedy, the poet has done. He tells the consequences of it with a brevity and simplicity indicating the most consummate art:—

"When they had sworn to this advised doom,  
They did conclude to bear dead Lucrece thence;  
To show her bleeding body thorough Rome,  
And so to publish Tarquin's foul offence:  
Which being done with speedy diligence,  
The Romans plausibly did give consent  
To Tarquin's everlasting banishment."

He has thus cleared away all the encumbrances to the progress of the main action. He would have done the same had he made Lucrece the subject of a drama. But he has to tell his painful story and to tell it all: not to exhibit a portion of it, as he would have done had he chosen the subject for a tragedy. The consummate delicacy with which he has accomplished this is beyond all praise, perhaps above all imitation. He puts forth his strength on the accessories of the main incident. He delights to make the chief actors analyse their own thoughts,—reflect, explain, expostulate. All this is essentially undramatic, and he meant it to be so. But then, what pictures does he paint of the progress of the action, which none but a great dramatic poet, who had visions of future Macbeths and Othellos before him, could have painted! Look, for example, at that magnificent scene, when

"No comfortable star did lend his light,"

of Tarquin leaping from his bed, and, softly smiting his falchion on a flint, lighting a torch

"Which must be lode-star to his lustful eye."

Look, again, at the exquisite domestic incident which tells of the quiet and gentle occupation of his devoted victim:—

"By the light he spies  
Lucretia's glove, wherein her needle sticks;  
He takes it from the rushes where it lies."



The hand to which that glove belongs is described in the very perfection of poetry:—

"Without the bed her other fair hand was,  
On the green coverlet; whose perfect white  
Show'd like an April daisy on the grass."

In the chamber of innocence Tarquin is painted with terrific grandeur, which is overpowering by the force of contrast:—

"This said, he shakes aloft his Roman blade,  
Which, like a falcon towering in the skies,  
Coucheth the fowl below with his wings' shade."

The complaint of Lucrece after Tarquin has departed was meant to be undramatic. The action advances not. The character develops not itself in the action. But the poet makes his heroine bewail her fate in every variety of lament that his boundless command of imagery could furnish. The letter to Collatine is written;—a letter of the most touching simplicity:—

"Thou worthy lord  
Of that unworthy wife that greeteth thee,  
Health to thy person! Next vouchsafe to afford  
(If ever, love, thy Lucrece thou wilt see)  
Some present speed to come and visit me:  
So I commend me from our house in grief;  
My woes are tedious, though my words are brief."

Again the action languishes, and again Lucrece surrenders herself to her grief. The

"Skillful painting, made for Priam's Troy,"

is one of the most elaborate passages of the poem, essentially cast in an undramatic mould. But this is but a prelude to the catastrophe, where, if we mistake not, a strength of passion is put forth which is worthy him who drew the terrible agonies of Lear:—

"Here with a sigh, as if her heart would break,  
She throws forth Tarquin's name: 'He, he,' she says,  
But more than 'he' her poor tongue could not speak;  
Till after many accents and delays,  
Untimely breathings, sick and short assays,  
She utters this: 'He, he, fair lords, 't is he,  
That guides this hand to give this wound to me.'"

Malone, in his concluding remarks upon the 'Venus and Adonis,' and 'Lucrece,' says, "We should do Shakspeare injustice were we to try them by a comparison with more modern and polished productions, or with our present idea of poetical excellence." This was written in the year 1780—the period which rejoiced in the "polished productions" of Hayley and Miss Seward, and founded its "idea of poetical excellence" on some standard which, secure in its conventional forms, might depart as far as possible from simplicity and nature, to give us words without thought, arranged in verses without music. It would be injustice indeed

to Shakspeare to try the 'Venus and Adonis,' and 'Lucrece,' by such a standard of "poetical excellence." But we have outlived that period. By way of apology for Shakspeare, Malone adds, "that few authors rise much above the age in which they live." He further says, "The poems of 'Venus and Adonis' and the 'Rape of Lucrece,' whatever opinion may be now entertained of them, were certainly much admired in Shakspeare's lifetime." This is consolatory. In Shakspeare's lifetime there were a few men that the world has since thought somewhat qualified to establish an "idea of poetical excellence"—Spenser, Drayton, Jonson, Fletcher, Chapman, for example. These were not much valued in Malone's golden age of "more modern and polished productions;"—but let that pass. We are coming back to the opinions of this obsolete school; and we venture to think the majority of readers now will not require us to make an apology for Shakspeare's poems.

If Malone thought it necessary to solicit indulgence for the 'Venus and Adonis,' and 'Lucrece,' he drew even a more timid breath when he ventured to speak of the 'Sonnets.' "I do not feel any great propensity to stand forth as the champion of these compositions. However, as it appears to me that they have been somewhat underrated, I think it incumbent on me to do them that justice to which they seem entitled." No wonder he speaks timidly. The great poetical lawgiver of his time—the greater than Shakspeare, for he undertook to mend him, and refine him, and make him fit to be tolerated by the super-elegant intellects of the days of George III.—had pronounced that the 'Sonnets' were too bad even for his genius to make tolerable. He, Steevens, who would take up a play of Shakspeare's in the condescending spirit with which a clever tutor takes up a smart boy's verses,—altering a word here, piecing out a line there, commending this thought, shaking his head at this false prosody, and acknowledging upon the whole that the thing is pretty well, seeing how much the lad has yet to learn—he sent forth his decree that nothing less than an act of parliament could compel the reading of Shakspeare's 'Sonnets.' For a long time mankind bowed before the oracle; and the 'Sonnets' were not read. Wordsworth has told us something about this:—

"There is extant a small volume of miscel-

laneous poems in which Shakspeare expresses his feelings in his own person. It is not difficult to conceive that the editor, George Steevens, should have been insensible to the beauties of one portion of that volume, the 'Sonnets;' though there is not a part of the writings of this poet where is found, in an equal compass, a greater number of exquisite feelings felicitously expressed. But, from regard to the critic's own credit, he would not have ventured to talk of an act of parliament not being strong enough to compel the perusal of these, or any production of Shakspeare, if he had not known that the people of England were ignorant of the treasures contained in those little pieces." \*

That ignorance has been removed; and no one has contributed more to its removal, by creating a school of poetry founded upon Truth and Nature, than Wordsworth himself. The critics of the last century have passed away:—

"Peor and Baillin  
Forsake their temples dim."

By the operation of what great sustaining principle is it that we have come back to the just appreciation of "the treasures contained in those little pieces"? The poet-critic will answer:—

"There never has been a period, and perhaps never will be, in which vicious poetry, of some kind or other, has not excited more zealous admiration, and been far more generally read, than good; but this advantage attends the good, that the *individual* as well as the species, survives from age to age; whereas, of the depraved, though the species be immortal, the

\* Preface to Poetical Works.

*individual quickly perishes*; the object of present admiration vanishes, being supplanted by some other as easily produced, which, though no better, brings with it at least the irritation of novelty,—with adaptation, more or less skilful, to the changing humours of the majority of those who are most at leisure to regard poetical works when they first solicit their attention. Is it the result of the whole, that, in the opinion of the writer, the judgment of the people is not to be respected? The thought is most injurious; and could the charge be brought against him, he would repel it with indignation. The people have already been justified, and their eulogium pronounced by implication, when it is said above—that, of *good* poetry, the *individual*, as well as the species, *survives*. And how does it survive but through the people? what preserves it but their intellect and their wisdom?

"Past and future are the wings  
On whose support, harmoniously conjoin'd,  
Moves the great spirit of human knowledge."—MS.

"The voice that issues from this spirit is that *vox populi* which the Deity inspires. Foolish must he be who can mistake for this a local acclamation, or a transitory outcry—transitory though it be for years, local though from a nation! Still more lamentable is his error who can believe that there is anything of divine infallibility in the clamour of that small though loud portion of the community, ever governed by factitious influence, which, under the name of the PUBLIC, passes itself, upon the unthinking, for the PEOPLE." \*

\* Preface to Poetical Works.





"Villa miretur vulgus, mihi flavus Apollo  
Poculo Castalia plena ministret aqua."  
OVID.



TO THE  
RIGHT HONOURABLE HENRY WRIOTHESLEY,

EARL OF SOUTHAMPTON, AND BARON OF TITCHFIELD.

RIGHT HONOURABLE,

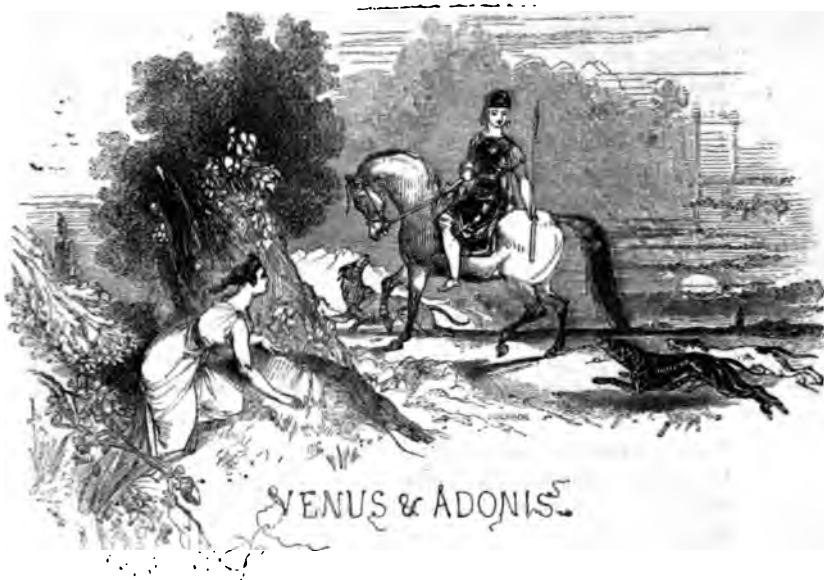
I KNOW not how I shall offend in dedicating my unpolished lines to your Lordship, nor how the world will censure me for choosing so strong a prop to support so weak a burthen; only if your honour seem but pleased, I account myself highly praised, and vow to take advantage of all idle hours till I have honoured you with some graver labour. But if the first heir of my invention prove deformed, I shall be sorry it had so noble a godfather, and never after ear<sup>a</sup> so barren a land, for fear it yield me still so bad a harvest. I leave it to your honourable survey, and your honour<sup>b</sup> to your heart's content; which I wish may always answer your own wish, and the world's hopeful expectation.

Your Honour's in all duty,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

<sup>a</sup> *Ear*—plough.

<sup>b</sup> *Honour*. As a duke is now styled "your grace," so "your honour" was formerly the usual mode of address to noblemen in general.



EVEN as the sun with purple-colour'd face  
 Had ta'en his last leave of the weeping morn,  
 Rose-cheek'd Adonis\* hied him to the chase;  
 Hunting he lov'd, but love he laugh'd to scorn:  
 Sick-thoughted Venus makes amain unto him,  
 And like a bold-fac'd suitor 'gins to woo him.

"Thrice fairer than myself," thus she began,  
 "The field's chief flower, sweet above compare,  
 Stain to all nymphs, more lovely than a man,  
 More white and red than doves or roses are;  
 Nature that made thee, with herself at strife,  
 Saith that the world hath ending with thy life.

"Vouchsafe, thou wonder, to alight thy steed,  
 And rein his proud head to the saddle bow;  
 If thou wilt deign this favour, for thy meed  
 A thousand honey-secrets shalt thou know:  
 Here come and sit, where never serpent hisses,  
 And being set I'll smother thee with kisses;

\* The poem of 'Hero and Leander,' although Marlowe's portion of it was not published till 1598, was probably well known in the poetical circles. The following lines are in the first sestet:—

"The men of wealthy Sestos every year,  
 For his sake whom their goddess held so dear,  
 Rose-cheek'd Adonis, kept a solemn feast."

“And yet not cloy thy lips with loath'd satiety,  
 But rather famish them amid their plenty,  
 Making them red and pale with fresh variety,  
 Ten kisses short as one, one long as twenty :  
 A summer's day will seem an hour but short,  
 Being wasted in such time-beguiling sport.”

With this she seizeth on his sweating palm,  
 The precedent of pith and livelihood,  
 And, trembling in her passion, calls it balm,  
 Earth's sovereign salve to do a goddess good :  
 Being so enrag'd, desire doth lend her force,  
 Courageously to pluck him from his horse.

Over one arm the lusty courser's rein,  
 Under her other was the tender boy,  
 Who blush'd and pouted in a dull disdain,  
 With leaden appetite, unapt to toy ;  
 She red and hot as coals of glowing fire,  
 He red for shame, but frosty in desire.

The studded bridle on a ragged bough  
 Nimble she fastens : (O how quick is love!)  
 The steed is stalled up, and even now  
 To tie the rider she begins to prove :  
 Backward she push'd him, as she would be thrust,  
 And govern'd him in strength, though not in lust.

So soon was she along, as he was down,  
 Each leaning on their elbows and their hips :  
 Now doth she stroke his cheek, now doth he frown,  
 And 'gins to chide, but soon she stops his lips ;  
 And kissing speaks, with lustful language broken,  
 “If thou wilt chide, thy lips shall never open.”

He burns with bashful shame ; she with her tears  
 Doth quench the maiden burning of his cheeks :  
 Then with her windy sighs, and golden hairs,  
 To fan and blow them dry again she seeks :  
 He saith she is immodest, blames her 'miss\* ;  
 What follows more she murders with a kiss.

\* *'Miss*—*amiss*, fault. So in Sonnet CLI. :—

“Love is too young to know what conscience is ;  
 Yet who knows not conscience is born of love ?  
 Then, gentle cheater, urge not *my amiss*,  
 Lest guilty of my faults thy sweet self prove.”

Even as an empty eagle, sharp by fast,  
Tires<sup>a</sup> with her beak on feathers, flesh, and bone,  
Shaking her wings, devouring all in haste,  
Till either gorge be stuff'd, or prey be gone ;  
Even so she kiss'd his brow, his cheek, his chin,  
And where she ends she doth anew begin.

Forc'd to content<sup>b</sup>, but never to obey,  
Panting he lies, and breatheth in her face ;  
She feedeth on the steam, as on a prey,  
And calls it heavenly moisture, air of grace,  
Wishing her cheeks were gardens full of flowers,  
So they were dew'd with such distilling showers.

Look how a bird lies tangled in a net,  
So fasten'd in her arms Adonis lies ;  
Pure shame and aw'd resistance made him fret,  
Which bred more beauty in his angry eyes :  
Rain added to a river that is rank<sup>c</sup>,  
Perforce will force it overflow the bank.

Still she entreats, and prettily entreats,  
For to a pretty ear she tunes her tale ;  
Still is he sullen, still he low'rs and frets,  
Twixt crimson shame, and anger ashy pale ;  
Being red, she loves him best ; and being white,  
Her best is better'd with a more delight.

Look how he can, she cannot choose but love ;  
And by her fair immortal hand she swears  
From his soft bosom never to remove,  
Till he take truce with her contending tears,  
Which long have rain'd, making her cheeks all wet ;  
And one sweet kiss shall pay this countless debt.

Upon this promise did he raise his chin,  
Like a dive-dapper<sup>d</sup> peering through a wave,  
Who, being look'd on, ducks as quickly in ;  
So offers he to give what she did crave ;

<sup>a</sup> *Tires*—tears, preys. The image is to be found without variation in 'Henry VI., Part III.,' Act I., Scene 1:—

"Reveng'd may she be on that hateful duke ;  
Whose haughty spirit, winged with desire,  
Will cost my crown, and, *like an empty eagle*,  
*Tire* on the flesh of me and of my son."

<sup>b</sup> *Content*—acquiescence.

<sup>c</sup> *Rank*—full. Rank is often used to express excess or violence generally: and rankness is applied to a flood, in 'King John,' Act V., Scene 4:—

"And like a bated and retired flood,  
Leaving our *rankness* and irregular course."

<sup>d</sup> *Dive-dapper*. One of the familiar names of the dab-chick is dive-dapper or di-dapper; and



But when her lips were ready for his pay,  
He winks, and turns his lips another way.

Never did passenger in summer's heat  
More thirst for drink than she for this good turn :  
Her help she sees, but help she cannot get ;  
She bathes in water, yet her fire must burn :  
" O, pity," 'gan she cry, " flint-hearted boy !  
'T is but a kiss I beg ; why art thou coy ?

" I have been woo'd, as I entreat thee now,  
Even by the stern and direful god of war,  
Whose sinewy neck in battle ne'er did bow,  
Who conquers where he comes, in every jar ;  
Yet hath he been my captive and my slave,  
And begg'd for that which thou unask'd shalt have.

" Over my altars hath he hung his lance,  
His batter'd shield, his uncontrolled crest,  
And for my sake hath learn'd to sport and dance,  
To toy, to wanton, dally, smile, and jest ;  
Scorning his churlish drum, and ensign red,  
Making my arms his field, his tent my bed.

" Thus he that overrul'd I oversway'd,  
Leading him prisoner in a red-rose chain :  
Strong-temper'd steel his stronger strength obey'd,  
Yet was he servile to my coy disdain.  
O be not proud, nor brag not of thy might,  
For mastering her that foil'd the god of fight !

" Touch but my lips with those fair lips of thine,  
(Though mine be not so fair, yet are they red.)  
The kiss shall be thine own as well as mine :  
What seest thou in the ground ? hold up thy head ;  
Look in mine eyeballs, there thy beauty lies :  
Then why not lips on lips, since eyes in eyes ?

" Art thou asham'd to kiss ? then wink again,  
And I will wink, so shall the day seem night :  
Love keeps his revels where there are but twain ;  
Be bold to play, our sport is not in sight :  
These blue-vein'd violets whereon we lean  
Never can blab, nor know not what we mean.

this was the old poetical name. Beaumont and Fletcher, in the 'Woman Hater,' have a comparison of the mutability of fortune with this nimble water-bird:—"The misery of man may fitly be compared to a di-dapper, who, when she is under water past our sight, and indeed can seem no more to us, rises again, shakes but herself, and is the same she was."

"The tender spring upon thy tempting lip  
Shows thee unripe; yet mayst thou well be tasted;  
Make use of time, let not advantage slip;  
Beauty within itself should not be wasted:  
Fair flowers that are not gather'd in their prime  
Rot and consume themselves in little time.

"Were I hard-favour'd, foul, or wrinkled-old,  
Ill-nurtur'd, crooked, churlish, harsh in voice,  
O'er-worn, despised, rheumatic, and cold,  
Thick-sighted, barren, lean, and lacking juice,  
Then mightst thou pause, for then I were not for thee;  
But having no defects, why dost abhor me?

"Thou canst not see one wrinkle in my brow;  
Mine eyes are gray\*, and bright, and quick in turning;  
My beauty as the spring doth yearly grow,  
My flesh is soft and plump, my marrow burning;  
My smooth moist hand, were it with thy hand felt,  
Would in thy palm dissolve, or seem to melt.

"Bid me discourse, I will enchant thine ear,  
Or, like a fairy, trip upon the green,  
Or, like a nymph, with long dishevell'd hair,  
Dance on the sands, and yet no footing seen:  
Love is a spirit all compact of fire,  
Not gross to sink, but light, and will aspire.

"Witness this primrose bank whereon I lie;  
These forceless flowers like sturdy trees support me;  
Two strengthless doves will draw me through the sky,  
From morn to night, even where I list to sport me:  
Is love so light, sweet boy, and may it be  
That thou shouldst think it heavy unto thee?

"Is thine own heart to thine own face affected?  
Can thy right hand seize love upon thy left?  
Then woo thyself, be of thyself rejected,  
Steal thine own freedom, and complain on theft.  
Narcissus so himself himself forsook,  
And died to kiss his shadow in the brook.

"Torches are made to light, jewels to wear,  
Dainties to taste, fresh beauty for the use,  
Herbs for their smell, and sappy plants to bear;  
Things growing to themselves are growth's abuse:

\* *Gray* is said to be here used as *blue*. We have subsequently—

"Her two *blue* windows faintly she upheaveth."

But the *eye-lids* are the "blue windows."

Seeds spring from seeds, and beauty breedeth beauty,  
Thou wast begot,—to get it is thy duty.

“Upon the earth's increase why shouldst thou feed,  
Unless the earth with thy increase be fed?  
By law of Nature thou art bound to breed,  
That thine may live, when thou thyself art dead;  
And so in spite of death thou dost survive,  
In that thy likeness still is left alive.”

By this the love-sick queen began to sweat,  
For, where they lay, the shadow had forsook them,  
And Titan, 'tired<sup>a</sup> in the midday heat,  
With burning eye did hotly overlook them;  
Wishing Adonis had his team to guide,  
So he were like him, and by Venus' side.

And now Adonis, with a lazy spright,  
And with a heavy, dark, disliking eye,  
His lowering brows o'erwhelming his fair sight,  
Like misty vapours when they blot the sky,  
Souring his cheeks, cries, “Fie, no more of love!  
The sun doth burn my face; I must remove.”

“Ah me,” quoth Venus, “young, and so unkind!  
What bare excuses mak'st thou to be gone!  
I'll sigh celestial breath, whose gentle wind  
Shall cool the heat of this descending sun;  
I'll make a shadow for thee of my hairs;  
If they burn too, I'll quench them with my tears.

“The sun that shines from heaven shines but warm,  
And lo, I lie between that sun and thee;  
The heat I have from thence doth little harm,  
Thine eye darts forth the fire that burneth me:  
And were I not immortal, life were done,  
Between this heavenly and earthly sun.

“Art thou obdurate, flinty, hard as steel,  
Nay, more than flint, for stone at rain relenteth?  
Art thou a woman's son, and canst not feel  
What 't is to love? how want of love tormenteth?  
O had thy mother borne so hard a mind,  
She had not brought forth thee, but died unkind<sup>b</sup>.

<sup>a</sup> 'Tired—attired.

<sup>b</sup> *Unkind*. Milton applies the same epithet, in the same way, in his 'Doctrine of Divorce':—  
“The desire and longing to put off an *unkindly* solitariness by uniting another body, but not without a fit soul, to his, in the cheerful society of wedlock.”

"What am I, that thou shouldst contemn<sup>a</sup> me this?  
 Or what great danger dwells upon my suit?  
 What were thy lips the worse for one poor kiss?  
 Speak, fair; but speak fair words, or else be mute:  
 Give me one kiss, I'll give it thee again,  
 And one for interest, if thou wilt have twain.

"Fie, lifeless picture, cold and senseless stone,  
 Well-painted idol, image dull and dead,  
 Statue contenting but the eye alone,  
 Thing like a man, but of no woman bred;  
 Thou art no man, though of a man's complexion,  
 For men will kiss even by their own direction."

This said, impatience chokes her pleading tongue,  
 And swelling passion doth provoke a pause;  
 Red cheeks and fiery eyes blaze forth her wrong;  
 Being judge in love, she cannot right her cause:  
 And now she weeps, and now she fain would speak,  
 And now her sobs do her intendments<sup>b</sup> break.

Sometimes she shakes her head, and then his hand,  
 Now gazeth she on him, now on the ground;  
 Sometimes her arms infold him like a band:  
 She would, he will not in her arms be bound;  
 And when from thence he struggles to be gone,  
 She locks her lily fingers one in one.

"Fondling," she saith, "since I have hemm'd thee here,  
 Within the circuit of this ivory pale,  
 I'll be a park, and thou shalt be my deer;  
 Feed where thou wilt, on mountain or in dale:  
 Graze on my lips; and if those hills be dry,  
 Stray lower, where the pleasant fountains lie.

"Within this limit is relief enough,  
 Sweet bottom-grass, and high delightful plain,  
 Round rising hillocks, brakes obscure and rough,  
 To shelter thee from tempest and from rain;  
 Then be my deer, since I am such a park;  
 No dog shall rouse thee, tho' a thousand bark."

At this Adonis smiles as in disdain,  
 That in each cheek appears a pretty dimple:  
 Love made those hollows, if himself were slain,  
 He might be buried in a tomb so simple;

<sup>a</sup> *Contemn* is here used in the sense of throw aside; as Malone explains it, "Contemptuously refuse this favour."

<sup>b</sup> *Intendments*—intentions. So in 'Othello,' Act IV., Scene 2:—"I have said nothing but what I protest *intendment* of doing." The word continued to be used long after the time of Shakspeare.

Foreknowing well if there he came to lie,  
 Why there Love liv'd and there he could not die.

These lovely caves, these round-enchanting pits,  
 Open'd their mouths to swallow Venus' liking:  
 Being mad before, how doth she now for wits?  
 Struck dead at first, what needs a second striking?

Poor queen of love, in thine own law forlorn,  
 To love a cheek that smiles at thee in scorn!

Now which way shall she turn? what shall she say?  
 Her words are done, her woes the more increasing,  
 The time is spent, her object will away,  
 And from her twining arms doth urge releasing:  
 "Pity"—she cries,—“some favour—some remorse”—  
 Away he springs, and hasteth to his horse.



But lo, from forth a copse that neighbours by,  
 A breeding jennet, lusty, young, and proud,  
 Adonis' trampling courser doth espy,  
 And forth she rushes, snorts, and neighs aloud:  
 The strong-neck'd steed, being tied unto a tree,  
 Breaketh his rein, and to her straight goes he.

\* *Remorse*—tenderness.

Imperiously he leaps, he neighs, he bounds,  
 And now his woven girths he breaks asunder;  
 The bearing earth with his hard hoof he wounds,  
 Whose hollow womb resounds like heaven's thunder;  
 The iron bit he crushes 'tween his teeth,  
 Controlling what he was controlled with.

His ears up prick'd; his braided hanging mane  
 Upon his compass'd<sup>a</sup> crest now stand on end<sup>b</sup>;  
 His nostrils drink the air, and forth again,  
 As from a furnace, vapours doth he send:  
 His eye, which scornfully glisters like fire,  
 Shows his hot courage and his high desire.

Sometimes he trots, as if he told the steps,  
 With gentle majesty, and modest pride;  
 Anon he rears upright, curvets, and leaps,  
 As who should say, lo<sup>c</sup>! thus my strength is tried;  
 And this I do to captivate the eye  
 Of the fair breeder that is standing by.

What reckoneth he his rider's angry stir,  
 His flattering "holla,"<sup>d</sup> or his "Stand, I say?"  
 What cares he now for curb, or pricking spur?  
 For rich caparisons, or trapping gay?  
 He sees his love, and nothing else he sees,  
 Nor nothing else with his proud sight agrees.

Look, when a painter would surpass the life,  
 In limning out a well-proportion'd steed,  
 His art with nature's workmanship at strife,  
 As if the dead the living should exceed;  
 So did this horse excel a common one,  
 In shape, in courage, colour, pace, and bone.

<sup>a</sup> *Compass'd*—arched.

<sup>b</sup> *Mane* is here used as a plural noun. In a note on 'Othello,' Act II., Scene 1, we justified the adoption of a new reading—

"The wind-shak'd surge, with high and monstrous mane—"

upon the belief that in this line we have a picture which was probably suggested in the noble passage of Job:—"Hast thou given the horse strength? Hast thou clothed his neck with thunder?" The passage before us shows that the image was familiar to the mind of Shakspeare, of the majesty of the war-horse erecting his mane under the influence of passion.

<sup>c</sup> This is a faint echo of the wonderful passage in Job—"He saith among the trumpets, Ha, ha!"

<sup>d</sup> *Holla*. *Ho* is the ancient interjection, giving notice to stop. The word before us is certainly the same as the French *hola*, and is explained in Cotgrave's French Dictionary as meaning enough, soft, soft, no more of that."

Round-hoof'd, short-jointed, fetlocks shag and long,  
 Broad breast, full eye, small head, and nostril wide,  
 High crest, short ears, straight legs, and passing strong,  
 Thin mane, thick tail, broad buttock, tender hide :  
     Look what a horse should have, he did not lack,  
     Save a proud rider on so proud a back.

Sometime he scuds far off, and there he stares ;  
 Anon he starts at stirring of a feather ;  
 To bid the wind a base<sup>a</sup> he now prepares,  
 And whe'r he run, or fly, they knew not whether ;  
     For thro' his mane and tail the high wind sings,  
     Fanning the hairs, who wave like feather'd wings.

He looks upon his love and neighs unto her ;  
 She answers him as if she knew his mind :  
 Being proud, as females are, to see him woo her,  
 She puts on outward strangeness, seems unkind ;  
     Spurns at his love, and scorns the heat he feels,  
     Beating his kind embracements with her heels.

Then, like a melancholy malecontent,  
 He vails<sup>b</sup> his tail, that, like a falling plume,  
 Cool shadow to his melting buttock lent ;  
 He stamps, and bites the poor flies in his fume :  
     His love, perceiving how he is enrag'd,  
     Grew kinder, and his fury was assuag'd.

His testy master goeth about to take him ;  
 When lo, the unback'd breeder, full of fear,  
 Jealous of catching, swiftly doth forsake him,  
 With her the horse, and left Adonis there :  
     As they were mad unto the wood they hie them,  
     Out-stripping crows that strive to over-fly them.

All swoln with chasing down Adonis sits,  
 Banning his boisterous and unruly beast ;  
 And now the happy season once more fits,  
 That love-sick Love by pleading may be blest ;  
     For lovers say the heart hath treble wrong,  
     When it is barr'd the aidance of the tongue.

<sup>a</sup> In the game of *base*, or *prison base*, one runs and challenges another to pursue. "To bid the wind a base" is therefore to challenge the wind to speed. We have the same expression in the early play of 'The Two Gentlemen of Verona:—

"Indeed, I bid the base for Proteus."

<sup>b</sup> *Vails*—lowers.

An oven that is stopp'd, or river stay'd,  
 Burneth more hotly, swelleth with more rage :  
 So of concealed sorrow may be said ;  
 Free vent of words love's fire doth assuage ;  
 But when the heart's attorney<sup>a</sup> once is mute,  
 The client breaks, as desperate in his suit.

He sees her coming, and begins to glow,  
 Even as a dying coal revives with wind,  
 And with his bonnet hides his angry brow ;  
 Looks on the dull earth with disturbed mind ;  
 Taking no notice that she is so nigh,  
 For all askaunce he holds her in his eye.

O what a sight it was, wistly to view  
 How she came stealing to the wayward boy !  
 To note the fighting conflict of her hue !  
 How white and red each other did destroy !  
 But now her cheek was pale, and by and by  
 It flash'd forth fire, as lightning from the sky.

Now was she just before him as he sat,  
 And like a lowly lover down she kneels ;  
 With one fair hand she heaveth up his hat,  
 Her other tender hand his fair cheek feels ;  
 His tenderer cheek receives her soft hand's print,  
 As apt as new-fallen snow takes any dint.

O what a war of looks was then between them !  
 Her eyes, petitioners, to his eyes suing ;  
 His eyes saw her eyes as they had not seen them ;  
 Her eyes woo'd still, his eyes disdain'd the wooing :  
 And all this dumb play had his<sup>b</sup> acts made plain  
 With tears, which, chorus-like, her eyes did rain.

Full gently now she takes him by the hand,  
 A lily prison'd in a gaol of snow,  
 Or ivory in an alabaster band ;  
 So white a friend engirts so white a foe :  
 This beauteous combat, wilful and unwilling,  
 Show'd like two silver doves that sit a billing.

<sup>a</sup> In 'Richard III.' we have—

"Why should calamity be full of words?  
 Windy attorneys to their client woes."

The tongue, in the passage before us, is the attorney to the heart.

<sup>b</sup> *His* for *its*.



Once more the engine of her thoughts began :  
 " O fairest mover on this mortal round,  
 Would thou wert as I am, and I a man,  
 My heart all whole as thine, thy heart my wound<sup>a</sup> ;  
 For one sweet look thy help I would assure thee,  
 Though nothing but my body's bane would cure thee."

" Give me my hand," saith he, " why dost thou feel it ?"  
 " Give me my heart," saith she, " and thou shalt have it ;  
 O give it me, lest thy hard heart do steel it,  
 And being steel'd, soft sighs can never grave it<sup>b</sup> :  
 Then love's deep groans I never shall regard,  
 Because Adonis' heart hath made mine hard."

" For shame," he cries, " let go, and let me go ;  
 My day's delight is past, my horse is gone,  
 And 't is your fault I am bereft him so ;  
 I pray you hence, and leave me here alone :  
 For all my mind, my thought, my busy care,  
 Is how to get my palfrey from the mare."

Thus she replies : " Thy palfrey, as he should,  
 Welcomes the warm approach of sweet desire.  
 Affection is a coal that must be cool'd ;  
 Else, suffer'd, it will set the heart on fire :  
 The sea hath bounds, but deep desire hath none,  
 Therefore no marvel though thy horse be gone."

" How like a jade he stood, tied to the tree,  
 Servilely master'd with a leathern rein !  
 But when he saw his love, his youth's fair fee,  
 He held such petty bondage in disdain ;  
 Throwing the base thong from his bending crest,  
 Enfranchising his mouth, his back, his breast."

" Who sees his true love in her naked bed,  
 Teaching the sheets a whiter hue than white,  
 But when his glutton eye so full hath fed,  
 His other agents aim at like delight ?  
 Who is so faint that dare not be so bold  
 To touch the fire, the weather being cold ?

" Let me excuse thy courser, gentle boy ;  
 And learn of him, I heartily beseech thee,  
 To take advantage on presented joy ;  
 Though I were dumb, yet his proceedings teach thee."

<sup>a</sup> Malone explains this " thy heart wounded as mine is."

<sup>b</sup> Grave—engrave.

O learn to love; the lesson is but plain,  
And, once made perfect, never lost again."

"I know not love," quoth he, "nor will not know it,  
Unless it be a boar, and then I chase it:  
'T is much to borrow, and I will not owe it;  
My love to love is love but to disgrace it;  
For I have heard it is a life in death,  
That laughs and weeps, and all but with a breath.

"Who wears a garment shapeless and unfinish'd?  
Who plucks the bud before one leaf put forth?  
If springing things be any jot diminish'd,  
They wither in their prime, prove nothing worth:  
The colt that 's back'd and burthen'd being young  
Loseth his pride, and never waxeth strong.

"You hurt my hand with wringing; let us part,  
And leave this idle theme, this bootless chat:  
Remove your siege from my unyielding heart;  
To love's alarm it will not ope the gate.  
Dismiss your vows, your feigned tears, your flattery;  
For where a heart is hard, they make no battery."

"What! canst thou talk," quoth she, "hast thou a tongue?  
O would thou hadst not, or I had no hearing!  
Thy mermaid's voice\* hath done me double wrong;  
I had my load before, now press'd with bearing:  
Melodious discord, heavenly tune harsh sounding,  
Ear's deep-sweet music, and heart's deep-sore wounding.

"Had I no eyes, but ears, my ears would love  
That inward beauty and invisible;  
Or, were I deaf, thy outward parts would move  
Each part in me that were but sensible:  
Though neither eyes nor ears, to hear nor see,  
Yet should I be in love, by touching thee.

"Say, that the sense of feeling were bereft me,  
And that I could not see, nor hear, nor touch,  
And nothing but the very smell were left me,  
Yet would my love to thee be still as much;  
For from the still'tory of thy face excelling  
Comes breath perfum'd, that breedeth love by smelling.

\* *Mermaid's voice.* *Mermaid* and *syren* were formerly used as synonymous. So in 'The Comedy of Errors,' Act III., Scene 2:—

"O, train me not, sweet *mermaid*, with thy note,  
To drown me in thy sister's flood of tears;  
Sing, *syren*, for thyself, and I will dote."

" But O, what banquet wert thou to the taste,  
 Being nurse and feeder of the other four!  
 Would they not wish the feast might ever last,  
 And bid Suspicion double-lock the door?  
 Lest Jealousy, that sour unwelcome guest,  
 Should, by his stealing in, disturb the feast."

Once more the ruby-colour'd portal open'd,  
 Which to his speech did honey passage yield;  
 Like a red morn, that ever yet betoken'd  
 Wreck to the seaman, tempest to the field,  
 Sorrow to shepherds, woe unto the birds,  
 Gusts and foul flaws<sup>a</sup> to herdmen and to herds.

This ill presage advisedly she marketh:  
 Even as the wind is hush'd before it raineth,  
 Or as the wolf doth grin before he barketh,  
 Or as the berry breaks before it staineth,  
 Or like the deadly bullet of a gun,  
 His meaning struck her ere his words begun.

And at his look she flatly falleth down,  
 For looks kill love, and love by looks reviveth:  
 A smile recures the wounding of a frown,  
 But blessed bankrupt, that by love so thriveth!  
 The silly boy, believing she is dead,  
 Claps her pale cheek, till clapping makes it red;

And all-amaz'd brake off his late intent,  
 For sharply he did think to reprehend her,  
 Which cunning love did wittily prevent:  
 Fair fall the wit that can so well defend her!  
 For on the grass she lies as she were slain,  
 Till his breath breatheth life in her again.

He wrings her nose, he strikes her on the cheeks,  
 He bends her fingers, holds her pulses hard;  
 He chafes her lips, a thousand ways he seeks  
 To mend the hurt that his unkindness marr'd;  
 He kisses her; and she, by her good will,  
 Will never rise so he will kiss her still.

The night of sorrow now is turn'd to day:  
 Her two blue windows<sup>b</sup> faintly she upheaveth,

<sup>a</sup> *Flaws* is here used in the sense of violent blasts.

<sup>b</sup> The windows are doubtless the eyelids, but the epithet blue is somewhat startling. We must remember that Shakspeare has described violets as

"Sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes."

The propriety of this epithet is fully noticed by us in 'Cymbeline,' Act II., Scene 2.

Like the fair sun, when in his fresh array  
 He cheers the morn, and all the world relieveth :  
 And as the bright sun glorifies the sky,  
 So is her face illumin'd with her eye ;



Whose beams upon his hairless face are fix'd,  
 As if from thence they borrow'd all their shine.  
 Were never four such lamps together mix'd,  
 Had not his clouded with his brows' repine<sup>a</sup> ;  
 But hers, which thro' the crystal tears gave light,  
 Shone like the moon in water seen by night<sup>b</sup>.

"O, where am I?" quoth she, "in earth or heaven,  
 Or in the ocean drench'd, or in the fire?  
 What hour is this? or morn or weary even?  
 Do I delight to die, or life desire?"

<sup>a</sup> *Repine*—used as a substantive. Chaucer employs *pine* in the same manner.

<sup>b</sup> In Shakspeare's early plays we frequently meet the same image that is found in these early poems. Thus in 'Love's Labour's Lost':—

"Nor shines the silver moon one half so bright  
 Through the transparent bosom of the deep,  
 As doth thy face through tears of mine give light:  
 Thou shin'st in every tear that I do weep."

But now I liv'd, and life was death's annoy;  
But now I died, and death was lively joy.

"O thou didst kill me;—kill me once again:  
Thy eyes' shrewd tutor, that hard heart of thine,  
Hath taught them scornful tricks, and such disdain  
That they have murder'd this poor heart of mine;  
And these mine eyes, true leaders to their queen,  
But for thy piteous lips no more had seen.

"Long may they kiss each other, for this cure!  
O never let their crimson liveries wear!  
And as they last, their verdure still endure,  
To drive infection\* from the dangerous year!  
That the star-gazers, having writ on death,  
May say the plague is banish'd by thy breath.

"Pure lips, sweet seals in my soft lips imprinted,  
What bargains may I make, still to be sealing?  
To sell myself I can be well contented,  
So thou wilt buy, and pay, and use good dealing;  
Which purchase if thou make, for fear of slips,  
Set thy seal-manual on my wax-red lips.

"A thousand kisses buys my heart from me;  
And pay them at thy leisure, one by one.  
What is ten hundred touches unto thee?  
Are they not quickly told, and quickly gone?  
Say, for non-payment that the debt should double<sup>b</sup>,  
Is twenty hundred kisses such a trouble?"

"Fair queen," quoth he, "if any love you owe me,  
Measure my strangeness<sup>c</sup> with my unripe years;  
Before I know myself seek not to know me;  
No fisher but the ungrown fry forbears:  
The mellow plum doth fall, the green sticks fast,  
Or being early pluck'd is sour to taste.

"Look, the world's comforter, with weary gait,  
His day's hot task hath ended in the west:  
The owl, night's herald, shrieks,—'t is very late;  
The sheep are gone to fold, birds to their nest;  
And coal-black clouds that shadow heaven's light  
Do summon us to part, and bid good night.

\* The custom of strewing houses with fragrant herbs was universal at a period when the constant recurrence of the plague habituated families to the use of what they considered preventives. It was this cause which rendered Bucklersbury at simpling time such a crowded mart.

<sup>b</sup> Here is one of the many traces of Shakspeare's legal studies—an allusion to the penalty for non-payment which formed the condition of a money-bond.

<sup>c</sup> *Strangeness*—coyness or bashfulness.

"Now let me say 'good night,' and so say you;  
 If you will say so, you shall have a kiss."  
 "Good night," quoth she; and, ere he says "adieu,"  
 The honey fee of parting tender'd is:  
     Her arms do lend his neck a sweet embrace;  
     Incorporate then they seem; face grows to face.  
 Till, breathless, he disjoin'd, and backward drew  
 The heavenly moisture, that sweet coral mouth,  
 Whose precious taste her thirsty lips well knew,  
 Whereon they surfeit yet complain on drouth:  
     He with her plenty press'd, she faint with dearth,  
     (Their lips together glued,) fall to the earth.  
 Now quick Desire hath caught the yielding prey,  
 And glutton-like she feeds, yet never filleth;  
 Her lips are conquerors, his lips obey,  
 Paying what ransom the insulter willeth;  
     Whose vulture thought doth pitch the price so high,  
     That she will draw his lips' rich treasure dry.  
 And having felt the sweetness of the spoil,  
 With blindfold fury she begins to forage;  
 Her face doth reek and smoke, her blood doth boil,  
 And careless lust stirs up a desperate courage;  
     Planting oblivion, beating reason back,  
     Forgetting shame's pure blush, and honour's wrack.  
 Hot, faint, and weary, with her hard embracing,  
 Like a wild bird being tam'd with too much handling,  
 Or as the fleet-foot roe that 's tir'd with chasing,  
 Or like the froward infant still'd with dandling,  
     He now obeys, and now no more resisteth,  
     While she takes all she can, not all she listeth.  
 What wax so frozen but dissolves with tempering,  
 And yields at last to every light impression<sup>a</sup>?  
 Things out of hope are compass'd oft with venturing,  
 Chiefly in love, whose leave<sup>b</sup> exceeds commission:  
     Affection faints not like a pale-fac'd coward,  
     But then woos best when most his choice is froward.  
 When he did frown, O, had she then gave over,  
 Such nectar from his lips she had not suck'd.  
 Foul words and frowns must not repel a lover;  
 What though the rose have prickles, yet 't is pluck'd:

<sup>a</sup> The soft wax upon which the seal attached to a legal instrument was impressed required to be tempered before the impression was made upon it. So Falstaff says of Justice Shallow—"I have him already tempering between my finger and my thumb, and shortly will I seal with him."

<sup>b</sup> Leave—licence.

Were beauty under twenty locks kept fast,  
Yet love breaks through, and picks them all at last.

For pity now she can no more detain him ;  
The poor fool<sup>a</sup> prays her that he may depart :  
She is resolv'd no longer to restrain him ;  
Bids him farewell, and look well to her heart,  
The which, by Cupid's bow she doth protest,  
He carries thence incaged in his breast.

"Sweet boy," she says, "this night I'll waste in sorrow,  
For my sick heart commands mine eyes to watch.  
Tell me, love's master, shall we meet to-morrow ?  
Say, shall we ? shall we ? wilt thou make the match ?"  
He tells her, no ; to-morrow he intends  
To hunt the boar with certain of his friends.

"The boar !" quoth she ; whereat a sudden pale,  
Like lawn being spread upon the blushing rose,  
Usurps her cheeks ; she trembles at his tale,  
And on his neck her yoking arms she throws :  
She sinketh down, still hanging by his neck,  
He on her belly falls, she on her back.

Now is she in the very lists of love,  
Her champion mounted for the hot encounter :  
All is imaginary she doth prove,  
He will not manage her, although he mount her ;  
That worse than Tantalus' is her annoy,  
To clip Elysium, and to lack her joy.

Even as poor birds, deceiv'd with painted grapes<sup>b</sup>,  
Do surfeit by the eye, and pine the maw,  
Even so she languisheth in her mishaps,  
As those poor birds that helpless<sup>c</sup> berries saw :  
The warm effects which she in him finds missing,  
She seeks to kindle with continual kissing.

But all in vain ; good queen, it will not be :  
She hath assay'd as much as may be prov'd ;  
Her pleading hath deserv'd a greater fee ;  
She's Love, she loves, and yet she is not lov'd.  
"Fie, fie," he says, "you crush me ; let me go ;  
You have no reason to withhold me so."

<sup>a</sup> No reader of Shakspeare can forget the pathos with which he has employed this expression in another place—"And my poor fool is hanged."

<sup>b</sup> The allusion is to the picture of Zeuxis, mentioned by Pliny. We may observe that there was no English translation of Pliny so early as the date of this poem.

<sup>c</sup> Helpless—that afford no help.

"Thou hadst been gone," quoth she, "sweet boy, ere this,  
But that thou told'st me thou wouldst hunt the boar,  
O be advis'd! thou know'st not what it is  
With javelin's point a churlish swine to gore,  
Whose tushes never-sheath'd he whetteth still,  
Like to a mortal<sup>a</sup> butcher, bent to kill.

"On his bow-back he hath a battle set  
Of bristly pikes, that ever threat his foes;  
His eyes like glowworms shine when he doth fret:  
His snout digs sepulchres where'er he goes;  
Being mov'd, he strikes whate'er is in his way,  
And whom he strikes his cruel tushes slay.

"His brawny sides, with hairy bristles arm'd,  
Are better proof than thy spear's point can enter;  
His short thick neck cannot be easily harm'd;  
Being ireful, on the lion he will venture:  
The thorny brambles and embracing bushes,  
As fearful of him, part; through whom he rushes.

"Alas! he nought esteems that face of thine,  
To which Love's eyes pay tributary gazes;  
Nor thy soft hands, sweet lips, and crystal eyne,  
Whose full perfection all the world amazes;  
But having thee at vantage (wondrous dread!)  
Would root these beauties as he roots the mead.

"O, let him keep his loathsome cabin still!  
Beauty hath nought to do with such foul fiends:  
Come not within his danger<sup>b</sup> by thy will;  
They that thrive well take counsel of their friends.  
When thou didst name the boar, not to dissemble,  
I fear'd thy fortune, and my joints did tremble.

"Didst thou not mark my face? Was it not white?  
Saw'st thou not signs of fear lurk in mine eye?  
Grew I not faint? And fell I not downright?  
Within my bosom, whereon thou dost lie,  
My boding heart pants, beats, and takes no rest,  
But, like an earthquake, shakes thee on my breast.

"For where Love reigns, disturbing Jealousy  
Doth call himself Affection's sentinel;  
Gives false alarms, suggesteth mutiny,  
And in a peaceful hour doth cry, 'kill, kill!'

<sup>a</sup> *Mortal*—deadly.

<sup>b</sup> *Danger*—power of doing harm. So in 'The Merchant of Venice,' Act IV., Scene 1:—  
"You stand within his danger."

See Note on that passage.



Distempering gentle Love in his desire,  
As air and water do abate the fire.

"This sour informer, this bate-breeding<sup>a</sup> spy,  
This canker that eats up love's tender spring<sup>b</sup>,  
This carry-tale, dissentious jealousy,  
That sometime true news, sometime false doth bring,  
Knocks at my heart, and whispers in mine ear,  
That if I love thee I thy death should fear:

"And more than so, presenteth to mine eye  
The picture of an angry-chafing boar,  
Under whose sharp fangs on his back doth lie  
An image like thyself, all stain'd with gore;  
Whose blood upon the fresh flowers being shed  
Doth make them droop with grief, and hang the head.

"What should I do, seeing thee so indeed,  
That tremble at the imagination?  
The thought of it doth make my faint heart bleed,  
And fear doth teach it divination:  
I prophesy thy death, my living sorrow,  
If thou encounter with the boar to-morrow.

"But if thou needs wilt hunt, be rul'd by me;  
Uncouple at the timorous flying hare,  
Or at the fox, which lives by subtilty,  
Or at the roe, which no encounter dare:  
Pursue these fearful creatures o'er the downs,  
And on thy well-breath'd horse keep with thy hounds.

"And when thou hast on foot the purblind hare,  
Mark the poor wretch, to overshoot<sup>c</sup> his troubles,  
How he outruns the wind, and with what care  
He cranks<sup>d</sup> and crosses, with a thousand doubles:  
The many musits<sup>e</sup> through the which he goes  
Are like a labyrinth to amaze his foes.

"Sometime he runs among a flock of sheep,  
To make the cunning hounds mistake their smell,

<sup>a</sup> *Bate* signifies strife. Mrs. Quickly says that John Rugby is no breed-bate.

<sup>b</sup> *Spring*—bud or young shoot.

<sup>c</sup> *Overshoot*. The original editions read *overshut*. This reading is retained by Malone.

<sup>d</sup> *Cranks*—winds. So in 'Henry IV., Part I':—

"See how this river comes me cranking in."

<sup>e</sup> *Musits*. The term is explained in Markham's 'Gentlemen's Academy,' 1595:—"We term the place where she [the hare] sitteth her form; the place through which she goes to relief her musit."

And sometime where earth-delving conies keep<sup>a</sup>,  
 To stop the loud pursuers in their yell;  
 And sometime sorteth<sup>b</sup> with a herd of deer;  
 Danger deviseth shifts; wit waits on fear:  
 "For there his smell with others being mingled,  
 The hot scent-snuffing hounds are driven to doubt,  
 Ceasing their clamorous cry till they have singled  
 With much ado the cold fault cleanly out;  
 Then do they spend their mouths: Echo replies,  
 As if another chase were in the skies.



"By this, poor Wat, far off upon a hill,  
 Stands on his hinder legs with listening ear,  
 To hearken if his foes pursue him still;  
 Anon their loud alarums he doth hear;  
 And now his grief may be compared well  
 To one sore sick that hears the passing-bell.  
 "Then shalt thou see the dew-bedabbled wretch,  
 Turn and return, indenting with the way;  
 Each envious briar his weary legs doth scratch,  
 Each shadow makes him stop, each murmur stay:  
 For misery is trodden on by many,  
 And being low never reliev'd by any.  
 "Lie quietly, and hear a little more;  
 Nay, do not struggle, for thou shalt not rise:  
 To make thee hate the hunting of the boar,  
 Unlike myself thou hear'st me moralise<sup>c</sup>,  
 Applying this to that, and so to so;  
 For love can comment upon every woe.

<sup>a</sup> Keep—dwell.<sup>b</sup> Sorteth—consorteth.<sup>c</sup> Moralise—comment.

- "Where did I leave?"—"No matter where," quoth he;  
 "Leave me, and then the story aptly ends:  
 The night is spent."—"Why, what of that?" quoth she.  
 "I am," quoth he, "expected of my friends;  
 And now 't is dark, and going I shall fall."  
 "In night," quoth she, "desire sees best of all.
- "But if thou fall, O then imagine this,  
 The earth in love with thee thy footing trips,  
 And all is but to rob thee of a kiss.  
 Rich preys make true men thieves; so do thy lips  
 Make modest Dian cloudy and forlorn,  
 Lest she should steal a kiss, and die forsworn.
- "Now of this dark night I perceive the reason:  
 Cynthia for shame obscures her silver shine,  
 Till forging Nature be condemn'd of treason,  
 For stealing moulds from heaven that were divine,  
 Wherein she fram'd thee in high heaven's despite,  
 To shame the sun by day, and her by night.
- "And therefore hath she brib'd the Destinies,  
 To cross the curious workmanship of nature,  
 To mingle beauty with infirmities,  
 And pure perfection with impure defeature;  
 Making it subject to the tyranny  
 Of mad mischances and much misery;
- "As burning fevers, agues pale and faint,  
 Life-poisoning pestilence, and frenzies wood\*,  
 The marrow-eating sickness, whose attaint  
 Disorder breeds by heating of the blood:  
 Surfeits, imposthumes, grief, and damn'd despair,  
 Swear Nature's death for framing thee so fair.
- "And not the least of all these maladies,  
 But in one minute's fight brings beauty under:  
 Both favour, savour, hue, and qualities,  
 Whereat the impartial gazer late did wonder,  
 Are on the sudden wasted, thaw'd, and done<sup>b</sup>,  
 As mountain-snow melts with the midday sun.
- "Therefore, despite of fruitless chastity,  
 Love-lacking vestals, and self-loving nuns,  
 That on the earth would breed a scarcity  
 And barren dearth of daughters and of sons,  
 Be prodigal: the lamp that burns by night  
 Dries up his oil to lend the world his light.

\* Wood—mad.

<sup>b</sup> Done—destroyed.

"What is thy body but a swallowing grave,  
Seeming to bury that posterity  
Which by the rights of time thou needs must have,  
If thou destroy them not in dark obscurity?  
If so, the world will hold thee in disdain,  
Sith in thy pride so fair a hope is slain.

"So in thyself thyself art made away;  
A mischief worse than civil home-bred strife,  
Or theirs whose desperate hands themselves do slay,  
Or butcher-sire, that reaves his son of life.  
Foul cankering rust the hidden treasure frets,  
But gold that's put to use more gold begets."

"Nay, then," quoth Adon, "you will fall again  
Into your idle over-handled theme;  
The kiss I gave you is bestow'd in vain,  
And all in vain you strive against the stream;  
For by this black-fac'd night, desire's foul nurse,  
Your treatise makes me like you worse and worse.

"If love have lent you twenty thousand tongues,  
And every tongue more moving than your own,  
Bewitching like the wanton mermaid's songs,  
Yet from mine ear the tempting tune is blown;  
For know, my heart stands armed in mine ear,  
And will not let a false sound enter there;

"Lest the deceiving harmony should run  
Into the quiet closure of my breast;  
And then my little heart were quite undone,  
In his bedchamber to be barr'd of rest.  
No, lady, no; my heart longs not to groan,  
But soundly sleeps, while now it sleeps alone.

"What have you urg'd that I cannot reprove?  
The path is smooth that leadeth on to danger;  
I hate not love, but your device in love,  
That lends embracements unto every stranger.  
You do it for increase; O strange excuse!  
When reason is the bawd to lust's abuse.

"Call it not love, for love to heaven is fled,  
Since sweating lust on earth usurp'd his name;  
Under whose simple semblance he hath fed  
Upon fresh beauty, blotting it with blame;  
Which the hot tyrant stains, and soon bereaves,  
As caterpillars do the tender leaves.

"Love comforteth like sunshine after rain,  
 But lust's effect is tempest after sun;  
 Love's gentle spring doth always fresh remain;  
 Lust's winter comes ere summer half be done.  
 Love surfeits not; lust like a glutton dies:  
 Love is all truth; lust full of forged lies.

"More I could tell, but more I dare not say;  
 The text is old, the orator too green.  
 Therefore, in sadness, now I will away;  
 My face is full of shame, my heart of teen<sup>a</sup>;  
 Mine ears that to your wanton talk attended  
 Do burn themselves for having so offended."

With this he breaketh from the sweet embrace  
 Of those fair arms which bound him to her breast,  
 And homeward through the dark laund<sup>b</sup> runs apace;  
 Leaves Love upon her back deeply distress'd.

Look how a bright star shooteth from the sky,  
 So glides he in the night from Venus' eye;

Which after him she darts, as one on shore  
 Gazing upon a late-embarked friend,  
 Till the wild waves will have him seen no more,  
 Whose ridges with the meeting clouds contend;  
 So did the merciless and pitchy night  
 Fold in the object that did feed her sight.

Whereat amaz'd, as one that unaware  
 Hath dropp'd a precious jewel in the flood,  
 Or 'stonish'd as night-wanderers often are,  
 Their light blown out in some mistrustful wood;  
 Even so confounded in the dark she lay,  
 Having lost the fair discovery of her way.

And now she beats her heart, whereat it groans,  
 That all the neighbour-caves, as seeming troubled,  
 Make verbal repetition of her moans;  
 Passion on passion deeply is redoubled:  
 "Ah me!" she cries, and twenty times, "woe, woe!"  
 And twenty echoes twenty times cry so.

She, marking them, begins a wailing note,  
 And sings extemp'rally a woeful ditty;

<sup>a</sup> Teen—grief.

<sup>b</sup> Laund—lawn. Camden describes a lawn as a plain among trees, and the epithet dark confirms this explanation. We have such a scene in 'Henry VI., Part III.,' Act III.:

"Under this thick-grown brake we'll shroud ourselves,  
 For through this laund anon the deer will come."

How love makes young men thrall, and old men dote;  
How love is wise in folly, foolish-witty:

Her heavy anthem still concludes in woe,  
And still the choir of echoes answer <sup>a</sup> so.

Her song was tedious, and outwore the night,  
For lovers' hours are long, though seeming short:  
If pleas'd themselves, others, they think, delight  
In such like circumstance, with such like sport:

Their copious stories, oftentimes begun,  
End without audience, and are never done.

For who hath she to spend the night withal,  
But idle sounds, resembling parasites,  
Like shrill-tongued tapsters answering every call,  
Soothing the humour of fantastic wits?

She says, "'t is so:" they answer all, "'t is so;"  
And would say after her, if she said "no."

Lo! here the gentle lark, weary of rest,  
From his moist cabinet mounts up on high,  
And wakes the morning, from whose silver breast,  
The sun ariseth in his majesty;

Who doth the world so gloriously behold,  
The cedar-tops and hills seem burnish'd gold.

Venus salutes him with this fair good morrow:  
"O thou clear god, and patron of all light,  
From whom each lamp and shining star doth borrow  
The beauteous influence that makes him bright,  
There lives a son, that suck'd an earthly mother,  
May lend thee light, as thou dost lend to other."

This said, she hasteth to a myrtle grove,  
Musing the morning is so much o'erworn,  
And yet she hears no tidings of her love:  
She hearkens for his hounds, and for his horn:

Anon she hears them chant it lustily,  
And all in haste she coasteth <sup>b</sup> to the cry.

And as she runs, the bushes in the way  
Some catch her by the neck, some kiss her face,

<sup>a</sup> *Answer*. So the original. Mr. Dyce, who is a careful collator of copies, prints *answers*. No doubt, according to the rules of modern construction, *answers* is more correct, and Malone talks of Shakspeare having fallen into the error of "hasty writers, who are deceived by the noun immediately preceding the verb being in the plural number." We hold that to be a false refinement which destroys the landmarks of an age's phraseology. Ben Jonson, in his 'English Grammar,' lays down as a rule that "nouns signifying a multitude, though they be of the singular number, require a verb plural." The rule would appear still more reasonable when the plural is more apparently expressed in the noun of multitude, as in the form before us—"the choir of echoes."

<sup>b</sup> *Coasteth*—advanceth.

Some twine about her thigh to make her stay;  
 She wildly breaketh from their strict embrace,  
     Like a milch doe, whose swelling dugs do ache,  
     Hasting to feed her fawn, hid in some brake.

By this she hears the hounds are at a bay,  
 Whereat she starts, like one that spies an adder .  
 Wreath'd up in fatal folds, just in his way,  
 The fear whereof doth make him shake and shudder ;  
     Even so the timorous yelping of the hounds  
     Appals her senses, and her spright confounds.

For now she knows it is no gentle chase,  
 But the blunt boar, rough bear, or lion proud,  
 Because the cry remaineth in one place,  
 Where fearfully the dogs exclaim aloud :  
     Finding their enemy to be so curst,  
     They all strain court'sy who shall cope him first.



This dismal cry rings sadly in her ear,  
 Through which it enters to surprise her heart,  
 Who, overcome by doubt and bloodless fear,  
 With cold-pale<sup>a</sup> weakness numbs each feeling part :

<sup>a</sup> *Cold-pale*. The hyphen denoting the compound adjective is marked in the original edition of 1593.

Like soldiers, when their captain once doth yield,  
They basely fly, and dare not stay the field.

Thus stands she in a trembling ecstasy ;  
Till, cheering up her senses sore-dismay'd <sup>a</sup>,  
She tells them 't is a causeless fantasy,  
And childish error that they are afraid ;  
Bids them leave quaking, bids them fear no more ;—  
And with that word she spied the hunted boar ;

Whose frothy mouth, bepainted all with red,  
Like milk and blood being mingled both together,  
A second fear through all her sinews spread,  
Which madly hurries her she knows not whither :  
This way she runs, and now she will no further,  
But back retires, to rate the boar for murder.

A thousand spleens bear her a thousand ways ;  
She treads the path that she untreads again ;  
Her more than haste is mated <sup>b</sup> with delays,  
Like the proceedings of a drunken brain,  
Full of respect <sup>c</sup>, yet nought at all respecting,  
In hand with all things, nought at all effecting.

Here kennell'd in a brake she finds a hound,  
And asks the weary caitiff for his master ;  
And there another licking of his wound,  
'Gainst venom'd sores the only sovereign plaster ;  
And here she meets another sadly scowling,  
To whom she speaks, and he replies with howling.

When he hath ceas'd his ill-resounding noise,  
Another flap-mouth'd mourner, black and grim,  
Against the welkin volleys out his voice ;  
Another and another answer him,  
Clapping their proud tails to the ground below,  
Shaking their scratch'd ears, bleeding as they go.

Look, how the world's poor people are amaz'd  
At apparitions, signs, and prodigies,  
Whereon with fearful eyes they long have gaz'd,  
Infusing them with dreadful prophecies :  
So she at these sad signs draws up her breath,  
And, sighing it again, exclaims on Death.

"Hard-favour'd tyrant, ugly, meagre, lean,  
Hateful divorce of love," (thus chides she Death.)

<sup>a</sup> *Sore-dismay'd*. This is the reading of the edition of 1596. The original has *all dismayed*.

<sup>b</sup> *Mated*—confounded.

<sup>c</sup> *Respect*—circumspection.



" Grim-grinning ghost, earth's worm, what, dost thou mean  
To stifle beauty, and to steal his breath,

Who, when he liv'd, his breath and beauty set  
Gloss on the rose, smell to the violet?

" If he be dead,—O no, it cannot be,  
Seeing his beauty, thou shouldst strike at it—  
O yes, it may; thou hast no eyes to see,  
But hatefully at random dost thou hit.

Thy mark is feeble age; but thy false dart  
Mistakes that aim, and cleaves an infant's heart.

" Hadst thou but bid beware, then he had spoke,  
And hearing him thy power had lost his<sup>a</sup> power.  
The Destinies will curse thee for this stroke;  
They bid thee crop a weed, thou pluck'st a flower:  
Love's golden arrow at him should have fled,  
And not Death's ebon dart, to strike him dead<sup>b</sup>.

" Dost thou drink tears, that thou provok'st such weeping?  
What may a heavy groan advantage thee?  
Why hast thou cast into eternal sleeping  
Those eyes that taught all other eyes to see?  
Now Nature cares not for thy mortal vigour,  
Since her best work is ruin'd with thy rigour."

Here overcome, as one full of despair,  
She vail'd<sup>c</sup> her eyelids, who, like sluices, stopp'd  
The crystal tide that from her two cheeks fair  
In the sweet channel of her bosom dropp'd;  
But through the floodgates breaks the silver rain,  
And with his strong course opens them again.

O how her eyes and tears did lend and borrow!  
Her eyes seen in the tears, tears in her eye;  
Both crystals, where they view'd each other's sorrow,  
Sorrow, that friendly sighs sought still to dry;  
But like a stormy day, now wind, now rain,  
Sighs dry her cheeks, tears make them wet again.

Variable passions throng her constant woe,  
As striving who should best become her grief;

<sup>a</sup> *His* for *its*.

<sup>b</sup> Boswell has quoted a passage from Massinger's 'Virgin Martyr,' alluding, as Shakspeare here does, to the beautiful fable of 'Cupid and Death' exchanging arrows:—

" Strange affection!  
Cupid once more hath chang'd his shafts with Death  
And kills, instead of giving life."

<sup>c</sup> *Vail'd*—lowered.

All entertain'd, each passion labours so  
That every present sorrow seemeth chief,  
But none is best; then join they all together,  
Like many clouds consulting for foul weather.

By this, far off she hears some huntsmen hollo <sup>a</sup>:  
A nurse's song ne'er pleas'd her babe so well:  
The dire imagination she did follow  
This sound of hope doth labour to expel;  
For now reviving joy bids her rejoice,  
And flatters her it is Adonis' voice.

Whereat her tears began to turn their tide,  
Being prison'd in her eye, like pearls in glass;  
Yet sometimes falls an orient drop beside,  
Which her cheek melts, as scorning it should pass,  
To wash the foul face of the sluttish ground,  
Who is but drunken when she seemeth drown'd.

O hard-believing love, how strange it seems  
Not to believe, and yet too credulous!  
Thy weal and woe are both of them extremes,  
Despair and hope make thee ridiculous:  
The one doth flatter thee in thoughts unlikely,  
In likely thoughts the other kills thee quickly.

Now she unweaves the web that she hath wrought;  
Adonis lives, and Death is not to blame;  
It was not she that call'd him all-to <sup>b</sup> naught;  
Now she adds honours to his hateful name;  
She clepes him king of graves, and grave for kings,  
Imperious supreme of all mortal things.

"No, no," quoth she, "sweet Death, I did but jest;  
Yet, pardon me, I felt a kind of fear,  
Whenas I met the boar, that bloody beast,  
Which knows no pity, but is still severe;  
Then, gentle shadow (truth I must confess),  
I rail'd on thee, fearing my love's decease.

"T is not my fault: the boar provok'd my tongue;  
Be wreak'd on him, invisible commander;  
T is he, foul creature, that hath done thee wrong;  
I did but act, he's author of thy slander:  
Grief hath two tongues, and never woman yet  
Could rule them both, without ten women's wit."

<sup>a</sup> *Hollo*, or hollow, is not quite the same word as holla, which we have already noticed, although the usual spelling of this word in the passage before us is holla.

<sup>b</sup> *All-to*. Mr. Dyce explains this as entirely, altogether.

Thus, hoping that Adonis is alive,  
 Her rash suspect she doth extenuate;  
 And that his beauty may the better thrive,  
 With Death she humbly doth insinuate;  
 Tells him of trophies, statues, tombs; and stories  
 His victories, his triumphs, and his glories.

"O Jove," quoth she, "how much a fool was I,  
 To be of such a weak and silly mind,  
 To wail his death who lives, and must not die,  
 Till mutual overthrow of mortal kind!  
 For he being dead, with him is beauty slain,  
 And, beauty dead, black chaos comes again\*.

"Fie, fie, fond love, thou art so full of fear  
 As one with treasure laden, hemm'd with thieves;  
 Trifles, unwitnessed with eye or ear,  
 Thy coward heart with false bethinking grieves."  
 Even at this word she hears a merry horn,  
 Whereat she leaps that was but late forlorn.

As falcon to the lure away she flies;  
 The grass stoops not, she treads on it so light;  
 And in her haste unfortunately spies  
 The foul boar's conquest on her fair delight;  
 Which seen, her eyes, as murder'd with the view,  
 Like stars asham'd of day, themselves withdrew.

Or, as the snail, whose tender horns being hit,  
 Shrinks backward in his shelly cave with pain,  
 And there, all smother'd up, in shade doth sit,  
 Long after fearing to creep forth again;  
 So, at his bloody view, her eyes are fled  
 Into the deep dark cabins of her head;

Where they resign their office and their light  
 To the disposing of her troubled brain;  
 Who bids them still consort with ugly night,  
 And never wound the heart with looks again;  
 Who, like a king perplexed in his throne,  
 By their suggestion gives a deadly groan,

Whereat each tributary subject quakes:  
 As when the wind, imprison'd in the ground,

\* Shakspeare in his greater works was not ashamed to recur to the treasury of his early thoughts:—

"Excellent wretch! Perdition catch my soul,  
 But I do love thee! and when I love thee not  
 Chaos is come again."

Struggling for passage, earth's foundation shakes,  
 Which with cold terror doth men's minds confound,  
     The mutiny each part doth so surprise,  
     That from their dark beds once more leap her eyes ;  
 And, being open'd, threw unwilling light  
 Upon the wide wound that the boar had trench'd  
 In his soft flank ; whose wonted lily white  
 With purple tears, that his wound wept, was drench'd :  
     No flower was nigh, no grass, herb, leaf, nor weed,  
     But stole his blood, and seem'd with him to bleed.



This solemn sympathy poor Venus noteth ;  
 Over one shoulder doth she hang her head ;  
 Dumbly she passions, frantically she doteth ;  
 She thinks he could not die, he is not dead.  
     Her voice is stopp'd, her joints forget to bow ;  
     Her eyes are mad that they have wept till now.  
 Upon his hurt she looks so steadfastly  
 That her sight dazzling makes the wound seem three ;  
 And then she reprehends her mangling eye  
 That makes more gashes where no breach should be :  
     His face seems twain, each several limb is doubled ;  
     For oft the eye mistakes, the brain being troubled.

"My tongue cannot express my grief for one,  
 And yet," quoth she, "behold two Adons dead!  
 My sighs are blown away, my salt tears gone,  
 Mine eyes are turn'd to fire, my heart to lead:  
 Heavy heart's lead melt at mine eyes' red fire!  
 So shall I die by drops of hot desire.

"Alas, poor world, what treasure hast thou lost!  
 What face remains alive that 's worth the viewing?  
 Whose tongue is music now? what canst thou boast  
 Of things long since, or anything ensuing?  
 The flowers are sweet, their colours fresh and trim;  
 But true-sweet beauty liv'd and died with him.

"Bonnet nor veil henceforth no creature wear!  
 Nor sun nor wind will ever strive to kiss you:  
 Having no fair<sup>a</sup> to lose, you need not fear;  
 The sun doth scorn you, and the wind doth hiss you:  
 But when Adonis liv'd, sun and sharp air  
 Lurk'd like two thieves to rob him of his fair;

"And therefore would he put his bonnet on,  
 Under whose brim the gaudy sun would peep;  
 The wind would blow it off, and, being gone,  
 Play with his locks; then would Adonis weep:  
 And straight, in pity of his tender years,  
 They both would strive who first should dry his tears.

"To see his face the lion walk'd along  
 Behind some hedge, because he would not fear him:  
 To recreate himself, when he hath sung,  
 The tiger would be tame and gently hear him:  
 If he had spoke the wolf would leave his prey,  
 And never fright the silly lamb that day.

"When he beheld his shadow in the brook  
 The fishes spread on it their golden gills;  
 When he was by the birds such pleasure took  
 That some would sing, some other in their bills  
 Would bring him mulberries, and ripe-red cherries;  
 He fed them with his sight, they him with berries.

"But this foul, grim, and urchin-snouted<sup>b</sup> boar,  
 Whose downward eye still looketh for a grave,  
 Ne'er saw the beauteous livery that he wore:  
 Witness the entertainment that he gave;  
 If he did see his face, why then I know  
 He thought to kiss him, and hath kill'd him so.

<sup>a</sup> Fair—beauty.

<sup>b</sup> Urchin-snouted—with the snout of the urchin, or hedgehog.

" 'T is true, 't is true; thus was Adonis slain;  
 He ran upon the boar with his sharp spear,  
 Who did not whet his teeth at him again,  
 But by a kiss thought to persuade him there;  
 And nuzzling in his flank, the loving swine  
 Sheath'd, unaware, the tusk in his soft groin.

" Had I been tooth'd like him I must confess  
 With kissing him I should have kill'd him first;  
 But he is dead, and never did he bless  
 My youth with his; the more am I accurst."  
 With this she falleth in the place she stood,  
 And stains her face with his congealed blood.

She looks upon his lips, and they are pale;  
 She takes him by the hand, and that is cold;  
 She whispers in his ears a heavy tale,  
 As if they heard the woeful words she told:  
 She lifts the coffer-lids that close his eyes,  
 Where, lo! two lamps, burnt out, in darkness lies:

Two glasses where herself herself beheld  
 A thousand times, and now no more reflect;  
 Their virtue lost, wherein they late excell'd,  
 And every beauty robb'd of his effect:

" Wonder of time," quoth she, " this is my spite,  
 That you being dead the day should yet be light.

" Since thou art dead, lo! here I prophesy,  
 Sorrow on love hereafter shall attend;  
 It shall be waited on with jealousy,  
 Find sweet beginning but unsavoury end;  
 Ne'er settled equally, but high or low;  
 That all love's pleasure shall not match his woe.

" It shall be fickle, false, and full of fraud;  
 Bud and be blasted in a breathing while;  
 The bottom poison, and the top o'erstraw'd<sup>a</sup>  
 With sweets that shall the truest sight beguile:  
 The strongest body shall it make most weak,  
 Strike the wise dumb, and teach the fool to speak.

" It shall be sparing, and too full of riot,  
 Teaching decrepit age to tread the measures<sup>b</sup>;  
 The staring ruffian shall it keep in quiet,  
 Pluck down the rich, enrich the poor with treasures:  
 It shall be raging mad, and silly mild,  
 Make the young old, the old become a child.

<sup>a</sup> *O'erstraw'd*—o'erstrewn.

<sup>b</sup> *Measures*—grave dances suited to age.

"It shall suspect where is no cause of fear;  
It shall not fear where it should most mistrust;  
It shall be merciful, and too severe,  
And most deceiving when it seems most just;  
Perverse it shall be where it shows most toward,  
Put fear to valour, courage to the coward.

"It shall be cause of war and dire events,  
And set dissension 'twixt the son and sire;  
Subject and servile to all discontents,  
As dry combustious matter is to fire;  
Sith in his prime death doth my love destroy,  
They that love best their loves shall not enjoy."

By this, the boy that by her side lay kill'd  
Was melted like a vapour from her sight,  
And in his blood that on the ground lay spill'd,  
A purple flower sprung up, chequer'd with white,  
Resembling well his pale cheeks, and the blood  
Which in round drops upon their whiteness stood.

She bows her head, the new-sprung flower to smell,  
Comparing it to her Adonis' breath;  
And says, within her bosom it shall dwell,  
Since he himself is reft from her by death:  
She crops the stalk, and in the breach appears  
Green dropping sap, which she compares to tears.

"Poor flower," quoth she, "this was thy father's guise,  
(Sweet issue of a more sweet smelling sire.)  
For every little grief to wet his eyes:  
To grow unto himself was his desire,  
And so 't is thine; but know, it is as good  
To wither in my breast as in his blood.

"Here was thy father's bed, here in my breast;  
Thou art the next of blood, and 't is thy right:  
Lo! in this hollow cradle take thy rest,  
My throbbing heart shall rock thee day and night:  
There shall not be one minute in an hour  
Wherein I will not kiss my sweet love's flower."

Thus weary of the world, away she hies,  
And yokes her silver doves; by whose swift aid  
Their mistress, mounted, through the empty skies  
In her light chariot quickly is convey'd,  
Holding their course to Paphos, where their queen  
Means to immure herself, and not be seen.









TO THE  
RIGHT HONOURABLE HENRY WRIOTHESLEY,

EARL OF SOUTHAMPTON, AND BARON OF TITCHFIELD.

THE love I dedicate to your Lordship is without end; whereof this pamphlet, without beginning, is but a superfluous moiety\*. The warrant I have of your honourable disposition, not the worth of my untutored lines, makes it assured of acceptance. What I have done is yours, what I have to do is yours; being part in all I have, devoted yours. Were my worth greater my duty would show greater: meantime, as it is, it is bound to your Lordship; to whom I wish long life, still lengthened with all happiness.

Your Lordship's in all duty,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

\* *Moiety*. In 'Henry IV., Part I.,' and in 'Lear,' Shakspeare uses *moiety* as it is here used, meaning a portion, not a half.

## THE ARGUMENT.

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LUCIUS TARQUINIUS (for his excessive pride surnamed Superbus), after he had caused his own father-in-law, Servius Tullius, to be cruelly murdered, and, contrary to the Roman laws and customs, not requiring or staying for the people's suffrages, had possessed himself of the kingdom, went, accompanied with his sons and other noblemen of Rome, to besiege Ardea. During which siege the principal men of the army meeting one evening at the tent of Sextus Tarquinius, the king's son, in their discourses after supper, every one commended the virtues of his own wife; among whom, Collatinus extolled the incomparable chastity of his wife Lucretia. In that pleasant humour they all posted to Rome; and intending, by their secret and sudden arrival, to make trial of that which every one had before avouched, only Collatinus finds his wife (though it were late in the night) spinning amongst her maids: the other ladies were all found dancing and reveling, or in several disports. Whereupon the noblemen yielded Collatinus the victory, and his wife the fame. At that time Sextus Tarquinius, being inflamed with Lucrece' beauty, yet smothering his passions for the present, departed with the rest back to the camp; from whence he shortly after privily withdrew himself, and was (according to his estate) royally entertained and lodged by Lucrece at Collatium. The same night he treacherously stealth into her chamber, violently ravisheth her, and early in the morning speedeth away. Lucrece, in this lamentable plight, hastily despatcheth messengers, one to Rome for her father, another to the camp for Collatine. They came, the one accompanied with Junius Brutus, the other with Publius Valerius; and, finding Lucrece attired in mourning habit, demanded the cause of her sorrow. She, first taking an oath of them for her revenge, revealed the actor, and whole manner of his dealing, and withal suddenly stabbed herself. Which done, with one consent they all vowed to root out the whole hated family of the Tarquins; and bearing the dead body to Rome, Brutus acquainted the people with the doer and manner of the vile deed, with a bitter invective against the tyranny of the king: wherewith the people were so moved, that with one consent and a general acclamation the Tarquins were all exiled, and the state government changed from kings to consuls.



## THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

FROM the besieged Ardea all in post,  
Borne by the trustless wings of false desire,  
Lust-breathed Tarquin leaves the Roman host,  
And to Collatium bears the lightless fire  
Which, in pale embers hid, lurks to aspire,  
And girdle with embracing flames the waist  
Of Collatine's fair love, Lucrece the chaste.

Haply that name of chaste unhapp'ly set  
This bateless edge on his keen appetite ;  
When Collatine unwisely did not let<sup>a</sup>  
To praise the clear unmatched red and white  
Which triumph'd in that sky of his delight,  
Where mortal stars, as bright as heaven's beauties,  
With pure aspects did him peculiar duties.

For he the night before, in Tarquin's tent,  
Unlock'd the treasure of his happy state ;  
What priceless wealth the heavens had him lent

<sup>a</sup> *Let—*forbear.

In the possession of his beauteous mate ;  
 Reckoning his fortune at such high-proud rate,  
 That kings might be espoused to more fame,  
 But king nor peer to such a peerless dame.

O happiness enjoy'd but of a few !  
 And, if possess'd, as soon decay'd and done <sup>a</sup>  
 As is the morning's silver-melting dew  
 Against the golden splendour of the sun !  
 An expir'd date, cancell'd ere well begun :  
 Honour and beauty, in the owner's arms,  
 Are weakly fortress'd from a world of harms.

Beauty itself doth of itself persuade  
 The eyes of men without an orator ;  
 What needeth then apologies be made  
 To set forth that which is so singular ?  
 Or why is Collatine the publisher  
 Of that rich jewel he should keep unknown  
 From thievish ears, because it is his own ?

Perchance his boast of Lucrece' sovereignty  
 Suggested <sup>b</sup> this proud issue of a king ;  
 For by our ears our hearts oft tainted be :  
 Perchance that envy of so rich a thing,  
 Braving compare, disdainfully did sting  
 His high-pitch'd thoughts, that meaner men should vaunt  
 That golden hap which their superiors want.

But some untimely thought did instigate  
 His all-too-timeless speed, if none of those :  
 His honour, his affairs, his friends, his state,  
 Neglected all, with swift intent he goes  
 To quench the coal which in his liver glows.  
 O rash false heat, wrapp'd in repentant cold,  
 Thy hasty spring still blasts <sup>c</sup>, and ne'er grows old !

When at Collatium this false lord arriv'd,  
 Well was he welcom'd by the Roman dame,  
 Within whose face beauty and virtue striv'd

<sup>a</sup> *Done*. The word is here used as in a previous passage of the 'Venus and Adonis':—

"Wasted, thaw'd, and *done*,  
 As mountain-snow melts with the mid-day sun."

<sup>b</sup> *Suggested*—tempted.

<sup>c</sup> *Blasts* is here used as a verb neuter. It is so used in the poem ascribed to Raleigh, entitled 'The Farewell':—

"Tell age it daily wasteth ;  
 Tell honour how it alters ;  
 Tell beauty that it *blasteth*."

Which of them both should underprop her fame :  
 When virtue bragg'd, beauty would blush for shame ;  
     When beauty boasted blushes, in despite  
 Virtue would stain that or<sup>a</sup> with silver white.

But beauty, in that white intituled<sup>b</sup>,  
 From Venus' doves doth challenge that fair field :  
 Then virtue claims from beauty beauty's red,  
 Which virtue gave the golden age, to gild  
 Their silver cheeks, and call'd it then their shield ;  
     Teaching them thus to use it in the fight,—  
 When shame assail'd, the red should fence the white.

This heraldry in Lucrece' face was seen,  
 Argued by beauty's red, and virtue's white :  
 Of either's colour was the other queen,  
 Proving from world's minority their right :  
 Yet their ambition makes them still to fight ;  
     The sovereignty of either being so great,  
 That oft they interchange each other's seat.

This silent war of lilies and of roses  
 Which Tarquin view'd in her fair face's field,  
 In their pure ranks his traitor eye encloses ;  
 Where, lest between them both it should be kill'd,  
 The coward captive vanquished doth yield  
     To those two armies that would let him go,  
 Rather than triumph in so false a foe.

Now thinks he that her husband's shallow tongue  
 (The niggard prodigal that prais'd her so)  
 In that high task hath done her beauty wrong,  
 Which far exceeds his barren skill to show :  
 Therefore that praise which Collatine doth owe<sup>c</sup>,  
     Enchanted Tarquin answers with surmise,  
 In silent wonder of still-gazing eyes.

<sup>a</sup> *Or*. The line usually stands thus:—

“Virtue would stain that *o'er* with silver white.”

The original has *ore*. Malone has suggested, but he does not act upon the suggestion, that “the word intended was perhaps *or*, i. e. gold, to which the poet compares the deep colour of a blush.” We have no doubt whatever of the matter. The lines in the subsequent stanza complete the heraldic allusion:—

“Then virtue claims from beauty beauty's red,  
 Which virtue gave the *golden* age, to *gild*  
 Their *silver* cheeks, and call'd it then their shield.”

<sup>b</sup> *Intituled*—having a title to, or in.

<sup>c</sup> The object of praise which Collatine doth possess.

This earthly saint, adored by this devil,  
 Little suspecteth the false worshipper;  
 For unstain'd thoughts do seldom dream on evil;  
 Birds never lim'd no secret bushes fear:  
 So guiltless she securely gives good cheer  
 And reverend welcome to her princely guest,  
 Whose inward ill no outward harm express'd:

For that he colour'd with his high estate,  
 Hiding base sin in plaits of majesty;  
 That nothing in him seem'd inordinate,  
 Save sometime too much wonder of his eye,  
 Which, having all, all could not satisfy;  
 But, poorly rich, so wanteth in his store,  
 That cloy'd with much he pinèth still for more.

But she, that never cop'd with stranger eyes,  
 Could pick no meaning from their parling<sup>a</sup> looks,  
 Nor read the subtle-shining secrecies  
 Writ in the glassy margents of such books<sup>b</sup>;  
 She touch'd no unknown baits, nor fear'd no hooks;  
 Nor could she moralise<sup>c</sup> his wanton sight,  
 More than his eyes were open'd to the light.

He stories to her ears her husband's fame,  
 Won in the fields of fruitful Italy;  
 And decks with praises Collatine's high name,  
 Made glorious by his manly chivalry,  
 With bruised arms and wreaths of victory;  
 Her joy with heav'd-up hand she doth express,  
 And, wordless, so greets heaven for his success.

Far from the purpose of his coming thither,  
 He makes excuses for his being there.  
 No cloudy show of stormy blustering weather  
 Doth yet in his fair welkin once appear;  
 Till sable Night, mother of Dread and Fear,  
 Upon the world dim darkness doth display,  
 And in her vaulty prison stows the day.

For then is Tarquin brought unto his bed,  
 Intending<sup>d</sup> weariness with heavy spright;  
 For, after supper, long he questioned<sup>e</sup>  
 With modest Lucrece, and wore out the night:  
 Now leaden slumber with life's strength doth fight;

<sup>a</sup> *Parling*—speaking.

<sup>c</sup> *Moralise*—interpret.

<sup>e</sup> *Questioned*—conversed.

<sup>b</sup> See 'Romeo and Juliet,' Illustrations of Act I.

<sup>d</sup> *Intending*—pretending.

And every one to rest himself betakes,  
Save thieves, and cares, and troubled minds, that wakes.

As one of which doth Tarquin lie revolving  
The sundry dangers of his will's obtaining;  
Yet ever to obtain his will resolving,  
Though weak-built hopes persuade him to abstaining;  
Despair to gain doth traffic oft for gaining;  
And when great treasure is the meed propos'd,  
Though death be adjunct, there 's no death suppos'd.

Those that much covet are with gain so fond,  
That what they have not, that which they possess  
They scatter and unloose it from their bond<sup>a</sup>,  
And so, by hoping more, they have but less;  
Or, gaining more, the profit of excess  
Is but to surfeit, and such griefs sustain,  
That they prove bankrupt in this poor-rich gain.

The aim of all is but to nurse the life  
With honour, wealth, and ease, in waning age;  
And in this aim there is such thwarting strife,  
That one for all, or all for one we gage;  
As life for honour in fell battle's rage;  
Honour for wealth; and oft that wealth doth cost  
The death of all, and all together lost.

So that in vent'ring ill we leave to be  
The things we are, for that which we expect;  
And this ambitious foul infirmity,  
In having much, torments us with defect  
Of that we have: so then we do neglect  
The thing we have, and, all for want of wit,  
Make something nothing, by augmenting it.

Such hazard now must doting Tarquin make,  
Pawning his honour to obtain his lust;  
And for himself himself he must forsake:

<sup>a</sup> This is the reading of the original edition of 1594. That of 1616 reads

"are with gain so fond,  
That oft they have not that which they possess;  
They scatter and unloose it."

Malone adopts the reading of the original, and he thus explains it: "Poetically speaking, they may be said to scatter *what they have not*, i. e., what they cannot be *truly* said to have; what they do not enjoy, though *possessed* of it." This is clearly a misinterpretation. The reasoning of the two following stanzas is directed against the folly of venturing a certainty for an expectation, by which we "make something nothing." The meaning then, though obscurely expressed, is, that he covetous are so fond of gaining what they have not, that they scatter and unloose from their bond (safe hold) that which they possess.



Then where is truth if there be no self-trust?  
 When shall he think to find a stranger just,  
 When he himself himself confounds<sup>a</sup>, betrays  
 To slanderous tongues, and wretched hateful days?

Now stole upon the time the dead of night,  
 When heavy sleep had clos'd up mortal eyes;  
 No comfortable star did lend his light,  
 No noise but owls' and wolves' death-boding cries;  
 Now serves the season that they may surprise  
 The silly lambs; pure thoughts are dead and still,  
 While lust and murder wake to stain and kill.

And now this lustful lord leap'd from his bed,  
 Throwing his mantle rudely o'er his arm;  
 Is madly toss'd between desire and dread;  
 Th' one sweetly flatters, th' other feareth harm;  
 But honest Fear, bewitch'd with lust's foul charm,  
 Doth too too oft betake him to retire,  
 Beaten away by brain-sick rude Desire.

His falchion on a flint he softly smiteth,  
 That from the cold stone sparks of fire do fly,  
 Whereat a waxen torch forthwith he lighteth,  
 Which must be lode-star to his lustful eye;  
 And to the flame thus speaks advisedly:  
 "As from this cold flint I enforc'd this fire,  
 So Lucrece must I force to my desire."

Here pale with fear he doth premeditate  
 The dangers of his loathsome enterprise,  
 And in his inward mind he doth debate  
 What following sorrow may on this arise;  
 Then looking scornfully, he doth despise  
 His naked armour of still-slaughter'd lust,  
 And justly thus controls his thoughts unjust:

"Fair torch, burn out thy light, and lend it not  
 To darken her whose light excelleth thine!  
 And die unhallow'd thoughts, before you blot  
 With your uncleanness that which is divine!  
 Offer pure incense to so pure a shrine:  
 Let fair humanity abhor the deed  
 That spots and stains love's modest snow-white weed<sup>b</sup>.

<sup>a</sup> *Confounds*. Malone interprets this as *destroys*; but the meaning is sufficiently clear if we accept *confounds* in its usual sense.

<sup>b</sup> *Weed*—garment. The word is more commonly used in the plural, as in Milton's 'Paradise Regained':—

"But now an aged man in rural *weeds*."

But in the same scene of 'Coriolanus' (Act II., Scene 3) we have both *weed* and *weeds*.



“ O shame to knighthood and to shining arms !  
 O foul dishonour to my household's grave !  
 O impious act, including all foul harms !  
 A martial man to be soft fancy's slave<sup>a</sup> ;  
 True valour still a true respect should have ;  
 Then my digression<sup>b</sup> is so vile, so base,  
 That it will live engraven in my face.

“ Yea, though I die, the scandal will survive,  
 And be an eyesore in my golden coat ;  
 Some loathsome dash the herald will contrive<sup>c</sup>,  
 To cipher me how fondly I did dote ;  
 That my posterity, sham'd with the note,  
 Shall curse my bones, and hold it for no sin  
 To wish that I their father had not been.

“ What win I if I gain the thing I seek ?  
 A dream, a breath, a froth of fleeting joy :  
 Who buys a minute's mirth to wail a week ?  
 Or sells eternity to get a toy ?  
 For one sweet grape who will the vine destroy ?

<sup>a</sup> *Fancy's slave*—love's slave.

<sup>b</sup> *Digression* is here used in the sense of *transgression*.

<sup>c</sup> Here is one of the frequent examples with which the works of Shakspeare and his contemporaries abound, of applying the usages of chivalry to the more remote antiquity of Greece and Rome. The poem of 'Lucrece' contains many such allusions. In particular, towards the close we have this line:—

“ *Knights by their oaths should right poor ladies' harms.*”

This was indeed an anticipation of chivalry ; but the poet could in no way so forcibly express the spirit which animated the avengers of Lucrece, and which the injured lady here invokes, as by employing the language of chivalry. The use of the word *ladies* in this line is as much an anachronism as that of *knights*, but what other words will express the meaning intended ?

Or what fond beggar, but to touch the crown,  
Would with the sceptre straight be stricken down?

"If Collatinus dream of my intent,  
Will he not wake, and in a desperate rage  
Post hither, this vile purpose to prevent?  
This siege that hath engirt his marriage,  
This blur to youth, this sorrow to the sage,  
This dying virtue, this surviving shame,  
Whose crime will bear an ever-during blame?

"O what excuse can my invention make,  
When thou shalt charge me with so black a deed?  
Will not my tongue be mute, my frail joints shake?  
Mine eyes forego their light, my false heart bleed?  
The guilt being great the fear doth still exceed;  
And extreme fear can neither fight nor fly,  
But, coward-like, with trembling terror die.

"Had Collatinus kill'd my son or sire,  
Or lain in ambush to betray my life,  
Or were he not my dear friend, this desire  
Might have excuse to work upon his wife;  
As in revenge or quital of such strife:  
But as he is my kinsman, my dear friend,  
The shame and fault finds no excuse nor end.

"Shameful it is;—ay, if the fact be known:  
Hateful it is;—there is no hate in loving:  
I'll beg her love;—but she is not her own<sup>a</sup>;  
The worst is but denial, and reproving:  
My will is strong, past reason's weak removing.  
Who fears a sentence or an old man's saw  
Shall by a painted cloth<sup>b</sup> be kept in awe."

Thus, graceless, holds he disputation  
Tween frozen conscience and hot-burning will,  
And with good thoughts makes dispensation,  
Urging the worsen sense for vantage still;  
Which in a moment doth confound and kill  
All pure effects, and doth so far proceed,  
That what is vile shows like a virtuous deed.

<sup>a</sup> Malone says the words such as *shameful it is* are "supposed to be spoken by some airy monitor." Surely the poet only meant to express that contest of thoughts which goes forward in a mind distracted between reason and passion; and which the dramatic poet can only represent by soliloquy, as it is here represented.

<sup>b</sup> See 'As You Like It,' Illustrations of Act III.

Quoth he, "She took me kindly by the hand,  
And gaz'd for tidings in my eager eyes,  
Fearing some hard news from the warlike band  
Where her beloved Collatinus lies.

O how her fear did make her colour rise !

First red as roses that on lawn we lay,

Then white as lawn, the roses took away<sup>a</sup>.

"And how her hand, in my hand being lock'd,  
Forc'd it to tremble with her loyal fear ;  
Which struck her sad, and then it faster rock'd,  
Until her husband's welfare she did hear ;  
Whereat she smiled with so sweet a cheer,  
That had Narcissus seen her as she stood,  
Self-love had never drown'd him in the flood.

"Why hunt I then for colour or excuses ?  
All orators are dumb when beauty pleadeth ;  
Poor wretches have remorse in poor abuses ;  
Love thrives not in the heart that shadows dreadeth :  
Affection is my captain, and he leadeth ;

And when his gaudy banner is display'd,

The coward fights, and will not be dismay'd.

"Then, childish fear, avaunt ! debating, die !  
Respect<sup>b</sup> and reason wait on wrinkled age !  
My heart shall never countermand mine eye :  
Sad<sup>c</sup> pause and deep regard beseem the sage ;  
My part is youth, and beats these from the stage :  
Desire my pilot is, beauty my prize ;  
Then who fears sinking where such treasure lies ?"

As corn o'ergrown by weeds, so heedful fear

Is almost chok'd by unresisted lust.

Away he steals with open listening ear,

Full of foul hope, and full of fond mistrust ;

Both which, as servitors to the unjust,

So cross him with their opposite persuasion,

That now he vows a league, and now invasion.

Within his thought her heavenly image sits,

And in the selfsame seat sits Collatine :

That eye which looks on her confounds his wits ;

That eye which him beholds, as more divine,

Unto a view so false will not incline ;

<sup>a</sup> Took away—being taken away.

<sup>b</sup> Respect—prudence,—in the sense of the original Latin, looking again.

<sup>c</sup> Sad—grave.

But with a pure appeal seeks to the heart,  
Which once corrupted takes the worsen part ;

And therein heartens up his servile powers,  
Who, flatter'd by their leader's jocund show,  
Stuff up his lust, as minutes fill up hours ;  
And as their captain, so their pride doth grow,  
Paying more slavish tribute than they owe.  
By reprobate desire thus madly led,  
The Roman lord marcheth to Lucrece' bed.

The locks between her chamber and his will,  
Each one by him enforc'd, retires his ward ;  
But as they open they all rate his ill,  
Which drives the creeping thief to some regard ;  
The threshold grates the door to have him heard ;  
Night-wand'ring weasels shriek to see him there ;  
They fright him, yet he still pursues his fear.

As each unwilling portal yields him way,  
Through little vents and crannies of the place  
The wind wars with his torch, to make him stay,  
And blows the smoke of it into his face,  
Extinguishing his conduct<sup>a</sup> in this case ;  
But his hot heart, which fond desire doth scorch,  
Puffs forth another wind that fires the torch :

And being lighted, by the light he spies  
Lucretia's glove, wherein her needle sticks ;  
He takes it from the rushes where it lies,  
And griping it, the neeld<sup>b</sup> his finger pricks :  
As who should say, this glove to wanton tricks  
Is not inur'd ; return again in haste ;  
Thou seest our mistress' ornaments are chaste.

But all these poor forbiddings could not stay him ;  
He in the worst sense construes their denial :  
The doors, the wind, the glove that did delay him,  
He takes for accidental things of trial ;  
Or as those bars which stop the hourly dial,  
Who with a lingering stay his course doth let<sup>c</sup>,  
Till every minute pays the hour his debt.

" So, so," quoth he, " these lets attend the time,  
Like little frosts that sometime threat the spring.  
'To add a more rejoicing to the prime,

<sup>a</sup> *Conduct*—conductor.

<sup>b</sup> *Neeld*—needle.

<sup>c</sup> *Let*—obstruct.

And give the sneaped<sup>a</sup> birds more cause to sing.  
 Pain pays the income of each precious thing;  
 Huge rocks, high winds, strong pirates, shelves and sands,  
 The merchant fears, ere rich at home he lands."

Now is he come unto the chamber door  
 That shuts him from the heaven of his thought,  
 Which with a yielding latch, and with no more,  
 Hath barr'd him from the blessed thing he sought.  
 So from himself impiety hath wrought,  
 That for his prey to pray he doth begin,  
 As if the heaven should countenance his sin.

But in the midst of his unfruitful prayer,  
 Having solicited the eternal power  
 That his foul thoughts might compass his fair fair,  
 That they would stand auspicious to the hour,  
 Even there he starts:—quoth he, "I must deflower;  
 The powers to whom I pray abhor this fact,  
 How can they then assist me in the act?"

"Then Love and Fortune be my gods, my guide!  
 My will is back'd with resolution:  
 Thoughts are but dreams till their effects be tried,  
 The blackest sin is clear'd with absolution;  
 Against love's fire fear's frost hath dissolution.  
 The eye of heaven is out, and misty night  
 Covers the shame that follows sweet delight."

This said, his guilty hand pluck'd up the latch,  
 And with his knee the door he opens wide:  
 The dove sleeps fast that this night-owl will catch;  
 Thus treason works ere traitors be espied.  
 Who sees the lurking serpent steps aside;  
 But she, sound sleeping, fearing no such thing,  
 Lies at the mercy of his mortal sting.

Into the chamber wickedly he stalks<sup>b</sup>,  
 And gazeth on her yet unstained bed.  
 The curtains being close, about he walks,

<sup>a</sup> *Sneaped*—checked. So in 'Love's Labour's Lost,' Act I., Scene 1:—

"Biron is like an envious *sneaping* frost,  
 That bites the first-born infants of the spring."

<sup>b</sup> *Stalks*. Malone says, "That the poet meant by the word *stalk* to convey the notion, not of a boisterous, but quiet movement, appears from a subsequent passage:—

'For in the dreadful dead of dark midnight,  
 With shining falchion, in my chamber came  
 A *creeping* creature.'"

Rolling his greedy eyeballs in his head :  
 By their high treason is his heart misled ;  
     Which gives the watchword to his hand full soon  
     To draw the cloud that hides the silver moon.

Look, as the fair and fiery-pointed sun,  
 Rushing from forth a cloud, bereaves our sight ;  
 Even so, the curtain drawn, his eyes begun  
 To wink, being blinded with a greater light :  
 Whether it is that she reflects so bright,  
     That dazzleth them, or else some shame supposed ;  
     But blind they are, and keep themselves enclosed.

O, had they in that darksome prison died,  
 Then had they seen the period of their ill !  
 Then Collatine again by Lucrece' side  
 In his clear bed might have reposed still :  
 But they must ope, this blessed league to kill ;  
     And holy-thoughted Lucrece to their sight  
     Must sell her joy, her life, her world's delight.

Her lily hand her rosy cheek lies under,  
 Cozening the pillow of a lawful kiss ;  
 Who therefore angry, seems to part in sunder,  
 Swelling on either side to want his bliss ;  
 Between whose hills her head entombed is :  
     Where, like a virtuous monument, she lies,  
     To be admir'd of lewd unhallow'd eyes.

Without the bed her other fair hand was,  
 On the green coverlet ; whose perfect white  
 Show'd like an April daisy on the grass,  
 With pearly sweat, resembling dew of night.  
 Her eyes, like marigolds, had sheath'd their light,  
     And canopied in darkness sweetly lay,  
     Till they might open to adorn the day.

Her hair, like golden threads, play'd with her breath ;  
 O modest wantons ! wanton modesty !  
 Showing life's triumph in the map of death,  
 And death's dim look in life's mortality :  
 Each in her sleep themselves so beautify,

Malone appears from a subsequent part of his note to confound *stalk* with *stride*. He says, "A person apprehensive of being discovered naturally takes *long steps*, the sooner to arrive at his point." But long steps are noisy steps ; and therefore "Tarquin's ravishing *strides*" cannot be the true reading of the famous passage in 'Macbeth.' But *stalk*, on the contrary, literally means, *to go warily or softly*. It is the Anglo-Saxon *stalcian*—*pedetentim ire*. The fowler who creeps upon the birds *stalks*, and his *stalking*-horse derives its name from the character of the fowler's movement.

As if between them twain there were no strife,  
But that life liv'd in death, and death in life.



Her breasts, like ivory globes circled with blue,  
A pair of maiden worlds unconquered,  
Save of their lord no bearing yoke they knew,  
And him by oath they truly honoured.  
These worlds in Tarquin new ambition bred :

Who, like a foul usurper, went about  
From this fair throne to heave the owner out.

What could he see but mightily he noted ?

What did he note but strongly he desir'd ?

What he beheld on that he firmly doted,

And in his will his wilful eye he tir'd<sup>a</sup>.

With more than admiration he admir'd

Her azure veins, her alabaster skin,

Her coral lips, her snow-white dimpled chin.

As the grim lion fawneth o'er his prey,

Sharp hunger by the conquest satisfied,

So o'er this sleeping soul doth Tarquin stay,

His rage of lust by gazing qualified ;

Slack'd, not suppress'd ; for standing by her side,

His eye, which late this mutiny restrains,

Unto a greater uproar tempts his veins :

<sup>a</sup> *Tir'd*—satiated, glutted—as a falcon *tires* on his prey.



And they, like straggling slaves for pillage fighting,  
 Obdurate vassals, fell exploits effecting,  
 In bloody death and ravishment delighting,  
 Nor children's tears, nor mother's groans respecting,  
 Swell in their pride, the onset still expecting :  
     Anon his beating heart, alarum striking,  
     Gives the hot charge, and bids them do their liking.

His drumming heart cheers up his burning eye,  
 His eye commends the leading to his hand ;  
 His hand, as proud of such a dignity,  
 Smoking with pride, march'd on to make his stand  
 On her bare breast, the heart of all her land ;  
     Whose ranks of blue veins, as his hand did scale,  
     Left their round turrets destitute and pale.

They, mustering to the quiet cabinet  
 Where their dear governess and lady lies,  
 Do tell her she is dreadfully beset,  
 And fright her with confusion of their cries :  
 She, much amaz'd, breaks ope her lock'd-up eyes,  
     Who, peeping forth this tumult to behold,  
     Are by his flaming torch dimm'd and controll'd.

Imagine her as one in dead of night  
 From forth dull sleep by dreadful fancy waking,  
 That thinks she hath beheld some ghastly sprite,  
 Whose grim aspect sets every joint a shaking ;  
 What terror 't is ! but she, in worser taking,  
     From sleep disturbed, heedfully doth view  
     The sight which makes supposed terror true.

Wrapp'd and confounded in a thousand fears,  
 Like to a new-kill'd bird she trembling lies ;  
 She dares not look ; yet, winking, there appears  
 Quick-shifting antics, ugly in her eyes :  
 Such shadows are the weak brain's forgeries :  
     Who, angry that the eyes fly from their lights,  
     In darkness daunts them with more dreadful sights.

His hand, that yet remains upon her breast,  
 (Rude ram, to batter such an ivory wall !)  
 May feel her heart, poor citizen, distress'd,  
 Wounding itself to death, rise up and fall,  
 Beating her bulk<sup>a</sup>, that his hand shakes withal.

<sup>a</sup> *Bulk*—the body, the whole mass. Johnson, however, defines the word as the breast, or largest part, of a man; deriving it from the Dutch *bulcke*. A passage in 'Hamlet' employs the word in the same way as in the text before us:—

"He

This moves in him more rage, and lesser pity,  
To make the breach, and enter this sweet city.

First, like a trumpet, doth his tongue begin  
To sound a parley to his heartless foe,  
Who o'er the white sheets peers her whiter chin,  
The reason of this rash alarm to know,  
Which he by dumb demeanour seeks to show;  
But she with vehement prayers urgeth still  
Under what colour he commits this ill.

Thus he replies: "The colour in thy face  
(That even for anger makes the lily pale,  
And the red rose blush at her own disgrace)  
Shall plead for me, and tell my loving tale:  
Under that colour am I come to scale  
Thy never-conquer'd fort; the fault is thine,  
For those thine eyes betray thee unto mine.

"Thus I forestall thee, if thou mean to chide:  
Thy beauty hath ensnar'd thee to this night,  
Where thou with patience must my will abide,  
My will that marks thee for my earth's delight,  
Which I to conquer sought with all my might;  
But as reproof and reason beat it dead,  
By thy bright beauty was it newly bred.

"I see what crosses my attempt will bring;  
I know what thorns the growing rose defends;  
I think the honey guarded with a sting:  
All this, beforehand, counsel comprehends:  
But will is deaf, and hears no heedful friends;  
Only he hath an eye to gaze on beauty,  
And dotes on what he looks, 'gainst law or duty.

"I have debated, even in my soul,  
What wrong, what shame, what sorrow I shall breed;  
But nothing can Affection's course control,  
Or stop the headlong fury of his speed.  
I know repentant tears ensue the deed,  
Reproach, disdain, and deadly enmity;  
Yet strive I to embrace mine infamy."

"He rais'd a sigh so piteous and profound,  
As it did seem to shatter all his *bulk*."

Marville, who preceded Shakspeare about twenty years, has this line:—

"My liver leapt within my *bulk*."

This said, he shakes aloft his Roman blade,  
Which, like a falcon towering in the skies,  
Coucheth<sup>a</sup> the fowl below with his wing's shade,  
Whose crooked beak threatens if he mount he dies :  
So under his insulting falchion lies  
Harmless Lucretia, marking what he tells  
With trembling fear, as fowl hear falcon's bells<sup>b</sup>.

"Lucrece," quoth he, "this night I must enjoy thee :  
If thou deny, then force must work my way,  
For in thy bed I purpose to destroy thee ;  
That done, some worthless slave of thine I 'll slay,  
To kill thine honour with thy life's decay ;  
And in thy dead arms do I mean to place him,  
Swearing I slew him, seeing thee embrace him.

"So thy surviving husband shall remain  
The scornful mark of every open eye ;  
Thy kinsmen hang their heads at this disdain,  
Thy issue blurr'd with nameless bastardy :  
And thou, the author of their obloquy,  
Shalt have thy trespass cited up in rhymes,  
And sung by children in succeeding times.

"But if thou yield I rest thy secret friend :  
The fault unknown is as a thought unacted ;  
A little harm, done to a great good end,  
For lawful policy remains enacted.  
The poisonous simple sometimes is compacted  
In a pure compound ; being so applied  
His venom in effect is purified.

"Then for thy husband and thy children's sake,  
Tender<sup>c</sup> my suit : bequeath not to their lot  
The shame that from them no device can take,  
The blemish that will never be forgot ;  
Worse than a slavish wipe, or birth-hour's blot<sup>d</sup> :  
For marks descried in men's nativity  
Are nature's faults, not their own infamy."

<sup>a</sup> *Coucheth*—causes to couch.

<sup>b</sup> We have the same image in 'Henry VI., Part III.:'—

"Not he that loves him best  
Dares stir a wing if Warwick *shake his bells*."

<sup>c</sup> *Tender*—heed, regard.

<sup>d</sup> *Birth-hour's blot*—corporal blemish. So in 'A Midsummer Night's Dream:'—

"And the *blots* of nature's hand  
Shall not in their issue stand ;  
Never mole, hare-lip, nor scar,  
Nor mark prodigious."

Here with a cockatrice' dead-killing eye  
 He rouseth up himself, and makes a pause;  
 While she, the picture of pure piety,  
 Like a white hind under the grype's<sup>a</sup> sharp claws,  
 Pleads in a wilderness, where are no laws,  
 To the rough beast that knows no gentle right,  
 Nor aught obeys but his foul appetite:

But<sup>b</sup> when a black-fac'd cloud the world doth threat,  
 In his dim mist the aspiring mountains hiding,  
 From earth's dark womb some gentle gust doth get,  
 Which blows these pitchy vapours from their bidding,  
 Hindering their present fall by this dividing;  
 So his unhallow'd haste her words delays,  
 And moody Pluto winks while Orpheus plays.

Yet, foul night-waking cat, he doth but dally,  
 While in his holdfast foot the weak mouse panteth;  
 Her sad behaviour feeds his vulture folly,  
 A swallowing gulf that even in plenty wanteth:  
 His ear her prayers admits, but his heart granteth  
 No penetrable entrance to her plaining:  
 Tears harden lust, though marble wear with raining.

Her pity-pleading eyes are sadly fix'd  
 In the remorseless wrinkles of his face;  
 Her modest eloquence with sighs is mix'd,  
 Which to her oratory adds more grace.  
 She puts the period often from his place<sup>c</sup>,  
 And 'midst the sentence so her accent breaks,  
 That twice she doth begin ere once she speaks.

She conjures him by high almighty Jove,  
 By knighthood, gentry, and sweet friendship's oath,  
 By her untimely tears, her husband's love,

<sup>a</sup> Steevens says the *grype* is properly the griffin. But in the passage before us, as in the early English writers, the word is applied to birds of prey,—the eagle especially.

<sup>b</sup> Malone, who has certainly made very few deviations from the original text of this poem, here changes *but* to *look*, "there being no opposition whatsoever between this and the preceding passage." An opposition is, however, intended. Lucretia pleads to the "rough beast" that "knows no right;" *but*, as the gentle gust divides the black cloud,

"So his unhallow'd haste her words delays."

<sup>c</sup> Shakspeare, whose knowledge of the outward effects of the passions was universal, makes the terror of poor Lucrece display itself in the same manner as that of "great clerks" greeting their prince with "premeditated welcomes." They also

"Make periods in the midst of sentences,  
 Throttle their practis'd accent in their fears,  
 And, in conclusion, dumbly have broke off."

('Midsummer Night's Dream,' Act V., Scene 1.)

By holy human law, and common troth,  
By heaven and earth, and all the power of both,  
That to his borrow'd bed he make retire,  
And stoop to honour, not to foul desire.

Quoth she, "Reward not hospitality  
With such black payment as thou hast pretended<sup>a</sup>;  
Mud not the fountain that gave drink to thee;  
Mar not the thing that cannot be amended;  
End thy ill aim, before thy shoot<sup>b</sup> be ended:  
He is no woodman that doth bend his bow  
To strike a poor unseasonable doe.

"My husband is thy friend, for his sake spare me;  
Thyself art mighty, for thine own sake leave me;  
Myself a weakling, do not then ensnare me;  
Thou look'st not like deceit; do not deceive me:  
My sighs, like whirlwinds, labour hence to heave thee.  
If ever man were mov'd with woman's moans,  
Be moved with my tears, my sighs, my groans:

"All which together, like a troubled ocean,  
Beat at thy rocky and wreck-threatening heart;  
To soften it with their continual motion;  
For stones dissolv'd to water do convert.  
O, if no harder than a stone thou art,  
Melt at my tears, and be compassionate!  
Soft pity enters at an iron gate.

"In Tarquin's likeness I did entertain thee;  
Hast thou put on his shape to do him shame?  
To all the host of heaven I complain me,  
Thou wrong'st his honour, wound'st his princely name.  
Thou art not what thou seem'st; and if the same,  
Thou seem'st not what thou art, a god, a king;  
For kings like gods should govern everything.

"How will thy shame be seeded in thine age,  
When thus thy vices bud before thy spring!  
If in thy hope thou dar'st do such outrage,  
What dar'st thou not when once thou art a king!  
O be remember'd, no outrageous thing  
From vassal actors can be wip'd away;  
Then kings' misdeeds cannot be hid in clay.

<sup>a</sup> *Pretended*—proposed.

<sup>b</sup> *Shoot*. Malone says that the author intended this word to be taken in a double sense, *shoot* being in his time pronounced alike. We doubt this. *Shoot* is not the word that the indignant of Lucrece would have used; nor is the double sense carried forward at all.

- "This deed will make thee only lov'd for fear,  
But happy monarchs still are fear'd for love :  
With foul offenders thou perforce must bear,  
When they in thee the like offences prove :  
If but for fear of this thy will remove ;  
For princes are the glass, the school, the book,  
Where subjects' eyes do learn, do read, do look.
- "And wilt thou be the school where Lust shall learn ?  
Must he in thee read lectures of such shame ?  
Wilt thou be glass, wherein it shall discern  
Authority for sin, warrant for blame,  
To privilege dishonour in thy name ?  
Thou back'st reproach against long-lived laud,  
And mak'st fair reputation but a bawd.
- "Hast thou command ? by him that gave it thee, .  
From a pure heart command thy rebel will :  
Draw not thy sword to guard iniquity,  
For it was lent thee all that brood to kill.  
Thy princely office how canst thou fulfil,  
When, pattern'd by thy fault, foul Sin may say,  
He learn'd to sin, and thou didst teach the way ?
- "Think but how vile a spectacle it were  
To view thy present trespass in another.  
Men's faults do seldom to themselves appear ;  
Their own transgressions partially they smother :  
This guilt would seem death-worthy in thy brother.  
O how are they wrapp'd in with infamies,  
That from their own misdeeds askaunce their eyes !
- "To thee, to thee, my heav'd-up hands appeal,  
Not to seducing lust, thy rash relier ;  
I sue for exil'd majesty's repeal \* ;  
Let him return, and flattering thoughts retire :  
His true respect will 'prison false desire,  
And wipe the dim mist from thy doting eyne,  
That thou shalt see thy state, and pity mine."
- "Have done," quoth he ; " my uncontrolled tide  
Turns not, but swells the higher by this let.  
Small lights are soon blown out, huge fires abide,  
And with the wind in greater fury fret :  
The petty streams that pay a daily debt  
To their salt sovereign, with their fresh falls' haste,  
Add to his flow, but alter not his taste."

\* *Repeal*—recall ; from the French *rappeler*.

"Thou art," quoth she, "a sea, a sovereign king;  
 And lo, there falls into thy boundless flood  
 Black lust, dishonour, shame, misgoverning,  
 Who seek to stain the ocean of thy blood.  
 If all these petty ills shall change thy good,  
 Thy sea within a puddle's womb is hers'd,  
 And not the puddle in thy sea dispers'd.

"So shall these slaves be king, and thou their slave;  
 Thou nobly base, they basely dignified;  
 Thou their fair life, and they thy fouler grave;  
 Thou loathed in their shame, they in thy pride:  
 The lesser thing should not the greater hide;  
 The cedar stoops not to the base shrub's foot,  
 But low shrubs wither at the cedar's root.

"So let thy thoughts, low vassals to thy state"—  
 "No more," quoth he, "by heaven, I will not hear thee:  
 Yield to my love; if not, enforced hate,  
 Instead of love's coy touch, shall rudely tear thee;  
 That done, despitefully I mean to bear thee  
 Unto the base bed of some rascal groom,  
 To be thy partner in this shameful doom."

This said, he sets his foot upon the light,  
 For light and lust are deadly enemies:  
 Shame folded up in blind concealing night,  
 When most unseen, then most doth tyrannise.  
 The wolf hath seiz'd his prey, the poor lamb cries  
 Till with her own white fleece her voice controll'd  
 Entombs her outcry in her lips' sweet fold:

For with the nightly linen that she wears  
 He pens her piteous clamours in her head;  
 Cooling his hot face in the chastest tears  
 That ever modest eyes with sorrow shed.  
 O, that prone<sup>a</sup> lust should stain so pure a bed!  
 The spots whereof could weeping purify,  
 Her tears should drop on them perpetually.

But she hath lost a dearer thing than life,  
 And he hath won what he would lose again.  
 This forced league doth force a further strife,  
 This momentary joy breeds months of pain,  
 This hot desire converts to cold disdain:  
 Pure Chastity is rifled of her store,  
 And Lust, the thief, far poorer than before.

<sup>a</sup> *Prone*—having inclination or propensity, and so self-willed, headstrong.

Look, as the full-fed hound or gorged hawk,  
Unapt for tender smell or speedy flight,  
Make slow pursuit, or altogether balk  
The prey wherein by nature they delight ;  
So surfeit-taking Tarquin fares this night :  
His taste delicious, in digestion souring,  
Devours his will that liv'd by foul devouring.

O deeper sin than bottomless conceit  
Can comprehend in still imagination !  
Drunken desire must vomit his receipt,  
Ere he can see his own abomination.  
While lust is in his pride no exclamation  
Can curb his heat, or rein his rash desire,  
Till, like a jade, self-will himself doth tire.

And then with lank and lean discolour'd cheek,  
With heavy eye, knit brow, and strengthless pace,  
Feeble desire, all recreant, poor, and meek,  
Like to a bankrupt beggar wails his case :  
The flesh being proud, desire doth fight with grace,  
For there it revels ; and when that decays,  
The guilty rebel for remission prays.

So fares it with this faultful lord of Rome,  
Who this accomplishment so hotly chas'd ;  
For now against himself he sounds this doom,  
That through the length of times he stands disgrac'd :  
Besides, his soul's fair temple is defac'd ;  
To whose weak ruins muster troops of cares,  
To ask the spotted princess how she fares.

She says, her subjects with foul insurrection  
Have batter'd down her consecrated wall,  
And by their mortal fault brought in subjection  
Her immortality, and make her thrall  
To living death, and pain perpetual :  
Which in her prescience she controlled still,  
But her foresight could not forestall their will.

Even in this thought through the dark night he stealeth,  
A captive victor that hath lost in gain ;  
Bearing away the wound that nothing healeth,  
The scar that will, despite of cure, remain,  
Leaving his spoil perplex'd in greater pain.  
She bears the load of lust he left behind,  
And he the burthen of a guilty mind.



He like a thievish dog creeps sadly thence ;  
 She like a wearied lamb lies panting there ;  
 He scowls, and hates himself for his offence ;  
 She, desperate, with her nails her flesh doth tear ;  
 He faintly flies, sweating with guilty fear ;  
     She stays, exclaiming on the direful night ;  
 He runs, and chides his vanish'd, loath'd delight.



He thence departs a heavy convertite ;  
 She there remains a hopeless castaway :  
 He in his speed looks for the morning light ;  
 She prays she never may behold the day ;  
 " For day," quoth she, " night's scapes doth open lay ;  
     And my true eyes have never practis'd how  
     To cloak offences with a cunning brow.

" They think not but that every eye can see  
 The same disgrace which they themselves behold ;  
 And therefore would they still in darkness be,  
 To have their unseen sin remain untold ;  
 For they their guilt with weeping will unfold,  
     And grave, like water that doth eat in steel,  
     Upon my cheeks what helpless shame I feel."

Here she exclaims against repose and rest,  
 And bids her eyes hereafter still be blind.  
 She wakes her heart by beating on her breast,

And bids it leap from thence, where it may find  
Some purer chest, to close so pure a mind.

Frantic with grief thus breathes she forth her spite  
Against the unseen secrecy of night:

"O comfort-killing night, image of hell!  
Dim register and notary of shame!  
Black stage for tragedies and murders fell!  
Vast sin-concealing chaos! nurse of blame!  
Blind muffled bawd! dark harbour for defame!  
Grim cave of death, whispering conspirator,  
With close-tongued treason and the ravisher!

"O hateful, vaporous, and foggy night,  
Since thou art guilty of my cureless crime,  
Muster thy mists to meet the eastern light,  
Make war against proportion'd course of time!  
Or if thou wilt permit the sun to climb  
His wonted height, yet ere he go to bed,  
Knit poisonous clouds about his golden head.

"With rotten damps ravish the morning air;  
Let their exhal'd unwholesome breaths make sick  
The life of purity, the supreme fair,  
Ere he arrive his weary noontide prick<sup>a</sup>;  
And let thy misty vapours march so thick,  
That in their smoky ranks his smother'd light  
May set at noon, and make perpetual night.

"Were Tarquin night, (as he is but night's child,)  
The silver-shining queen he would distain;  
Her twinkling handmaids too, by him defil'd,  
Through night's black bosom should not peep again;  
So should I have copartners in my pain:  
And fellowship in woe doth woe assuage,  
As palmers' chat makes short their pilgrimage.

"Where<sup>b</sup> now I have no one to blush with me,  
To cross their arms, and hang their heads with mine,  
To mask their brows, and hide their infamy;  
But I alone alone must sit and pine,  
Seasoning the earth with showers of silver brine,  
Mingling my talk with tears, my grief with groans,  
Poor wasting monuments of lasting moans.

"O night, thou furnace of foul-reeking smoke,  
Let not the jealous day behold that face  
Which underneath thy black all-hiding cloak

<sup>a</sup> Noontide prick—the point of noon.

<sup>b</sup> Where—whereas.

Immodestly lies martyr'd with disgrace!  
 Keep still possession of thy gloomy place,  
 That all the faults which in thy reign are made  
 May likewise be sepulchred<sup>a</sup> in thy shade!

"Make me not object to the tell-tale day!  
 The light will show, character'd<sup>b</sup> in my brow,  
 The story of sweet chastity's decay,  
 The impious breach of holy wedlock vow:  
 Yea, the illiterate, that know not how  
 To 'cipher what is writ in learned books,  
 Will quote<sup>c</sup> my loathsome trespass in my looks.

"The nurse, to still her child, will tell my story,  
 And fright her crying babe with Tarquin's name;  
 The orator, to deck his oratory,  
 Will couple my reproach to Tarquin's shame:  
 Feast-finding minstrels, tuning my defame,  
 Will tie the hearers to attend each line,  
 How Tarquin wronged me, I Collatine.

"Let my good name, that senseless reputation,  
 For Collatine's dear love be kept unspotted:  
 If that be made a theme for disputation,  
 The branches of another root are rotted,  
 And undeserv'd reproach to him allotted,  
 That is as clear from this attaind of mine,  
 As I, ere this, was pure to Collatine.

"O unseen shame! invisible disgrace!  
 O unfelt sore! crest-wounding, private scar!  
 Reproach is stamp'd in Collatinus' face,  
 And Tarquin's eye may read the mot<sup>d</sup> afar,  
 How he in peace is wounded, not in war.  
 Alas, how many bear such shameful blows,  
 Which not themselves but he that gives them knows!

"If, Collatine, thine honour lay in me,  
 From me by strong assault it is bereft.  
 My honey lost, and I, a drone-like bee,  
 Have no perfection of my summer left,  
 But robb'd and ransack'd by injurious theft:

<sup>a</sup> *Sepulchred*. Milton uses the word with the same accent, in his lines on Shakspeare:—

"And so sepulchred in such pomp does lie,  
 That kings for such a tomb would wish to die."

<sup>b</sup> *Character'd*. Here again is an accentuation different from the present, but which is common to all Shakspeare's contemporaries. Malone has observed that this is still the pronunciation of the Irish people; and he adds with great truth, that much of the pronunciation of Queen Elizabeth's age is yet retained in Ireland.

<sup>c</sup> *Quote*—observe.

<sup>d</sup> *Mot*—motto.

In thy weak hive a wandering wasp hath crept,  
And suck'd the honey which thy chaste bee kept.

"Yet am I guilty of thy honour's wrack<sup>a</sup>,—  
Yet for thy honour did I entertain him<sup>b</sup>;  
Coming from thee, I could not put him back,  
For it had been dishonour to disdain him:  
Besides, of weariness he did complain him,  
And talk'd of virtue:—O, unlook'd for evil,  
When virtue is profan'd in such a devil!

"Why should the worm intrude the maiden bud?  
Or hateful cuckoos hatch in sparrows' nests?  
Or toads infect fair founts with venom mud?  
Or tyrant folly lurk in gentle breasts?  
Or kings be breakers of their own behests?  
But no perfection is so absolute,  
That some impurity doth not pollute.

"The aged man that coffers up his gold  
Is plagued with cramps, and gouts, and painful fits.  
And scarce hath eyes his treasure to behold,  
But like still-pining Tantalus he sits,  
And useless barns the harvest of his wits;  
Having no other pleasure of his gain  
But torment that it cannot cure his pain.

"So then he hath it, when he cannot use it,  
And leaves it to be master'd by his young,  
Who in their pride do presently abuse it:  
Their father was too weak, and they too strong,  
To hold their cursed-blessed fortune long.  
The sweets we wish for turn to loathed sour,  
Even in the moment that we call them ours.

<sup>a</sup> *Wrack*. Mr. Hunter, in his 'Disquisition on the Tempest,' pointed out the necessity of restoring to Shakspeare's text the old word *wrack*, instead of the modern *wreck*. He asks, "What could editors, who proceed upon principles which lead to such a substitution, do with this couplet of the 'Lucrece':—

'O, this dread night, wouldst thou one hour come back,  
I could prevent this storm, and ahun thy *wrack*!'

In this particular instance they have preserved the original word; but in that before us, where *wrack* is equally required to rhyme with *back*, they have substituted *wreck*. Even Mr. Dyce herein copies Malone without alteration. This is probably mere carelessness; but it shows the danger of tampering with an original reading.

<sup>b</sup> This is again an instance of the dramatic crowding of thought upon thought, and making one thought answer and repel the other, which render Shakspeare's soliloquies such matchless revelations of the heart. Malone not perceiving this dramatic power, changes *guilty* to *guiltless*; because the idea of the first line does not correspond with that of the second.

<sup>c</sup> *Folly* is here used in the sense of wickedness; and *gentle* in that of well-born.

"Unruly blasts wait on the tender spring;  
 Unwholesome weeds take root with precious flowers;  
 The adder hisses where the sweet birds sing;  
 What virtue breeds iniquity devours:  
 We have no good that we can say is ours,  
     But ill-annexed Opportunity  
 Or kills his life, or else his quality.

"O Opportunity! thy guilt is great:  
 'Tis thou that execut'st the traitor's treason;  
 Thou sett'st the wolf where he the lamb may get;  
 Whoever plots the sin, thou 'point'st the season;  
 'Tis thou that spurn'st at right, at law, at reason;  
     And in thy shady cell, where none may spy him,  
 Sits Sin, to seize the souls that wander by him.

"Thou mak'st the vestal violate her oath:  
 Thou blow'st the fire when temperance is thaw'd;  
 Thou smother'st honesty, thou murder'st troth;  
 Thou foul abetter! thou notorious bawd!  
 Thou plantest scandal, and displacest laud:  
     Thou ravisher, thou traitor, thou false thief,  
 Thy honey turns to gall, thy joy to grief!

"Thy secret pleasure turns to open shame,  
 Thy private feasting to a public fast;  
 Thy smoothing<sup>a</sup> titles to a ragged<sup>b</sup> name;  
 Thy sugar'd tongue to bitter wormwood taste:  
 Thy violent vanities can never last.  
     How comes it then, vile Opportunity,  
 Being so bad, such numbers seek for thee?

"When wilt thou be the humble suppliant's friend,  
 And bring him where his suit may be obtain'd?  
 When wilt thou sort<sup>c</sup> an hour great strifes to end?  
 Or free that soul which wretchedness hath chain'd?  
 Give physic to the sick, ease to the pain'd?  
     The poor, lame, blind, halt, creep, cry out for thee;  
 But they ne'er meet with Opportunity.

"The patient dies while the physician sleeps;  
 The orphan pines while the oppressor feeds;  
 Justice is feasting while the widow weeps;

<sup>a</sup> *Smoothing*—flattering.

<sup>b</sup> *Ragged* is here used in the sense of contemptible. It means something broken, torn, and therefore worthless. See Note on 'Henry IV., Part II.,' Act I., Scene 1.

<sup>c</sup> *Sort*—assign, appropriate. So in 'Richard III.:'—

"But I will sort a pitchy day for thee."

Advice is sporting while infection breeds<sup>a</sup>;  
 Thou grant'st no time for charitable deeds:  
 Wrath, envy, treason, rape, and murder's rages,  
 Thy heinous hours wait on them as their pages.

"When truth and virtue have to do with thee,  
 A thousand crosses keep them from thy aid;  
 They buy thy help: but Sin ne'er gives a fee,  
 He gratis comes; and thou art well appay'd<sup>b</sup>  
 As well to hear as grant what he hath said.  
 My Collatine would else have come to me  
 When Tarquin did, but he was stay'd by thee.

"Guilty thou art of murder and of theft;  
 Guilty of perjury and subornation;  
 Guilty of treason, forgery, and shift;  
 Guilty of incest, that abomination:  
 An accessory by thine inclination  
 To all sins past, and all that are to come,  
 From the creation to the general doom.

"Mis-shapen Time, copesmate of ugly night,  
 Swift subtle post, carrier of grisly care,  
 Eater of youth, false slave to false delight,  
 Base watch of woes, sin's packhorse, virtue's snare;  
 Thou nursest all, and murderest all that are.  
 O hear me then, injurious, shifting Time!  
 Be guilty of my death, since of my crime.

"Why hath thy servant, Opportunity,  
 Betray'd the hours thou gav'st me to repose?  
 Cancell'd my fortunes, and enchained me  
 To endless date of never-ending woes?  
 Time's office is to fine<sup>c</sup> the hate of foes;  
 To eat up errors by opinion bred,  
 Not spend the dowry of a lawful bed.

"Time's glory is to calm contending kings,  
 To unmask falsehood, and bring truth to light,  
 To stamp the seal of time in aged things,  
 To wake the morn, and sentinel the night,  
 To wrong the wronger till he render right;

<sup>a</sup> The constant allusions of the Elizabethan poets to that familiar terror the plague show how completely the evil, whether present or absent, was associated with the habitual thoughts of the people. *Advice* is here used in the sense of government, municipal or civil; and the line too correctly describes the carelessness of those in high places, who abated not their feasting and their revelry while pestilence was doing its terrible work around them.

<sup>b</sup> *Appay'd*—satisfied, pleased. *Well appay'd, ill appay'd*, are constantly used by Chaucer and other ancient writers.

<sup>c</sup> *To fine*—to bring to an end.

To ruinate proud buildings with thy hours,  
And smear with dust their glittering golden towers :

“ To fill with worm-holes stately monuments,  
To feed oblivion with decay of things,  
To blot old books, and alter their contents,  
To pluck the quills from ancient ravens' wings,  
To dry the old oak's sap, and cherish springs<sup>a</sup> ;  
To spoil antiquities of hammer'd steel,  
And turn the giddy round of Fortune's wheel ;

“ To show the beldame daughters of her daughter,  
To make the child a man, the man a child,  
To slay the tiger that doth live by slaughter,  
To tame the unicorn and lion wild,  
To mock the subtle, in themselves beguil'd ;  
To cheer the ploughman with increaseful crops,  
And waste huge stones with little water-drops.

“ Why work'st thou mischief in thy pilgrimage,  
Unless thou couldst return to make amends ?  
One poor retiring<sup>b</sup> minute in an age  
Would purchase thee a thousand thousand friends,  
Lending him wit that to bad debtors lends :  
O, this dread night, wouldst thou one hour come back,  
I could prevent this storm, and shun thy wrack !

“ Thou ceaseless lackey to eternity,  
With some mischance cross Tarquin in his flight :  
Devise extremes beyond extremity,  
To make him curse this cursed crimeful night :  
Let ghastly shadows his lewd eyes affright ;  
And the dire thought of his committed evil  
Shape every bush a hideous shapeless devil.

“ Disturb his hours of rest with restless trances,  
Afflict him in his bed with bedrid groans ;  
Let there bechance him pitiful mischances,  
To make him moan, but pity not his moans :  
Stone him with harden'd hearts, harder than stones ;  
And let mild women to him lose their mildness,  
Wilder to him than tigers in their wildness.

“ Let him have time to tear his curled hair<sup>c</sup>,  
Let him have time against himself to rave,  
Let him have time of Time's help to despair,

<sup>a</sup> *Springs*—shoots, saplings. Time, which dries up the old oak's sap, cherishes the young plants.

<sup>b</sup> *Retiring* is here used in the sense of coming back again.

<sup>c</sup> *Curled hair* is the characteristic of Tarquin, as it was of all men of high rank in Shakespeare's

Let him have time to live a loathed slave,  
 Let him have time a beggar's orts to crave;  
 And time to see one that by alms doth live  
 Disdain to him disdained scraps to give.

"Let him have time to see his friends his foes,  
 And merry fools to mock at him resort;  
 Let him have time to mark how slow time goes  
 In time of sorrow, and how swift and short  
 His time of folly and his time of sport:  
 And ever let his unrecalling<sup>a</sup> crime  
 Have time to wail the abusing of his time.

"O Time, thou tutor both to good and bad,  
 Teach me to curse him that thou taught'st this ill!  
 At his own shadow let the thief run mad!  
 Himself himself seek every hour to kill!  
 Such wretched hands such wretched blood should spill:  
 For who so base would such an office have  
 As slanderous death's-man to so base a slave?

"The baser is he, coming from a king,  
 To shame his hope with deeds degenerate.  
 The mightier man, the mightier is the thing  
 That makes him honour'd, or begets him hate;  
 For greatest scandal waits on greatest state.  
 The moon being clouded, presently is miss'd,  
 But little stars may hide them when they list.

"The crow may bathe his coal-black wings in mire,  
 And unperceiv'd fly with the filth away;  
 But if the like the snow-white swan desire,  
 The stain upon his silver down will stay.  
 Poor grooms are sightless night, kings glorious day.  
 Gnats are unnoted wheresoe'er they fly,  
 But eagles gaz'd upon with every eye.

"Out, idle words, servants to shallow fools!  
 Unprofitable sounds, weak arbitrators!  
 Busy yourselves in skill-contending schools,  
 Debate where leisure serves with dull debaters;  
 To trembling clients be you mediators:  
 For me, I force<sup>b</sup> not argument a straw,  
 Since that my case is past the help of law.

time. Perhaps it implied a notion of luxuriousness. In this way we have "the *curled* Antony;" and in 'Othello'

"The wealthy *curled* darlings of our nation."

<sup>a</sup> *Unrecalling*—not to be recalled. The elder writers use the participle with much more licence than we do.

<sup>b</sup> *Force* is here used in the sense of value or regard.



"In vain I rail at Opportunity,  
At Time, at Tarquin, and uncheerful night;  
In vain I cavil with my infamy,  
In vain I spurn at my confirm'd despite:  
This helpless smoke of words doth me no right.  
The remedy indeed to do me good,  
Is to let forth my foul defiled blood.

"Poor hand, why quiver'st thou at this decree?  
Honour thyself to rid me of this shame;  
For if I die my honour lives in thee,  
But if I live thou liv'st in my defame:  
Since thou couldst not defend thy loyal dame,  
And wast afraid to scratch her wicked foe,  
Kill both thyself and her for yielding so."

This said, from her betumbled couch she starteth,  
To find some desperate instrument of death:  
But this no-slaughter-house no tool imparteth,  
To make more vent for passage of her breath,  
Which thronging through her lips so vanisheth  
As smoke from *Ætna*, that in air consumes,  
Or that which from discharged cannon fumes.

"In vain," quoth she, "I live, and seek in vain  
Some happy mean to end a hapless life.  
I fear'd by Tarquin's falchion to be slain,  
Yet for the selfsame purpose seek a knife:  
But when I fear'd I was a loyal wife;  
So am I now:—O no, that cannot be;  
Of that true type hath Tarquin rifled me.

"O! that is gone for which I sought to live,  
And therefore now I need not fear to die.  
To clear this spot by death, at least I give  
A badge of fame to slander's livery<sup>a</sup>;  
A dying life to living infamy;  
Poor helpless help, the treasure stolen away,  
To burn the guiltless casket where it lay!

"Well, well, dear Collatine, thou shalt not know  
The stained taste of violated troth;  
I will not wrong thy true affection so  
To flatter thee with an infringed oath;  
This bastard graff shall never come to growth:

<sup>a</sup> An allusion to the badges which servants or retainers of families of rank wore on their liveries.

He shall not boast who did thy stock pollute  
That thou art doting father of his fruit.

"Nor shall he smile at thee in secret thought,  
Nor laugh with his companions at thy state;  
But thou shalt know thy interest was not bought  
Basely with gold, but stolen from forth thy gate.  
For me, I am the mistress of my fate,  
And with my trespass never will dispense,  
Till life to death acquit my forc'd offence.

"I will not poison thee with my attaint,  
Nor fold my fault in cleanly-coin'd excuses;  
My sable ground of sin I will not paint,  
To hide the truth of this false night's abuses:  
My tongue shall utter all; mine eyes like sluices,  
As from a mountain-spring that feeds a dale,  
Shall gush pure streams to purge my impure tale."



By this, lamenting Philomel had ended  
The well-tun'd warble of her nightly sorrow,  
And solemn night with slow-sad gait descended  
To ugly hell; when lo, the blushing morrow  
Lends light to all fair eyes that light will borrow:  
But cloudy Lucrece shames herself to see,  
And therefore still in night would cloister'd be.

Revealing day through every cranny spies,  
 And seems to point her out where she sits weeping;  
 To whom she sobbing speaks: "O eye of eyes,  
 Why pryest thou through my window? leave thy peeping;  
 Mock with thy tickling beams eyes that are sleeping:  
 Brand not my forehead with thy piercing light,  
 For day hath nought to do what 's done by night."

Thus cavils she with everything she sees:  
 True grief is fond<sup>a</sup> and testy as a child,  
 Who wayward once, his mood with nought agrees.  
 Old woes, not infant sorrows, bear them mild;  
 Continuance tames the one; the other wild,  
 Like an unpractis'd swimmer, plunging still  
 With too much labour, drowns for want of skill.

So she, deep-drenched in a sea of care,  
 Holds disputation with each thing she views,  
 And to herself all sorrow doth compare;  
 No object but her passion's strength renews;  
 And as one shifts, another straight ensues:  
 Sometime her grief is dumb, and hath no words:  
 Sometime 't is mad, and too much talk affords.

The little birds that tune their morning's joy  
 Make her moans mad with their sweet melody.  
 For mirth doth search the bottom of annoy;  
 Sad souls are slain in merry company;  
 Grief best is pleas'd with grief's society:  
 True sorrow then is feelingly suffic'd  
 When with like semblance it is sympathis'd.

'T is double death to drown in ken of shore;  
 He ten times pines that pines beholding food;  
 To see the salve doth make the wound ache more;  
 Great grief grieves most at that would do it good;  
 Deep woes roll forward like a gentle flood,  
 Who, being stopp'd, the bounding banks o'erflows;  
 Grief dallied with nor law nor limit knows.

"You mocking birds," quoth she, "your tunes entomb  
 Within your hollow-swelling feather'd breasts,  
 And in my hearing be you mute and dumb!  
 (My restless discord loves no stops nor rests;  
 A woeful hostess brooks not merry guests:)  
 Relish your nimble notes to pleasing ears;  
 Distress likes dumps<sup>b</sup> when time is kept with tears.

<sup>a</sup> Fond—foolish.

<sup>b</sup> Dumps—melancholy airs.

"Come, Philomel, that sing'st of ravishment,  
 Make thy sad grove in my dishevell'd hair.  
 As the dank earth weeps at thy languishment,  
 So I at each sad strain will strain a tear,  
 And with deep groans the diapason bear:  
     For burthen-wise I'll hum on Tarquin still,  
     While thou on Tereus descant'st better skill\*.

"And whiles against a thorn thou bear'st thy part,  
 To keep thy sharp woes waking, wretched I,  
 To imitate thee well, against my heart  
 Will fix a sharp knife, to affright mine eye;  
 Who, if it wink, shall thereon fall and die.  
     These means, as frets upon an instrument,  
     Shall tune our heartstrings to true languishment.

"And for, poor bird, thou sing'st not in the day,  
 As shaming any eye should thee behold,  
 Some dark deep desert, seated from the way,  
 That knows nor parching heat nor freezing cold,  
 We will find out; and there will we unfold  
     To creatures stern sad tunes, to change their kinds:  
     Since men prove beasts, let beasts bear gentle minds."

As the poor frightened deer, that stands at gaze,  
 Wildly determining which way to fly,  
 Or one encompass'd with a winding maze,  
 That cannot tread the way out readily;  
 So with herself is she in mutiny,  
     To live or die which of the twain were better,  
     When life is sham'd, and Death reproach's debtor.

"To kill myself," quoth she, "alack! what were it,  
 But with my body my poor soul's pollution?  
 They that lose half with greater patience bear it  
 Than they whose whole is swallow'd in confusion.  
 That mother tries a merciless conclusion  
     Who, having two sweet babes, when death takes one,  
     Will slay the other, and be nurse to none.

"My body or my soul, which was the dearer?  
 When the one pure, the other made divine.  
 Whose love of either to myself was nearer?  
 When both were kept for heaven and Collatine.  
 Ah me! the bark peel'd from the lofty pine,  
     His leaves will wither, and his sap decay;  
     So must my soul, her bark being peel'd away.

\* *Better skill.* We must probably here understand *with* better skill.

" Her house is sack'd, her quiet interrupted,  
 Her mansion batter'd by the enemy ;  
 Her sacred temple spotted, spoil'd, corrupted,  
 Grossly engirt with daring infamy :  
 Then let it not be call'd impiety  
     If in this blemish'd fort I make some hole  
     Through which I may convey this troubled soul.

" Yet die I will not till my Collatine  
 Have heard the cause of my untimely death ;  
 That he may vow, in that sad hour of mine,  
 Revenge on him that made me stop my breath.  
 My stained blood to Tarquin I'll bequeath,  
     Which by him tainted shall for him be spent,  
     And as his due writ in my testament.

" My honour I'll bequeath unto the knife  
 That wounds my body so dishonoured.  
 'Tis honour to deprive dishonour'd life ;  
 The one will live, the other being dead :  
 So of shame's ashes shall my fame be bred ;  
     For in my death I murder shameful scorn :  
     My shame so dead, mine honour is new-born.

" Dear lord of that dear jewel I have lost,  
 What legacy shall I bequeath to thee ?  
 My resolution, Love, shall be thy boast,  
 By whose example thou reveng'd mayst be.  
 How Tarquin must be us'd, read it in me :  
     Myself, thy friend, will kill myself, thy foe,  
     And, for my sake, serve thou false Tarquin so.

" This brief abridgment of my will I make :  
 My soul and body to the skies and ground ;  
 My resolution, husband, do thou take ;  
 Mine honour be the knife's that makes my wound ;  
 My shame be his that did my fame confound ;  
     And all my fame that lives disbursed be  
     To those that live, and think no shame of me.

" Thou, Collatine, shalt oversee this will\* ;  
 How was I overseen that thou shalt see it !  
 My blood shall wash the slander of mine ill ;  
 My life's foul deed my life's fair end shall free it.  
 Faint not faint heart, but stoutly say, ' so be it.'

\* The executor of a will was sometimes called the *overseer* ; but our ancestors often appointed overseers as well as executors. Shakspeare's own will contains such an appointment.

Yield to my hand ; my hand shall conquer thee ;  
Thou dead, both die, and both shall victors be."

This plot of death when sadly she had laid,  
And wip'd the brinish pearl from her bright eyes,  
With untun'd tongue she hoarsely call'd her maid,  
Whose swift obedience to her mistress hies ;  
For fleet-wing'd duty with thought's feathers flies.  
Poor Lucrece' cheeks unto her maid seem so  
As winter meads when sun doth melt their snow.

Her mistress she doth give demure good-morrow,  
With soft-slow tongue, true mark of modesty,  
And sorts a sad look to her lady's sorrow,  
(For why? her face wore sorrow's livery.)  
But durst not ask of her audaciously  
Why her two suns were cloud-eclipsed so,  
Nor why her fair cheeks over-wash'd with woe.

But as the earth doth weep, the sun being set\*,  
Each flower moisten'd like a melting eye ;  
Even so the maid with swelling drops 'gan wet  
Her circled eyne, enforc'd by sympathy  
Of those fair suns, set in her mistress' sky,  
Who in a salt-wav'd ocean quench their light,  
Which makes the maid weep like the dewy night.

A pretty while these pretty creatures stand,  
Like ivory conduits coral cisterns filling :  
One justly weeps ; the other takes in hand  
No cause, but company, of her drops spilling :  
Their gentle sex to weep are often willing ;  
Grieving themselves to guess at others' smarta,  
And then they drown their eyes, or break their hearts.

For men have marble, women waxen minds,  
And therefore are they form'd as marble will<sup>b</sup> ;  
The weak oppress'd, the impression of strange kinds  
Is form'd in them by force, by fraud, or skill :  
Then call them not the authors of their ill,

\* In the folio edition of 'Romeo and Juliet,' as well as in the quarto of 1597, we find the line—

"When the sun sets, the earth doth drizzle dew."

Here the image completely agrees with that in the text before us. But in the undated quarto, which the modern editors follow, we have "the air doth drizzle dew." Science was long puzzled to decide whether the earth or the air produced dew ; but it was reserved for the accurate experiments of modern times to show that the earth and the air must unite to produce this effect under particular circumstances of temperature and radiation. The correction of the undated edition of 'Romeo and Juliet' was certainly unnecessary.

<sup>b</sup> *Marble* here stands for men, whose minds have just been compared to marble.

No more than wax shall be accounted evil,  
Wherein is stamp'd the semblance of a devil.

Their smoothness, like a goodly champaign plain,  
Lays open all the little worms that creep;  
In men, as in a rough-grown grove, remain  
Cave-keeping evils that obscurely sleep:  
Through crystal walls each little mote will peep:  
Though men can cover crimes with bold stern looks,  
Poor women's faces are their own faults' books.

No man inveigh against the wither'd flower,  
But chide rough winter that the flower hath kill'd!  
Not that devour'd, but that which doth devour  
Is worthy blame. O, let it not be hild<sup>a</sup>  
Poor women's faults that they are so fulfill'd<sup>b</sup>  
With men's abuses! those proud lords, to blame,  
Make weak-made women tenants to their shame.

The precedent whereof in Lucrece view,  
Assail'd by night with circumstances strong  
Of present death, and shame that might ensue  
By that her death, to do her husband wrong:  
Such danger to resistance did belong,  
That dying fear through all her body spread;  
And who cannot abuse a body dead?

By this, mild patience bid fair Lucrece speak  
To the poor counterfeit<sup>c</sup> of her complaining:  
"My girl," quoth she, "on what occasion break  
Those tears from thee, that down thy cheeks are raining?  
If thou dost weep for grief of my sustaining,  
Know, gentle wench, it small avails my mood:  
If tears could help, mine own would do me good.

"But tell me, girl, when went"—(and there she stay'd  
Till after a deep groan) "Tarquin from hence?"  
"Madam, ere I was up," replied the maid,  
"The more to blame my sluggard negligence:  
Yet with the fault I thus far can dispense;  
Myself was stirring ere the break of day,  
And, ere I rose, was Tarquin gone away.

"But, lady, if your maid may be so bold,  
She would request to know your heaviness."  
"O peace!" quoth Lucrece; "if it should be told,

<sup>a</sup> *Hild*—held. Such a change for the sake of rhyme is frequent in Spenser.

<sup>b</sup> *Fulfill'd*—completely filled.

<sup>c</sup> *Counterfeit*—a likeness or copy.

The repetition cannot make it less;  
 For more it is than I can well express:  
 And that deep torture may be call'd a hell,  
 When more is felt than one hath power to tell.

"Go, get me hither paper, ink, and pen—  
 Yet save that labour, for I have them here.  
 What should I say?—One of my husband's men  
 Bid thou be ready, by and by, to bear  
 A letter to my lord, my love, my dear;  
 Bid him with speed prepare to carry it:  
 The cause craves haste, and it will soon be writ."

Her maid is gone, and she prepares to write,  
 First hovering o'er the paper with her quill:  
 Conceit and grief an eager combat fight;  
 What wit sets down is blotted straight with will;  
 This is too curious-good, this blunt and ill:  
 Much like a press of people at a door,  
 Throng her inventions, which shall be before.

At last she thus begins:—"Thou worthy lord  
 Of that unworthy wife that greeteth thee,  
 Health to thy person! next vouchsafe to afford  
 (If ever, love, thy Lucrece thou wilt see)  
 Some present speed to come and visit me:  
 So I commend me from our house in grief<sup>a</sup>;  
 My woes are tedious, though my words are brief."

Here folds she up the tenor of her woe,  
 Her certain sorrow writ uncertainly.  
 By this short schedule Collatine may know  
 Her grief, but not her grief's true quality;  
 She dares not thereof make discovery,  
 Lest he should hold it her own gross abuse,  
 Ere she with blood had stain'd her stain'd excuse.

Besides, the life and feeling of her passion  
 She hoards, to spend when he is by to hear her;  
 When sighs, and groans, and tears may grace the fashion  
 Of her disgrace, the better so to clear her  
 From that suspicion which the world might bear her.  
 To shun this blot, she would not blot the letter  
 With words, till action might become them better.

<sup>a</sup> The simplicity of this letter is exquisitely beautiful; and its pathos is deeper from the circumstance that it is scarcely raised above the tone of ordinary correspondence.

"So I commend me from our house in grief"

is such a formula as we constantly find in ancient correspondence. In the 'Paston Letters' we have such conclusions as this: "Written at — when I was not well at ease."



To see sad sights moves more than hear them told ;  
 For then the eye interprets to the ear  
 The heavy motion<sup>a</sup> that it doth behold,  
 When every part a part of woe doth bear.  
 'Tis but a part of sorrow that we hear :  
 Deep sounds<sup>b</sup> make lesser noise than shallow fords,  
 And sorrow ebbs, being blown with wind of words.

Her letter now is seal'd, and on it writ,  
 " At Ardea to my lord with more than haste : "  
 The post attends, and she delivers it,  
 Charging the sour-fac'd groom to hie as fast  
 As lagging fowls before the northern blast.  
 Speed more than speed but dull and slow she deems :  
 Extremity still urgeth such extremes.



The homely villein court'sies to her low ;  
 And blushing on her, with a stedfast eye  
 Receives the scroll without or yea or no,

<sup>a</sup> Motion—dumb show.

<sup>b</sup> Sounds. Malone proposes to read *floods*. This Steevens resists, and says that *sound* is sue part of the sea as may be sounded. To this Malone replies that a sound cannot be deep, therefore sounds is not here intended. A sound is a bay or frith; and Dampier, who is be authority than the commentators, on nautical matters, mentions a *sound* as "large and deep." stillness of a sound, in consequence of being land-locked, testifies to the correctness of the po image.

And forth with bashful innocence doth hie.  
 But they whose guilt within their bosoms lie  
     Imagine every eye beholds their blame;  
     For Lucrece thought he blush'd to see her shame;

When, silly groom! God wot, it was defect  
 Of spirit, life, and bold audacity.  
 Such harmless creatures have a true respect  
 To talk in deeds, while others saucily  
 Promise more speed, but do it leisurely:  
     Even so, this pattern of the worn-out age  
     Pawn'd honest looks, but laid no words to gage.

His kindled duty kindled her mistrust,  
 That two red fires in both their faces blaz'd;  
 She thought he blush'd, as knowing Tarquin's lust,  
 And, blushing with him, wistly on him gaz'd;  
 Her earnest eye did make him more amaz'd:  
     The more she saw the blood his cheeks replenish,  
     The more she thought he spied in her some blemish.

But long she thinks till he return again,  
 And yet the duteous vassal scarce is gone.  
 The weary time she cannot entertain,  
 For now 't is stale to sigh, to weep, and groan:  
 So woe hath wearied woe, moan tired moan,  
     That she her plaints a little while doth stay,  
     Pausing for means to mourn some newer way.

At last she calls to mind where hangs a piece  
 Of skilful painting, made for Priam's Troy;  
 Before the which is drawn<sup>a</sup> the power of Greece,  
 For Helen's rape the city to destroy,  
 Threat'ning cloud-kissing Ilion with annoy;  
     Which the conceited<sup>b</sup> painter drew so proud,  
     As heaven (it seem'd) to kiss the turrets bow'd.

A thousand lamentable objects there,  
 In scorn of Nature, Art gave lifeless life:  
 Many a dry drop seem'd a weeping tear,  
 Shed for the slaughter'd husband by the wife:  
 The red blood reek'd to show the painter's strife;  
     And dying eyes gleam'd forth their ashy lights,  
     Like dying coals burnt out in tedious nights.

There might you see the labouring pioneer  
 Begrim'd with sweat, and smeared all with dust;  
 And from the towers of Troy there would appear

<sup>a</sup> *Drawn*—drawn out into the field.

<sup>b</sup> *Conceited*—ingenious, imaginative.

The very eyes of men through loopholes thrust,  
Gazing upon the Greeks with little lust:  
Such sweet observance in this work was had,  
That one might see those far-off eyes look sad.

In great commanders grace and majesty  
You might behold, triumphing in their faces;  
In youth, quick bearing and dexterity;  
And here and there the painter interlaces  
Pale cowards, marching on with trembling paces;  
Which heartless peasants did so well resemble,  
That one would swear he saw them quake and tremble.

In Ajax and Ulysses, O what art  
Of physiognomy might one behold!  
The face of either 'cipher'd either's heart;  
Their face their manners most expressly told:  
In Ajax' eyes blunt rage and rigour roll'd;  
But the mild glance that sly Ulysses lent  
Show'd deep regard and smiling government.

There pleading might you see grave Nestor stand,  
As 't were encouraging the Greeks to fight;  
Making such sober action with his hand  
That it beguil'd attention, charm'd the sight:  
In speech, it seem'd, his beard all silver white  
Wagg'd up and down, and from his lips did fly  
Thin winding breath, which purl'd up<sup>a</sup> to the sky.

About him were a press of gaping faces,  
Which seem'd to swallow up his sound advice;  
All jointly listening, but with several graces,  
As if some mermaid did their ears entice;  
Some high, some low, the painter was so nice:  
The scalps of many, almost hid behind,  
To jump up higher seem'd to mock the mind.

Here one man's hand lean'd on another's head,  
His nose being shadow'd by his neighbour's ear;  
Here one being throng'd bears back, all boll'n<sup>b</sup> and red;  
Another smother'd seems to pelt<sup>c</sup> and swear;  
And in their rage such signs of rage they bear,

<sup>a</sup> *Purl'd*. The meaning of *purl* as applied to a sound is familiar to all. Bacon, in speaking the sound of a pipe, mentions "a sweet degree of sibillation or purling." Thus, in the *pas* before us, the thin winding breath of Nestor, the soft-flowing words, *purl'd* up to the sky. the commentators believe that *purl'd* here expresses motion, and not sound; and Stevens prop to substitute *curl'd*.

<sup>b</sup> *Boll'n*—swollen.

<sup>c</sup> *Pelt*—to be clamorous, to discharge hasty words as pellets.

As, but for loss of Nestor's golden words,  
It seem'd they would debate with angry swords.

For much imaginary work was there ;  
Conceit deceitful, so compact, so kind <sup>a</sup>,  
That for Achilles' image stood his spear,  
Grip'd in an armed hand ; himself, behind,  
Was left unseen, save to the eye of mind :  
A hand, a foot, a face, a leg, a head,  
Stood for the whole to be imagined.

And from the walls of strong-besieged Troy  
When their brave hope, bold Hector, march'd to field,  
Stood many Trojan mothers, sharing joy  
To see their youthful sons bright weapons wield ;  
And to their hope they such odd action yield,  
That through their light joy seemed to appear  
(Like bright things stain'd) a kind of heavy fear.

And, from the strond of Dardan where they fought,  
To Simois' reedy banks, the red blood ran,  
Whose waves to imitate the battle sought  
With swelling ridges ; and their ranks began  
To break upon the galled shore, and than <sup>b</sup>  
Retire again, till meeting greater ranks  
They join, and shoot their foam at Simois' banks.

To this well-painted piece is Lucrece come,  
To find a face where all distress is stel'd <sup>c</sup>.  
Many she sees where cares have carved some,  
But none where all distress and dolour dwell'd,  
Till she despairing Hecuba beheld,

<sup>a</sup> *Kind*—natural.

<sup>b</sup> *Than* used for *then*. This is another example (we had one before in *hild*) of changing a termination for the sake of rhyme. In Fairfax's 'Tasso' there is a parallel instance:—

"Time was, (for each one hath his doting time,  
These silver locks were golden tresses *than*,)  
That country life I hated as a crime,  
And from the forest's sweet contentment ran."

<sup>c</sup> *Stel'd*. A passage in the twenty-fourth Sonnet may explain the lines in the text:—

"Mine eye hath play'd the painter, and hath *stel'd*  
Thy beauty's form in table of my heart."

The word *stel'd* in both instances has a distinct association with something painted; but *to stell* is interpreted as to fix, from *stell*, a fixed place of abode. It appears to us that the word is connected in Shakspeare's mind with the word *stile*, the pencil by which forms are traced and copied. The application does not appear forced, when we subsequently find the poet using the expression of "*pencil'd* pensiveness." We constantly use the term *stile* as applied to painting; but we all know that *stile*, as describing the manner of delineating forms, is derived from the instrument by which characters were anciently *written*. *Stel'd* is probably then *stil'd*, the word being slightly changed to suit the rhyme.

Staring on Priam's wounds with her old eyes,  
Which bleeding under Pyrrhus' proud foot lies.

In her the painter had anatomis'd  
Time's ruin, beauty's wrack, and grim care's reign;  
Her cheeks with chaps and wrinkles were disguis'd;  
Of what she was no semblance did remain:  
Her blue blood, chang'd to black in every vein,  
Wanting the spring that those shrunk pipes had fed,  
Show'd life imprison'd in a body dead.

On this sad shadow Lucrece spends her eyes,  
And shapes her sorrow to the beldame's woes,  
Who nothing wants to answer her but cries,  
And bitter words to ban her cruel foes:  
The painter was no god to lend her those;  
And therefore Lucrece swears he did her wrong,  
To give her so much grief, and not a tongue.

"Poor instrument," quoth she, "without a sound,  
I'll tune thy woes with my lamenting tongue:  
And drop sweet balm in Priam's painted wound,  
And rail on Pyrrhus that hath done him wrong,  
And with my tears quench Troy that burns so long;  
And with my knife scratch out the angry eyes  
Of all the Greeks that are thine enemies.

"Show me the strumpet that began this stir,  
That with my nails her beauty I may tear.  
Thy heat of lust, fond Paris, did incur  
This load of wrath that burning Troy doth bear;  
Thy eye kindled the fire that burneth here:  
And here in Troy, for trespass of thine eye,  
The sire, the son, the dame, and daughter, die.

"Why should the private pleasure of some one  
Become the public plague of many mo<sup>a</sup>?  
Let sin, alone committed, light alone  
Upon his head that hath transgressed so.  
Let guiltless souls be freed from guilty woe:  
For one's offence why should so many fall,  
To plague a private sin in general?

"Lo, here weeps Hecuba, here Priam dies,  
Here manly Hector faints, here Troilus swoonds<sup>b</sup>;  
Here friend by friend in bloody channel lies,

<sup>a</sup> *Mo*—more.

<sup>b</sup> *Swoonds*—swoons. It is probable that the word was so usually pronounced. In *Dray* *swoond* rhymes to wound.

And friend to friend gives unadvised<sup>a</sup> wounds,  
 And one man's lust these many lives confounds<sup>b</sup> :  
     Had doting Priam check'd his son's desire,  
     Troy had been bright with fame, and not with fire."

Here feelingly she weeps Troy's painted woes :  
 For sorrow, like a heavy-hanging bell,  
 Once set on ringing, with his own weight goes ;  
 Then little strength rings out the doleful knell :  
 So Lucrece set a-work sad tales doth tell  
     To pencill'd pensiveness and colour'd sorrow ;  
     She lends them words, and she their looks doth borrow.

She throws her eyes about the painting, round,  
 And whom she finds forlorn she doth lament :  
 At last she sees a wretched image bound,  
 That piteous looks to Phrygian shepherds lent ;  
 His face, though full of cares, yet show'd content :  
     Onward to Troy with the blunt swains he goes,  
     So mild that Patience seem'd to scorn his woes.

In him the painter labour'd with his skill  
 To hide deceit, and give the harmless show  
 An humble gait, calm looks, eyes wailing still,  
 A brow unbent, that seem'd to welcome woe ;  
 Cheeks neither red nor pale, but mingled so  
     That blushing red no guilty instance gave,  
     Nor ashy pale the fear that false hearts have.

But, like a constant and confirmed devil,  
 He entertain'd a show so seeming just,  
 And therein so ensconced his secret evil,  
 That jealousy itself could not mistrust  
 False-creeping craft and perjury should thrust  
     Into so bright a day such black-fac'd storms,  
     Or blot with hell-born sin such saint-like forms.

The well-skill'd workman this mild image drew  
 For perjurd Sinon, whose enchanting story  
 The credulous old Priam after slew ;  
 Whose words, like wildfire, burnt the shining glory  
 Of rich-built Ilion, that the skies were sorry,  
     And little stars shot from their fixed places,  
     When their glass fell wherein they view'd their faces<sup>c</sup>.

<sup>a</sup> *Unadvised*—unknowing.

<sup>b</sup> *Confounds* is here used in the sense of destroys.

<sup>c</sup> Malone objects to this image of Priam's palace being the mirror in which the fixed stars beheld themselves. Boswell has answered Malone by quoting Lydgate's description of the same wonder-edifice:—

"That

This picture she advisedly<sup>a</sup> perus'd,  
 And chid the painter for his wondrous skill;  
 Saying, some shape in Sinon's was abus'd,  
 So fair a form lodg'd not a mind so ill;  
 And still on him she gaz'd, and gazing still,  
 Such signs of truth in his plain face she spied,  
 That she concludes the picture was belied.

"It cannot be," quoth she, "that so much guile"—  
 (She would have said) "can lurk in such a look;"  
 But Tarquin's shape came in her mind the while,  
 And from her tongue "can lurk" from "cannot" took;  
 "It cannot be" she in that sense forsook,  
 And turn'd it thus: "It cannot be, I find,  
 But such a face should bear a wicked mind:

"For even as subtle Sinon here is painted,  
 So sober-sad, so weary, and so mild,  
 (As if with grief or travail he had fainted,)  
 To me came Tarquin armed; so beguil'd<sup>b</sup>  
 With outward honesty, but yet defil'd  
 With inward vice: as Priam him did cherish,  
 So did I Tarquin; so my Troy did perish.

"Look, look, how listening Priam wets his eyes,  
 To see those borrow'd tears that Sinon sheds.  
 Priam, why art thou old, and yet not wise?  
 For every tear he falls<sup>c</sup> a Trojan bleeds;  
 His eye drops fire, no water thence proceeds:  
 Those round clear pearls of his that move thy pity  
 Are balls of quenchless fire to burn thy city.

"Such devils steal effects from lightless hell;  
 For Sinon in his fire doth quake with cold,  
 And in that cold hot-burning fire doth dwell;  
 These contraries such unity do hold  
 Only to flatter fools, and make them bold:  
 So Priam's trust false Sinon's tears doth flatter,  
 That he finds means to burn his Troy with water."

"That verely when so the sonne shone  
 Upon the golde meynt amonge the stone,  
 They gave a lyght withouten any were,  
 As doth Apollo in his mid-day sphere."

<sup>a</sup> *Advisedly*—attentively.

<sup>b</sup> *So beguil'd*. The original has *to beguil'd*. Beguiled is masked with fraud. In 'The Merchant of Venice' we have—

"Thus ornament is but the *guiled* shore  
 To a most dangerous sea."

<sup>c</sup> *Falls*—lets fall.

Here, all enrag'd, such passion her assails,  
That patience is quite beaten from her breast.  
She tears the senseless Sinon with her nails,  
Comparing him to that unhappy guest  
Whose deed hath made herself herself detest:

At last she smilingly with this gives o'er;

"Fool! fool!" quoth she, "his wounds will not be sore."

Thus ebbs and flows the current of her sorrow,  
And time doth weary time with her complaining.  
She looks for night, and then she longs for morrow,  
And both she thinks too long with her remaining:  
Short time seems long in sorrow's sharp sustaining.

Though woe be heavy, yet it seldom sleeps;

And they that watch see time how slow it creeps;

Which all this time hath overslipp'd her thought,  
That she with painted images hath spent:  
Being from the feeling of her own grief brought  
By deep surmise of others' detriment;  
Losing her woes in shows of discontent.

It easeth some, though none it ever cur'd,

To think their dolour others have endur'd.

But now the mindful messenger, come back,  
Brings home his lord and other company;  
Who finds his Lucrece clad in mourning black;  
And round about her tear-distained eye  
Blue circles stream'd, like rainbows in the sky.

These water-galls<sup>a</sup> in her dim element

Foretell new storms to those already spent.

Which when her sad-beholding husband saw,  
Amazedly in her sad face he stares:  
Her eyes, though sod in tears, look'd red and raw,  
Her lively colour kill'd with deadly cares.

He hath no power to ask her how she fares,

But stood, like old acquaintance in a trance,

Met far from home, wondering each other's chance.

At last he takes her by the bloodless hand,  
And thus begins: "What uncouth ill event  
Hath thee befallen, that thou dost trembling stand?  
Sweet love, what spite hath thy fair colour spent?  
Why art thou thus attir'd in discontent?"

Unmask, dear dear, this moody heaviness,

And tell thy grief, that we may give redress."

<sup>a</sup> *Water-galls.* Steevens says the word is current among the shepherds on Salisbury Plain.



Three times with sighs she gives her sorrow fire  
Ere once she can discharge one word of woe :  
At length address'd \* to answer his desire,  
She modestly prepares to let them know  
Her honour is ta'en prisoner by the foe ;  
While Collatine and his consorted lords  
With sad attention long to hear her words.

And now this pale swan in her watery nest  
Begins the sad dirge of her certain ending :  
" Few words," quoth she, " shall fit the trespass best,  
Where no excuse can give the fault amending :  
In me more woes than words are now depending ;  
And my laments would be drawn out too long,  
To tell them all with one poor tired tongue.

" Then be this all the task it hath to say :—  
Dear husband, in the interest of thy bed  
A stranger came, and on that pillow lay  
Where thou wast wont to rest thy weary head ;  
And what wrong else may be imagined  
By foul enforcement might be done to me,  
From that, alas ! thy Lucrece is not free.

" For in the dreadful dead of dark midnight,  
With shining falchion in my chamber came  
A creeping creature, with a flaming light,  
And softly cried, Awake, thou Roman dame,  
And entertain my love ; else lasting shame  
On thee and thine this night I will inflict,  
If thou my love's desire do contradict.

" For some hard-favour'd groom of thine, quoth he,  
Unless thou yoke thy liking to my will,  
I'll murder straight, and then I'll slaughter thee,  
And swear I found you where you did fulfil  
The loathsome act of lust, and so did kill  
The lechers in their deed : this act will be  
My fame, and thy perpetual infamy.

" With this I did begin to start and cry,  
And then against my heart he set his sword,  
Swearing, unless I took all patiently,  
I should not live to speak another word :  
So should my shame still rest upon record,  
And never be forgot in mighty Rome  
The adulterate death of Lucrece and her groom.

\* Address'd—prepared.

" Mine enemy was strong, my poor self weak,  
And far the weaker with so strong a fear :  
My bloody judge forbade my tongue to speak ;  
No rightful plea might plead for justice there :  
His scarlet lust came evidence to swear  
That my poor beauty had purloin'd his eyes,  
And when the judge is robb'd, the prisoner dies.

" O teach me how to make mine own excuse !  
Or, at the least, this refuge let me find ;  
Though my gross blood be stain'd with this abuse,  
Immaculate and spotless is my mind ;  
That was not forc'd ; that never was inclin'd  
To accessary yieldings, but still pure  
Doth in her poison'd closet yet endure."

Lo here, the hopeless merchant of this loss,  
With head declin'd, and voice damm'd up with woe,  
With sad-set eyes, and wretched arms across,  
From lips new-waxen pale begins to blow  
The grief away that stops his answer so :  
But wretched as he is he strives in vain ;  
What he breathes out his breath drinks up again.

As through an arch the violent roaring tide  
Outruns the eye that doth behold his haste ;  
Yet in the eddy boundeth in his pride  
Back to the strait that forc'd him on so fast ;  
In rage sent out, recall'd in rage, being past :  
Even so he sighs, his sorrows make a saw,  
To push grief on, and back the same grief draw.

Which speechless woe of his poor she attendeth,  
And his untimely frenzy thus awaketh :  
" Dear lord, thy sorrow to my sorrow lendeth  
Another power ; no flood by raining slaketh.  
My woe too sensible thy passion maketh  
More feeling-painful : let it then suffice  
To drown one woe, one pair of weeping eyes.

" And for my sake, when I might charm thee so,  
For she that was thy Lucrece,—now attend me ;  
Be suddenly revenged on my foe,  
Thine, mine, his own ; suppose thou dost defend me  
From what is past : the help that thou shalt lend me  
Comes all too late, yet let the traitor die ;  
For sparing justice feeds iniquity.

"But ere I name him, you, fair lords," quoth she,  
(Speaking to those that came with Collatine,)  
"Shall plight your honourable faiths to me,  
With swift pursuit to venge this wrong of mine;  
For 't is a meritorious fair design  
To chase injustice with revengeful arms:  
Knights, by their oaths, should right poor ladies' harms."

At this request, with noble disposition  
Each present lord began to promise aid,  
As bound in knighthood to her imposition,  
Longing to hear the hateful foe bewray'd.  
But she, that yet her sad task hath not said,  
The protestation stops. "O speak," quoth she,  
"How may this forced stain be wip'd from me?"

"What is the quality of mine offence,  
Being constrain'd with dreadful circumstance?  
May my pure mind with the foul act dispense,  
My low-declined honour to advance?  
May any terms acquit me from this chance?  
The poison'd fountain clears itself again;  
And why not I from this compelled stain?"

With this, they all at once began to say,  
Her body's stain her mind untainted clears;  
While with a joyous smile she turns away  
The face, that map which deep impression bears  
Of hard misfortune, carv'd in it with tears.  
"No, no," quoth she, "no dame, hereafter living,  
By my excuse shall claim excuse's giving."

Here with a sigh, as if her heart would break,  
She throws forth Tarquin's name: "He, he," she says.  
But more than "he" her poor tongue could not speak;  
Till after many accents and delays,  
Untimely breathings, sick and short assays,  
She utters this: "He, he, fair lords, 't is he,  
That guides this hand to give this wound to me."

Even here she sheathed in her harmless breast  
A harmful knife, that thence her soul unsheath'd:  
That blow did bail it from the deep unrest  
Of that polluted prison where it breath'd:  
Her contrite sighs unto the clouds bequeath'd  
Her winged sprite, and through her wounds doth fly  
Life's lasting date from cancell'd destiny.

Stone-still, astonish'd with this deadly deed,  
 Stood Collatine and all his lordly crew;  
 Till Lucrece' father, that beholds her bleed,  
 Himself on her self-slaughter'd body threw;  
 And from the purple fountain Brutus drew  
 The murderous knife, and as it left the place,  
 Her blood, in poor revenge, held it in chase;

And bubbling from her breast, it doth divide  
 In two slow rivers, that the crimson blood  
 Circles her body in on every side,  
 Who like a late-sack'd island vastly<sup>a</sup> stood  
 Bare and unpeopled, in this fearful flood.  
 Some of her blood still pure and red remain'd,  
 And some look'd black, and that false Tarquin stain'd.

About the mourning and congealed face  
 Of that black blood a watery rigol<sup>b</sup> goes,  
 Which seems to weep upon the tainted place:  
 And ever since, as pitying Lucrece' woes,  
 Corrupted blood some watery token shows;  
 And blood untainted still doth red abide,  
 Blushing at that which is so putrefied.

"Daughter, dear daughter," old Lucretius cries,  
 "That life was mine which thou hast here depriv'd.  
 If in the child the father's image lies,  
 Were shall I live now Lucrece is unliv'd?  
 Thou wast not to this end from me deriv'd.  
 If children predecease progenitors,  
 We are their offspring, and they none of ours.

"Poor broken glass, I often did behold  
 In thy sweet semblance my old age new born;  
 But now that fair fresh mirror, dim and old,  
 Shows me a barebon'd death by time outworn;  
 O, from thy cheeks my image thou hast torn!  
 And shiver'd all the beauty of my glass,  
 That I no more can see what once I was.

"O time, cease thou thy course, and last no longer,  
 If they surcease to be that should survive.  
 Shall rotten death make conquest of the stronger,  
 And leave the faltering feeble souls alive?  
 The old bees die, the young possess their hive:

<sup>a</sup> *Vastly*—like a waste.

<sup>b</sup> *Rigol*—circle.

Then live, sweet Lucrece, live again, and see  
Thy father die, and not thy father thee."

By this starts Collatine as from a dream,  
And bids Lucretius give his sorrow place;  
And then in key-cold<sup>a</sup> Lucrece' bleeding stream  
He falls, and bathes the pale fear in his face,  
And counterfeits to die with her a space;  
Till manly shame bids him possess his breath,  
And live, to be revenged on her death.

The deep vexation of his inward soul  
Hath serv'd a dumb arrest upon his tongue;  
Who, mad that sorrow should his use control,  
Or keep him from heart-easing words so long,  
Begins to talk; but through his lips do throng  
Weak words, so thick come, in his poor heart's aid,  
That no man could distinguish what he said.

Yet sometime Tarquin was pronounced plain,  
But through his teeth, as if the name he tore.  
This windy tempest, till it blow up rain,  
Held back his sorrow's tide, to make it more;  
At last it rains, and busy winds give o'er:  
Then son and father weep with equal strife,  
Who should weep most for daughter or for wife.

The one doth call her his, the other his,  
Yet neither may possess the claim they lay.  
The father says, "She 's mine." "O, mine she is,"  
Replies her husband: "do not take away  
My sorrow's interest; let no mourner say  
He weeps for her, for she was only mine,  
And only must be wail'd by Collatine."

"O," quoth Lucretius, "I did give that life  
Which she too early and too late<sup>b</sup> hath spill'd."  
"Woe, woe," quoth Collatine, "she was my wife,  
I ow'd her, and 't is mine that she hath kill'd.  
"My daughter," and "my wife" with clamours fill'd  
The dispers'd air, who, holding Lucrece' life,  
Answer'd their cries, "my daughter" and "my wife."

Brutus, who pluck'd the knife from Lucrece' side,  
Seeing such emulation in their woe,  
Began to clothe his wit in state and pride,

<sup>a</sup> *Key-cold*. So in 'Richard III.,' Act I., Scene 2:—

"Poor *key-cold* figure of a holy king."

<sup>b</sup> *Too late*—too recently.

Burying in Lucrece' wound his folly's show.  
 He with the Romans was esteemed so  
 As silly jeering idiots are with kings,  
 For sportive words, and uttering foolish things.

But now he throws that shallow habit by,  
 Wherein deep policy did him disguise;  
 And arm'd his long-hid wits advisedly,  
 To check the tears in Collatinus' eyes.  
 "Thou wronged lord of Rome," quoth he, "arise;  
 Let my unsounded self, suppos'd a fool,  
 Now set thy long-experienc'd wit to school.

"Why, Collatine, is woe the cure for woe?  
 Do wounds help wounds, or grief help grievous deeds?  
 Is it revenge to give thyself a blow,  
 For his foul act by whom thy fair wife bleeds?  
 Such childish humour from weak minds proceeds:  
 Thy wretched wife mistook the matter so,  
 To slay herself, that should have slain her foe.

"Courageous Roman, do not steep thy heart  
 In such relenting dew of lamentations,  
 But kneel with me, and help to bear thy part,  
 To rouse our Roman gods with invocations,  
 That they will suffer these abominations,  
 (Since Rome herself in them doth stand disgrac'd,)  
 By our strong arms from forth her fair streets chas'd.

"Now, by the Capitol that we adore,  
 And by this chaste blood so unjustly stain'd,  
 By heaven's fair sun that breeds the fat earth's store,  
 By all our country rights in Rome maintain'd,  
 And by chaste Lucrece' soul that late complain'd<sup>a</sup>  
 Her wrongs to us, and by this bloody knife,  
 We will revenge the death of this true wife."

This said, he struck his hand upon his breast,  
 And kiss'd the fatal knife to end his vow;  
 And to his protestation urg'd the rest,  
 Who, wondering at him, did his words allow<sup>b</sup>:  
 Then jointly to the ground their knees they bow;  
 And that deep vow which Brutus made before,  
 He doth again repeat, and that they swore.

<sup>a</sup> *Complain'd* was formerly used without a subjoined preposition.

<sup>b</sup> *Allow*—approve.

When they had sworn to this advised doom,  
They did conclude to bear dead Lucrece thence ;  
To show her bleeding body thorough Rome,  
And so to publish Tarquin's foul offence :  
Which being done with speedy diligence,  
The Romans plausibly\* did give consent  
To Tarquin's everlasting banishment.

\* *Plausibly*—with expressions of applause—with acclamation. *Plausively*—applausively.







TO  
THE ONLY BEGETTER OF THESE ENSUING SONNETS,  
MR. W. H.,  
ALL HAPPINESS,  
AND  
THAT ETERNITY PROMISED BY OUR EVER-LIVING POET,  
WISHEETH  
THE WELL WISHING ADVENTURER  
IN SETTING FORTH,

T T.



## SONNETS.

---

I.

FROM fairest creatures we desire increase,  
That thereby beauty's rose might never die,  
But as the ripper should by time decease,  
His tender heir might bear his memory:  
But thou, contracted to thine own bright eyes,  
Feed'st thy light's flame with self-substantial fuel,  
Making a famine where abundance lies,  
Thyself thy foe, to thy sweet self too cruel.  
Thou that art now the world's fresh ornament,  
And only herald to the gaudy spring,  
Within thine own bud buriest thy content,  
And, tender churl, mak'st waste in niggarding.  
Pity the world, or else this glutton be,  
To eat the world's due, by the grave and thee.

## II.

When forty winters shall besiege thy brow,  
 And dig deep trenches in thy beauty's field,  
 Thy youth's proud livery, so gaz'd on now,  
 Will be a tatter'd weed<sup>a</sup>, of small worth held :  
 Then being ask'd where all thy beauty lies,  
 Where all the treasure of thy lusty days ;  
 To say, within thine own deep sunken eyes,  
 Were an all-eating shame and thriftless praise.  
 How much more praise *déserv'd* thy beauty's use,  
 If thou could'st answer—" This fair child of mine  
 Shall sum my count, and make my old excuse—"   
 Proving his beauty by succession thine !  
 This were to be new-made when thou art old,  
 And see thy blood warm when thou feel'st it cold

## III.

Look in thy glass, and tell the face thou viewest,  
 Now is the time that face should form another ;  
 Whose fresh repair if now thou not renewest,  
 Thou dost beguile the world, unless some mother.  
 For where is she so fair whose unear'd<sup>b</sup> womb  
 Disdains the tillage of thy husbandry ?  
 Or who is he so fond<sup>c</sup> will be the tomb  
 Of his self-love, to stop posterity ?  
 Thou art thy mother's glass, and she in thee  
 Calls back the lovely April of her prime :  
 So thou through windows of thine age shalt see,  
 Despite of wrinkles, this thy golden time.  
 But if thou live, remember'd not to be,  
 Die single, and thine image dies with thee.

## IV.

Unthrifty loveliness, why dost thou spend  
 Upon thyself thy beauty's legacy ?  
 Nature's bequest gives nothing, but doth lend,  
 And being frank she lends to those are free.  
 Then, beauteous niggard, why dost thou abuse  
 The bounteous largess given thee to give ?  
 Profitless usurer, why dost thou use  
 So great a sum of sums, yet canst not live ?  
 For having traffic with thyself alone,  
 Thou of thyself thy sweet self dost deceive.  
 Then how, when nature calls thee to be gone,  
 What acceptable audit canst thou leave ?

<sup>a</sup> *Weed*—garment.<sup>b</sup> *Unear'd*—unploughed.*Fond*—foolish.

The unus'd beauty must be tomb'd with thee,  
Which, us'd, lives thy executor to be.

## V.

Those hours that with gentle work did frame  
The lovely gaze where every eye doth dwell,  
Will play the tyrants to the very same,  
And that unfair<sup>a</sup> which fairly doth excel;  
For never-resting time leads summer on  
To hideous winter, and confounds him there;  
Sap check'd with frost, and lusty leaves quite gone,  
Beauty o'ersnow'd, and bareness everywhere:  
Then, were not summer's distillation left,  
A liquid prisoner pent in walls of glass,  
Beauty's effect with beauty were bereft,  
Nor it, nor no remembrance what it was.  
But flowers distill'd, though they with winter meet,  
Leese<sup>b</sup> but their show; their substance still lives sweet.

## VI.

Then let not winter's ragged hand deface  
In thee thy summer, ere thou be distill'd:  
Make sweet some phial; treasure thou some place  
With beauty's treasure, ere it be self-kill'd.  
That use is not forbidden usury,  
Which happies<sup>c</sup> those that pay the willing loan;  
That's for thyself to breed another thee,  
Or ten times happier, be it ten for one;  
Ten times thyself were happier than thou art,  
If ten of thine ten times refigur'd thee:  
Then what could death do if thou shouldst depart,  
Leaving thee living in posterity?  
Be not self-will'd, for thou art much too fair  
To be Death's conquest, and make worms thine heir.

## VII.

Lo, in the orient when the gracious light  
Lifts up his burning head, each under eye  
Doth homage to his new-appearing sight,  
Serving with looks his sacred majesty;  
And having climb'd the steep-up heavenly hill,  
Resembling strong youth in his middle age,  
Yet mortal looks adore his beauty still,  
Attending on his golden pilgrimage;

<sup>a</sup> *Unfair*—a verb—deprive of fairness, of beauty.  
<sup>c</sup> *Happies*—makes happy.

<sup>b</sup> *Leese*—lose.

But when from high-most pitch, with weary car,  
 Like feeble age he reeleth from the day,  
 The eyes, 'fore duteous, now converted are  
 From his low tract, and look another way :  
     So thou, thyself outgoing in thy noon,  
     Unlook'd on diest, unless thou get a son.

## VIII.

Music to hear, why hear'st thou music sadly\*?  
 Sweets with sweets war not, joy delights in joy.  
 Why lov'st thou that which thou receiv'st not gladly?  
 Or else receiv'st with pleasure thine annoy?  
 If the true concord of well-tuned sounds,  
 By unions married, do offend thine ear,  
 They do but sweetly chide thee, who confounds  
 In singleness the parts that thou shouldst bear.  
 Mark how one string, sweet husband to another,  
 Strikes each in each by mutual ordering<sup>b</sup>;  
 Resembling sire and child and happy mother,  
 Who, all in one, one pleasing note do sing :  
     Whose speechless song, being many, seeming one,  
     Sings this to thee, "thou single wilt prove none."

## IX.

Is it for fear to wet a widow's eye  
 That thou consum'st thyself in single life?  
 Ah! if thou issueless shalt hap to die,  
 The world will wail thee, like a makeless<sup>c</sup> wife:  
 The world will be thy widow, and still weep  
 That thou no form of thee hast left behind,  
 When every private widow well may keep,  
 By children's eyes, her husband's shape in mind.  
 Look, what an unthrift in the world doth spend  
 Shifts but his place, for still the world enjoys it;  
 But beauty's waste hath in the world an end,  
 And, kept unus'd, the user so destroys it.  
     No love toward others in that bosom sits,  
     That on himself such murderous shame commits.

## X.

For shame! deny that thou bear'st love to any,  
 Who for thyself art so unprovident.  
 Grant if thou wilt thou art belov'd of many,  
 But that thou none lov'st is most evident;

\* Malone thus explains this passage:—"O thou whom to hear is music, why hear'st thou," &

<sup>b</sup> If two strings are tuned in perfect unison, and one only is struck, a very sensible vibration takes place in the other. This is called sympathetic vibration.

<sup>c</sup> *Makeless*—mateless. *Make* and *mate* are synonymous in our elder writers.

For thou art so possess'd with murderous hate,  
 That 'gainst thyself thou stick'st not to conspire,  
 Seeking that beauteous roof to ruinate,  
 Which to repair should be thy chief desire.  
 O change thy thought, that I may change my mind!  
 Shall hate be fairer lodg'd than gentle love?  
 Be, as thy presence is, gracious and kind,  
 Or to thyself, at least, kind-hearted prove;  
 Make thee another self, for love of me,  
 That beauty still may live in thine or thee.

## XI.

As fast as thou shalt wane, so fast thou grow'st  
 In one of thine, from that which thou departest;  
 And that fresh blood which youngly thou bestow'st,  
 Thou mayst call thine, when thou from youth convertest.  
 Herein lives wisdom, beauty, and increase;  
 Without this, folly, age, and cold decay:  
 If all were minded so the times should cease,  
 And threescore years would make the world away.  
 Let those whom Nature hath not made for store,  
 Harsh, featureless, and rude, barrenly perish:  
 Look whom she best endow'd, she gave thee more;  
 Which bounteous gift thou shouldst in bounty cherish;  
 She carv'd thee for her seal, and meant thereby  
 Thou shouldst print more, nor let that copy die.

## XII.

When I do count the clock that tells the time,  
 And see the brave day sunk in hideous night;  
 When I behold the violet past prime,  
 And sable curls, all<sup>a</sup> silver'd o'er with white;  
 When lofty trees I see barren of leaves,  
 Which erst from heat did canopy the herd,  
 And summer's green all girded up in sheaves,  
 Borne on the bier with white and bristly beard;  
 Then of thy beauty do I question make,  
 That thou among the wastes of time must go,  
 Since sweets and beauties do themselves forsake,  
 And die as fast as they see others grow;  
 And nothing 'gainst Time's scythe can make defence  
 Save breed, to brave him when he takes thee hence.

<sup>a</sup> *All.* The original has *or*.

## XIII.

O that you were yourself! but, love, you are  
No longer yours than you yourself here live:  
Against this coming end you should prepare,  
And your sweet semblance to some other give.  
So should that beauty which you hold in lease  
Find no determination: then you were  
Yourself again, after yourself's decease,  
When your sweet issue your sweet form should bear.  
Who lets so fair a house fall to decay,  
Which husbandry in honour might uphold  
Against the stormy gusts of winter's day,  
And barren rage of death's eternal cold?  
O! none but unthrifths:—Dear my love, you know  
You had a father; let your son say so.

## XIV.

Not from the stars do I my judgment pluck;  
And yet methinks I have astronomy,  
But not to tell of good or evil luck,  
Of plagues, of dearths, or season's quality:  
Nor can I fortune to brief minutes tell,  
Pointing to each his thunder, rain, and wind,  
Or say with princes if it shall go well,  
By oft predict that I in heaven find:  
But from thine eyes my knowledge I derive,  
And (constant stars) in them I read such art,  
As truth and beauty shall together thrive,  
If from thyself to store thou wouldst convert:  
Or else of thee this I prognosticate,  
Thy end is truth's and beauty's doom and date.

## XV.

When I consider everything that grows  
Holds in perfection but a little moment,  
That this huge state presenteth nought but shows  
Whereon the stars in secret influence comment;  
When I perceive that men as plants increase,  
Cheered and check'd even by the selfsame sky;  
Vaunt in their youthful sap, at height decrease,  
And wear their brave state out of memory;  
Then the conceit of this inconstant stay  
Sets you most rich in youth before my sight,  
Where wasteful time debateth with decay,  
To change your day of youth to sullied night;

And, all in war with Time, for love of 'you,  
As he takes from you, I engraft you new.

## XVI.

But wherefore do not you a mightier way  
Make war upon this bloody tyrant, Time?  
And fortify yourself in your decay  
With means more blessed than my barren rhyme?  
Now stand you on the top of happy hours;  
And many maiden gardens, yet unset,  
With virtuous wish would bear your<sup>a</sup> living flowers,  
Much liker than your painted counterfeit<sup>b</sup>:  
So should the lines of life that life repair,  
Which this, Time's pencil, or my pupil pen,  
Neither in inward worth, nor outward fair<sup>c</sup>,  
Can make you live yourself in eyes of men.  
To give away yourself keeps yourself still;  
And you must live, drawn by your own sweet skill.

## XVII.

Who will believe my verse in time to come,  
If it were fill'd with your most high deserts?  
Though yet, Heaven knows, it is but as a tomb  
Which hides your life, and shows not half your parts  
If I could write the beauty of your eyes,  
And in fresh numbers number all your graces,  
The age to come would say, this poet lies,  
Such heavenly touches ne'er touch'd earthly faces.  
So should my papers, yellow'd with their age,  
Be scorn'd, like old men of less truth than tongue;  
And your true rights be term'd a poet's rage,  
And stretched metre of an antique song:  
But were some child of yours alive that time,  
You should live twice;—in it, and in my rhyme.

## XVIII.

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?  
Thou art more lovely and more temperate:  
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,  
And summer's lease hath all too short a date:

<sup>a</sup> *Your*. The ordinary reading is *you*, Malone conceiving that *your* in the original is an error of the press.

<sup>b</sup> *Counterfeit*—portrait.

<sup>c</sup> *Fair*—beauty. The word is used in the same sense in the 18th Sonnet.



Sometime too hot the eye of 'heaven' shines,  
 And often is his gold complexion dimm'd;  
 And every fair from fair sometime declines,  
 By chance, or nature's changing course, untrimm'd<sup>b</sup>;  
 But thy eternal summer shall not fade,  
 Nor lose possession of that fair thou owest;  
 Nor shall Death brag thou wander'st in his shade,  
 When in eternal lines to time thou growest;  
     So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see,  
     So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

## XIX.

Devouring Time, blunt thou the lion's paws,  
 And make the earth devour her own sweet brood;  
 Pluck the keen teeth from the fierce tiger's jaws,  
 And burn the long-liv'd phoenix in her blood;  
 Make glad and sorry seasons, as thou fleet'st,  
 And do whate'er thou wilt, swift-footed Time,  
 To the wide world, and all her fading sweets;  
 But I forbid thee one most heinous crime:  
 O carve not with thy hours my love's fair brow,  
 Nor draw no lines there with thine antique pen;  
 Him in thy course untainted do allow,  
 For beauty's pattern to succeeding men.  
     Yet, do thy worst, old Time: despite thy wrong,  
     My love shall in my verse ever live young.

## XX.

A woman's face, with nature's own hand painted,  
 Hast thou, the master-mistress of my passion;  
 A woman's gentle heart, but not acquainted  
 With shifting change, as is false women's fashion;  
 An eye more bright than theirs, less false in rolling,  
 Gilding the object whereupon it gazeth;  
 A man in hue, all hues in his controlling,  
 Which steals men's eyes, and women's souls amazeth.  
 And for a woman wert thou first created;  
 Till Nature, as she wrought thee, fell a-doting,  
 And by addition me of thee defeated,  
 By adding one thing to my purpose nothing.  
     But since she prick'd thee out for woman's pleasure,  
     Mine be thy love, and thy love's use their treasure.

<sup>a</sup> So in 'Richard II.:'—

"When the searching eye of heaven is hid  
 Behind the globe, and lights the lower world."

<sup>b</sup> *Untrimm'd*—undecorated.

## XXI.

So is it not with me as with that muse,  
 Stirr'd by a painted beauty to his verse;  
 Who heaven itself for ornament doth use,  
 And every fair with his fair doth rehearse;  
 Making a couplement<sup>a</sup> of proud compare,  
 With sun and moon, with earth and sea's rich gems,  
 With April's first-born flowers, and all things rare  
 That heaven's air in his huge rondure<sup>b</sup> hems.  
 O let me, true in love, but truly write,  
 And then believe me, my love is as fair  
 As any mother's child, though not so bright  
 As those gold candles fix'd in heaven's air:  
 Let them say more that like of hearsay well;  
 I will not praise, that purpose not to sell.

## XXII.

My glass shall not persuade me I am old,  
 So long as youth and thou are of one date;  
 But when in thee time's furrows I behold,  
 Then look I death my days should expiate.  
 For all that beauty that doth cover thee  
 Is but the seemly raiment of my heart,  
 Which in thy breast doth live, as thine in me;  
 How can I then be elder than thou art?  
 O therefore, love, be of thyself so wary,  
 As I not for myself but for thee will;  
 Bearing thy heart, which I will keep so chary  
 As tender nurse her babe from faring ill.  
 Presume not on thy heart when mine is slain;  
 Thou gav'st me thine, not to give back again.

## XXIII.

As an unperfect actor on the stage,  
 Who with his fear is put beside his part,  
 Or some fierce thing replete with too much rage,  
 Whose strength's abundance weakens his own heart;  
 So I, for fear of trust, forget to say  
 The perfect ceremony of love's rite,  
 And in mine own love's strength seem to decay,  
 O'ercharg'd with burthen of mine own love's might.

<sup>a</sup> *Couplement*—union. So in Spenser:—

"Allied with bands of mutual *couplement*."

<sup>b</sup> *Rondure*—circumference.

O let my books be then the eloquence  
 And dumb presagers of my speaking breast;  
 Who plead for love, and look for recompence,  
 More than that tongue that more hath more express'd.  
 O learn to read what silent love hath writ:  
 To hear with eyes belongs to love's fine wit.

## XXIV.

Mine eye hath play'd the painter, and hath stel'd  
 Thy beauty's form in table<sup>a</sup> of my heart;  
 My body is the frame wherein 't is held,  
 And perspective it is best painter's art.  
 For through the painter must you see his skill,  
 To find where your true image pictur'd lies,  
 Which in my bosom's shop is hanging still,  
 That hath his windows glazed with thine eyes.  
 Now see what good turns eyes for eyes have done;  
 Mine eyes have drawn thy shape, and thine for me  
 Are windows to my breast, where-through the sun  
 Delights to peep, to gaze therein on thee;  
 Yet eyes this cunning want to grace their art,  
 They draw but what they see, know not the heart.

## XXV.

Let those who are in favour with their stars,  
 Of public honour and proud titles boast,  
 Whilst I, whom fortune of such triumph bars,  
 Unlook'd for joy in that I honour most.  
 Great princes' favourites their fair leaves spread  
 But as the marigold at the sun's eye;  
 And in themselves their pride lies buried,  
 For at a frown they in their glory die.  
 The painful warrior famoused for fight<sup>b</sup>,  
 After a thousand victories once foil'd,  
 Is from the book of honour razed quite,  
 And all the rest forgot for which he toil'd:

<sup>a</sup> *Table*—so in 'All's Well that Ends Well':—

"'T was pretty, though a plague,  
 To see him every hour; to sit and draw  
 His arched brows, his hawking eye, his curls,  
 In our heart's *table*."

*Table*, though sometimes used in the sense of a picture, more commonly means the tabular sum upon which a picture is painted.

<sup>b</sup> *Fight*. The original has *worth*. Theobald, who saw that the alternate rhyme is invariably preserved in the other Sonnets, proposed to make one of two changes; to read *fight* instead of *worth*, or *forth* instead of *quite*. We are not perfectly satisfied with either change; but as first has been adopted in all modern editions, we will not attempt to disturb the received *rem* and we have no doubt that some error is involved in the original.

Then happy I, that love and am belov'd  
Where I may not remove, nor be remov'd.



## XXVI.

Lord of my love, to whom in vassalage  
Thy merit hath my duty strongly knit,  
To thee I send this written embassy,  
To witness duty, not to show my wit.  
Duty so great, which wit so poor as mine  
May make seem bare, in wanting words to show it;  
But that I hope some good conceit of thine  
In thy soul's thought, all naked, will bestow it:  
Till whatsoever star that guides by moving,  
Points on me graciously with fair aspect,  
And puts apparel on my tatter'd loving,  
To show me worthy of thy sweet respect:  
Then may I dare to boast how I do love thee,  
Till then, not show my head where thou mayst prove me.

## XXVII.

Weary with toil, I haste me to my bed,  
The dear repose for limbs with travel tir'd;  
But then begins a journey in my head,  
To work my mind, when body's work 's expir'd:

For then my thoughts (from far where I abide)  
 Intend a zealous pilgrimage to thee,  
 And keep my drooping eyelids open wide,  
 Looking on darkness which the blind do see :  
 Save that my soul's imaginary sight  
 Presents thy shadow to my sightless view,  
 Which, like a jewel hung in ghastly night,  
 Makes black night beauteous, and her old face new.  
 Lo, thus, by day my limbs, by night my mind,  
 For thee, and for myself, no quiet find.

## XXVIII.

How can I then return in happy plight,  
 That am debarr'd the benefit of rest ?  
 When day's oppression is not eas'd by night,  
 But day by night and night by day oppress'd ?  
 And each, though enemies to either's reign,  
 Do in consent shake hands to torture me,  
 The one by toil, the other to complain  
 How far I toil, still farther off from thee.  
 I tell the day, to please him, thou art bright,  
 And dost him grace when clouds do blot the heaven :  
 So flatter I the swart-complexion'd night ;  
 When sparkling stars twire<sup>a</sup> not, thou gild'st the even.  
 But day doth daily draw my sorrows longer,  
 And night doth nightly make grief's length seem stronger.

## XXIX.

When in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,  
 I all alone beweepe my outcast state,  
 And trouble deaf Heaven with my bootless cries,  
 And look upon myself, and curse my fate,  
 Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,  
 Featur'd like him, like him with friends possess'd,  
 Desiring this man's art, and that man's scope,  
 With what I most enjoy contented least ;

<sup>a</sup> *Twire*. Malone proposed to read *twirl*, and Steevens conjectured that *twire* means *twirl*. Gifford, in a note upon Ben Jonson's 'Sad Shepherd,' explains that in the passage before us meaning is "when the stars do not gleam or appear at intervals." He adds, "*Twire* should have been suffered to grow obsolete, for we have no word now in use that can take its place, or considered as precisely synonymous with it in sense: leer and twinkle are merely shades of opinion. But there are four lines in Drayton's 'Polyolbion' which contain a parallel use of word:—

"Suppose 'twixt noon and night the sun is half-way wrought,  
 (The shadows to be large by his descending brought,)  
 Who with a fervent eye looks through the *twiring* glades,  
 And his dispersed rays commixeth with the shades."

Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,  
 Haply I think on thee,—and then my state  
 (Like to the lark at break of day arising  
 From sullen earth) sings hymns at heaven's gate\*;  
 For thy sweet love remember'd such wealth brings,  
 That then I scorn to change my state with kings.

## XXX.

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought  
 I summon up remembrance of things past,  
 I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,  
 And with old woes new wail my dear times' waste :  
 Then can I drown an eye, unus'd to flow,  
 For precious friends hid in death's dateless<sup>b</sup> night,  
 And weep afresh love's long-since cancell'd woe,  
 And moan the expense of many a vanish'd sight<sup>c</sup>.  
 Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,  
 And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er  
 The sad account of fore-bemoaned moan,  
 Which I new pay as if not paid before.  
 But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,  
 All losses are restor'd, and sorrows end.

## XXXI.

Thy bosom is endeared with all hearts,  
 Which I by lacking have supposed dead ;  
 And there reigns love and all love's loving parts,  
 And all those friends which I thought buried.  
 How many a holy and obsequious<sup>d</sup> tear  
 Hath dear religious love stolen from mine eye,  
 As interest of the dead, which now appear  
 But things remov'd, that hidden in thee lie !  
 Thou art the grave where buried love doth live,  
 Hung with the trophies of my lovers gone,  
 Who all their parts of me to thee did give ;  
 That due of many now is thine alone :  
 Their images I lov'd I view in thee,  
 And thou (all they) hast all the all of me.

\* See 'Cymbeline,' Illustrations of Act II.

<sup>b</sup> *Dateless*—endless—having no certain time of expiration.

<sup>c</sup> If we understand *expense* to be used as analogous to *passing away*, there is no difficulty in its line. What we expend is gone from us; and so the poet means the *expense* of many a vanished sight. Malone thinks that *sight* is used for *sigh*; but this is certainly a very strained conjecture.

<sup>d</sup> *Obsequious*—funereal.

## XXXII.

If thou survive my well-contented day,  
 When that churl Death my bones with dust shall cover,  
 And shalt by fortune once more re-survey  
 These poor rude lines of thy deceased lover,  
 Compare them with the bettering of the time;  
 And though they be outstripp'd by every pen,  
 Reserve<sup>a</sup> them for my love, not for their rhyme,  
 Exceeded by the height of happier men.  
 O then vouchsafe me but this loving thought!  
 "Had my friend's muse grown with this growing age,  
 A dearer birth than this his love had brought,  
 To march in ranks of better equipage:  
     But since he died, and poets better prove,  
     Theirs for their style I 'll read, his for his love."

## XXXIII.

Full many a glorious morning have I seen  
 Flatter the mountain-tops with sovereign eye,  
 Kissing with golden face the meadows green,  
 Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchymy;  
 Anon permit the basest clouds to ride  
 With ugly rack<sup>b</sup> on his celestial face,  
 And from the forlorn world his visage hide,  
 Stealing unseen to west with this disgrace:  
 Even so my sun one early morn did shine  
 With all triumphant splendour on my brow;  
 But out! alack! he was but one hour mine,  
 The region cloud hath mask'd him from me now.  
     Yet him for this my love no whit disdaineth;  
     Suns of the world may stain, when heaven's sun staineth<sup>c</sup>.

<sup>a</sup> *Reserve*—the same as *preserve*. In 'Pericles' we have—

"*Reserve* that excellent complexion."

<sup>b</sup> *Rack*. Tooke, in his full discussion of the meaning of this word ('*Diversions of Purley*, Part II., Chap. IV.), holds that *rack* means "merely that which is *reeked*;" and that in all the instances of its use by Shakspeare the word signifies *vapour*. He illustrates the passage before us by quoting the lines in 'The First Part of Henry IV.,' where the Prince in some degree justifies his course of profligacy:—

"Yet herein will I imitate the sun,  
 Who doth permit the *base contagious clouds*  
 To smother up his beauty from the world,  
 That when he please again to be himself,  
 Being wanted, he may be more wonder'd at,  
 By breaking through the *foul and ugly mists*  
 Of *vapours*, that did seem to strangle him."

<sup>c</sup> *Stain* and *staineth* are here used with the signification of a verb neuter. *Suns of the world* may be stained as heaven's sun is stained.

## XXXIV.

Why didst thou promise such a beauteous day,  
 And make me travel forth without my cloak,  
 To let base clouds o'ertake me in my way,  
 Hiding thy bravery in their rotten smoke?  
 'T is not enough that through the cloud thou break,  
 To dry the rain on my storm-beaten face,  
 For no man well of such a salve can speak,  
 That heals the wound, and cures not the disgrace:  
 Nor can thy shame give physic to my grief;  
 Though thou repent, yet I have still the loss:  
 The offender's sorrow lends but weak relief  
 To him that bears the strong offence's cross<sup>a</sup>.  
     Ah! but those tears are pearl which thy love sheds,  
     And they are rich, and ransom all ill deeds.

## XXXV.

No more be griev'd at that which thou hast done:  
 Roses have thorns, and silver fountains mud;  
 Clouds and eclipses stain both moon and sun,  
 And loathsome canker lives in sweetest bud.  
 All men make faults, and even I in this,  
 Authorising thy trespass with compare,  
 Myself corrupting, salving thy amiss<sup>b</sup>,  
 Excusing thy sins more than thy sins are:  
 For to thy sensual fault I bring in sense,  
 (Thy adverse party is thy advocate,)  
 And 'gainst myself a lawful plea commence:  
 Such civil war is in my love and hate,  
     That I an accessory needs must be  
     To that sweet thief which sourly robs from me.

## XXXVI.

Let me confess that we two must be twain,  
 Although our undivided loves are one:  
 So shall those blots that do with me remain,  
 Without thy help, by me be borne alone.  
 In our two loves there is but one respect,  
 Though in our lives a separable<sup>c</sup> spite,  
 Which though it alter not love's sole effect,  
 Yet doth it steal sweet hours from love's delight.

<sup>a</sup> *Cross*. The original has *loss*—evidently a mistake. Malone substituted *cross*.

<sup>b</sup> *Amis*—fault.

<sup>c</sup> *Separable*—separating.



I may not evermore acknowledge thee,  
 Lest my bewailed guilt should do thee shame;  
 Nor thou with public kindness honour me,  
 Unless thou take that honour from thy name:  
     But do not so; I love thee in such sort,  
     As, thou being mine, mine is thy good report.

## XXXVII.

As a decrepit father takes delight  
 To see his active child do deeds of youth,  
 So I, made lame by fortune's dearest<sup>a</sup> spite,  
 Take all my comfort of thy worth and truth;  
 For whether beauty, birth, or wealth, or wit,  
 Or any of these all, or all, or more,  
 Entitled in thy parts do crowned sit,  
 I make my love engrafted to this store:  
 So then I am not lame, poor, nor despis'd,  
 Whilst that this shadow doth such substance give,  
 That I in thy abundance am suffic'd,  
 And by a part of all thy glory live.  
     Look what is best, that best I wish in thee;  
     This wish I have; then ten times happy me! .

## XXXVIII.

How can my muse want subject to invent,  
 While thou dost breathe, that pour'st into my verse  
 Thine own sweet argument, too excellent  
 For every vulgar paper to rehearse?  
 O, give thyself the thanks, if aught in me  
 Worthy perusal stand against thy sight;  
 For who 's so dumb that cannot write to thee,  
 When thou thyself dost give invention light?  
 Be thou the tenth muse, ten times more in worth  
 Than those old nine which rhymers invoke;  
 And he that calls on thee, let him bring forth  
 Eternal numbers to outlive long date.  
     If my slight muse do please these curious days,  
     The pain be mine, but thine shall be the praise.

## XXXIX.

O, how thy worth with manners may I sing,  
 When thou art all the better part of me?  
 What can mine own praise to mine own self bring?  
 And what is 't but mine own, when I praise thee?

<sup>a</sup> *Dearest*. So in 'Hamlet':—

"Would I had met my *dearest* foe in heaven!"

Even for this let us divided live,  
And our dear love lose name of single one,  
That by this separation I may give  
That due to thee, which thou deserv'st alone.  
O absence, what a torment wouldst thou prove,  
Were it not thy sour leisure gave sweet leave  
To entertain the time with thoughts of love,  
(Which time and thoughts so sweetly doth deceive),  
And that thou teachest how to make one twain,  
By praising him here, who doth hence remain !

## XL.

Take all my loves, my love, yea, take them all ;  
What hast thou then more than thou hadst before ?  
No love, my love, that thou mayst true love call ;  
All mine was thine, before thou hadst this more.  
Then if for my love thou my love receivest,  
I cannot blame thee for<sup>a</sup> my love thou usest ;  
But yet be blam'd, if thou thyself deceivest  
By wilful taste of what thyself refusest.  
I do forgiv<sup>e</sup> thy robbery, gentle thief,  
Although thou steal thee all my poverty ;  
And yet, love knows, it is a greater grief  
To bear love's wrong, than hate's known injury.  
Lascivious grace, in whom all ill well shows,  
Kill me with spites ; yet we must not be foes.

## XLI.

Those pretty wrongs that liberty commits  
When I am sometime absent from thy heart,  
Thy beauty and thy years full well befits,  
For still temptation follows where thou art.  
Gentle thou art, and therefore to be won,  
Beauteous thou art, therefore to be assail'd ;  
And when a woman woos, what woman's son  
Will sourly leave her till she have prevail'd ?  
Ah me ! but yet thou mightst my seat forbear,  
And chide thy beauty and thy straying youth,  
Who lead thee in their riot even there  
Where thou art forc'd to break a two-fold truth ;  
Hers, by thy beauty tempting her to thee,  
Thine, by thy beauty being false to me.

<sup>a</sup> For here signifies because.

## XLII.

That thou hast her, it is not all my grief,  
 And yet it may be said I lov'd her dearly;  
 That she hath thee, is of my wailing chief,  
 A loss in love that touches me more nearly.  
 Loving offenders, thus I will excuse ye:—  
 Thou dost love her, because thou knew'st I love her;  
 And for my sake even so doth she abuse me,  
 Suffering my friend for my sake to approve her.  
 If I lose thee, my loss is my love's gain,  
 And, losing her, my friend hath found that loss;  
 Both find each other, and I lose both twain,  
 And both for my sake lay on me this cross:  
     But here 's the joy; my friend and I are one;  
     Sweet flattery! then she loves but me alone.

## XLIII.

When most I wink, then do mine eyes best see,  
 For all the day they view things unrespected<sup>a</sup>;  
 But when I sleep, in dreams they look on thee,  
 And, darkly bright, are bright in dark directed;  
 Then thou whose shadow shadows doth make bright,  
 How would thy shadow's form form happy show  
 To the clear day with thy much clearer light,  
 When to unseeing eyes thy shade shines so!  
 How would (I say) mine eyes be blessed made  
 By looking on thee in the living day,  
 When in dead night thy fair imperfect shade  
 Through heavy sleep on sightless eyes doth stay?  
     All days are nights to see, till I see thee,  
     And nights, bright days, when dreams do show thee me<sup>b</sup>.

## XLIV.

If the dull substance of my flesh were thought,  
 Injurious distance should not stop my way;  
 For then, despite of space, I would be brought  
 From limits far remote, where thou dost stay.  
 No matter then, although my foot did stand  
 Upon the farthest earth remov'd from thee,  
 For nimble thought can jump both sea and land,  
 As soon as think the place where he would be.

<sup>a</sup> *Unrespected*—unregarded.<sup>b</sup> *Thee me*—thee to me.

But ah! thought kills me, that I am not thought,  
 To leap large lengths of miles when thou art gone,  
 But that, so much of earth and water wrought\*,  
 I must attend time's leisure with my moan;  
     Receiving nought by elements so slow  
     But heavy tears, badges of either's woe:

## XLV.

The other two, slight air and purging fire,  
 Are both with thee, wherever I abide;  
 The first my thought, the other my desire,  
 These present-absent with swift motion slide.  
 For when these quicker elements are gone  
 In tender embassy of love to thee,  
 My life, being made of four, with two alone  
 Sinks down to death, oppress'd with melancholy;  
 Until life's composition be recur'd  
 By those swift messengers return'd from thee,  
 Who even but now come back again, assur'd  
 Of thy fair health, recounting it to me:  
     This told, I joy; but then no longer glad,  
     I send them back again, and straight grow sad.

## XLVI.

Mine eye and heart are at a mortal war,  
 How to divide the conquest of thy sight;  
 Mine eye my heart thy<sup>b</sup> picture's sight would bar,  
 My heart mine eye the freedom of that right.  
 My heart doth plead that thou in him dost lie,  
 (A closet never pierc'd with crystal eyes,)  
 But the defendant doth that plea deny,  
 And says in him thy fair appearance lies.  
 To 'cide<sup>c</sup> this title is impannelled  
 A quest<sup>d</sup> of thoughts, all tenants to the heart;  
 And by their verdict is determined  
 The clear eye's moiety<sup>e</sup>, and the dear heart's part:

\* A passage in 'Henry V.' explains this:—"He is pure air and fire; and the dull elements of earth and water never appear in him." The thought is continued in the first line of the 45th Sonnet, in which Sonnet we also find "My life being made of four." This was the theory of life in Shakspeare's time; and Sir Toby in 'Twelfth Night,' speaks learnedly when he says "Does not our life consist of the four elements?" Shakspeare, however, somewhat laughs at the theory when he makes Sir Andrew reply, "Faith, so they say, but I think it rather consists of eating and drinking."

<sup>b</sup> *Thy*. The original has *their*; and it is remarkable that the same typographical error occurs four times in this one Sonnet—a pretty convincing proof that no competent or authorised person superintended the publication. Errors of this sort are very frequent in the original; but we have not thought it necessary to notice them when there can be no doubt of the meaning.

<sup>c</sup> *'Cide*. Malone explains that this is a contraction of *decide*. The original reads *side*.

<sup>d</sup> *Quest*—inquest or jury.

<sup>e</sup> *Moiety*—portion.

As thus ; mine eye's due is thine outward part,  
And my heart's right thine inward love of heart.

## XLVII.

Betwixt mine eye and heart a league is took,  
And each doth good turns now unto the other :  
When that mine eye is famish'd for a look,  
Or heart in love with sighs himself doth smother,  
With my love's picture then my eye doth feast,  
And to the painted banquet bids my heart ;  
Another time mine eye is my heart's guest,  
And in his thoughts of love doth share a part :  
So, either by thy picture or my love,  
Thyself away art present still with me ;  
For thou not farther than my thoughts canst move,  
And I am still with them, and they with thee ;  
Or if they sleep, thy picture in my sight,  
Awakes my heart to heart's and eye's delight.

## XLVIII.

How careful was I when I took my way,  
Each trifle under truest bars to thrust,  
That, to my use, it might unused stay  
From hands of falsehood, in sure wards of trust !  
But thou, to whom my jewels trifles are,  
Most worthy comfort, now my greatest grief,  
Thou, best of dearest, and mine only care,  
Art left the prey of every vulgar thief.  
Thee have I not lock'd up in any chest,  
Save where thou art not, though I feel thou art,  
Within the gentle closure of my breast,  
From whence at pleasure thou mayst come and part ;  
And even thence thou wilt be stolen I fear,  
For truth proves thievish for a prize so dear \*.

## XLIX.

Against that time, if ever that time come,  
When I shall see thee frown on my defects,  
Whenas <sup>b</sup> thy love hath cast his utmost sum,  
Call'd to that audit by advis'd respects ;  
Against that time, when thou shalt strangely pass  
And scarcely greet me with that sun, thine eye,  
When love, converted from the thing it was,  
Shall reasons find of settled gravity ;

\* The same thought is in ' Venus and Adonis : '—

" Rich preys make true men thieves."

<sup>b</sup> *Whenas*—when.

Against that time do I ensconce \* me here  
 Within the knowledge of mine own desert,  
 And this my hand against myself uprear,  
 To guard the lawful reasons on thy part:  
 To leave poor me thou hast the strength of laws,  
 Since, why to love, I can allege no cause.

## L.

How heavy do I journey on the way,  
 When what I seek—my weary travel's end—  
 Doth teach that ease and that repose to say,  
 "Thus far the miles are measur'd from thy friend!"  
 The beast that bears me, tired with my woe,  
 Plods dully on, to bear that weight in me,  
 As if by some instinct the wretch did know  
 His rider lov'd not speed, being made from thee:  
 The bloody spur cannot provoke him on  
 That sometimes anger thrusts into his hide,  
 Which heavily he answers with a groan,  
 More sharp to me than spurring to his side;  
 For that same groan doth put this in my mind,  
 My grief lies onward, and my joy behind.

## LI.

Thus can my love excuse the slow offence  
 Of my dull bearer, when from thee I speed:  
 From where thou art why should I haste me thence?  
 Till I return, of posting is no need.  
 O, what excuse will my poor beast then find,  
 When swift extremity can seem but slow?  
 Then should I spur, though mounted on the wind;  
 In winged speed no motion shall I know:  
 Then can no horse with my desire keep pace;  
 Therefore desire, of perfect love being made,  
 Shall neigh (no dull flesh) in his fiery race;  
 But love, for love, thus shall excuse my jade;  
 Since from thee going he went wilful slow,  
 Towards thee I'll run, and give him leave to go.

## LII.

So am I as the rich, whose blessed key  
 Can bring him to his sweet up-locked treasure,  
 The which he will not every hour survey,  
 For blunting the fine point of seldom pleasure.

\* *Ensconce*—fortify.

Therefore are feasts so solemn and so rare<sup>a</sup>,  
 Since seldom coming, in the long year set,  
 Like stones of worth they thinly placed are,  
 Or captain<sup>b</sup> jewels in the carcanet<sup>c</sup>.  
 So is the time that keeps you, as my chest,  
 Or as the wardrobe which the robe doth hide,  
 To make some special instant special-blest,  
 By new unfolding his imprison'd pride.  
 Blessed are you, whose worthiness gives scope,  
 Being had, to triumph, being lack'd, to hope.

## LIII.

What is your substance, whereof are you made,  
 That millions of strange shadows on you tend?  
 Since every one hath, every one, one's shade,  
 And you, but one, can every shadow lend.  
 Describe Adonis, and the counterfeit<sup>d</sup>  
 Is poorly imitated after you;  
 On Helen's cheek all art of beauty set,  
 And you in Grecian tires are painted new:  
 Speak of the spring, and foizon of the year<sup>e</sup>;  
 The one doth shadow of your beauty show,  
 The other as your bounty doth appear,  
 And you in every blessed shape we know.  
 In all external grace you have some part,  
 But you like none, none you, for constant heart.

## LIV.

O how much more doth beauty beauteous seem,  
 By that sweet ornament which truth doth give!  
 The rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem  
 For that sweet odour which doth in it live.  
 The canker-blooms<sup>f</sup> have full as deep a dye  
 As the perfumed tincture of the roses,  
 Hang on such thorns, and play as wantonly  
 When summer's breath their masked buds discloses:  
 But for their virtue only is their show,  
 They live unwoo'd, and unrespected fade;  
 Die to themselves. Sweet roses do not so;  
 Of their sweet deaths are sweetest odours made:

<sup>a</sup> There is a somewhat similar thought in 'Henry IV., Part I.:'—

"My state,  
 Seldom but sumptuous, show'd like a feast,  
 And won by rareness much solemnity."

<sup>b</sup> *Captain*—used adjectively for *chief*.

<sup>c</sup> *Carcanet*—necklace.

<sup>d</sup> *Counterfeit*—port

<sup>e</sup> *Foizon* is plenty; and the *foizon of the year* is the autumn, or plentiful season.

<sup>f</sup> *Canker-blooms*—the flowers of the canker or dog-rose.

And so of you, beauteous and lovely youth,  
When that shall fade, by <sup>a</sup> verse distils your truth.



[“ Broils root out the work of masonry.”]

LV.

Not marble, not the gilded monuments  
Of princes, shall outlive this powerful rhyme ;  
But you shall shine more bright in these contents  
Than unswept stone, besmear'd with sluttish time.  
When wasteful war shall statues overturn,  
And broils root out the work of masonry,  
Nor Mars his sword nor war's quick fire shall burn  
The living record of your memory.  
'Gainst death and all-oblivious enmity  
Shall you pace forth ; your praise shall still find room,  
Even in the eyes of all posterity  
That wear this world out to the ending doom.  
So, till the judgment that yourself arise,  
You live in this, and dwell in lovers' eyes.

<sup>a</sup> By. The word of the original is altered by Malone to *my*. The change is certainly not wanted.



## LVI.

Sweet love, renew thy force; be it not said,  
Thy edge should blunter be than appetite,  
Which but to-day by feeding is allay'd,  
To-morrow sharpen'd in his former might :  
So, love, be thou; although to-day thou fill  
Thy hungry eyes, even till they wink with fulness,  
To-morrow see again, and do not kill  
The spirit of love with a perpetual dulness.  
Let this sad interim like the ocean be  
Which parts the shore, where two contracted-new  
Come daily to the banks, that, when they see  
Return of love, more blest may be the view;  
Or call it winter, which, being full of care,  
Makes summer's welcome thrice more wish'd, more rare.

## LVII.

Being your slave, what should I do but tend  
Upon the hours and times of your desire?  
I have no precious time at all to spend,  
Nor services to do, till you require.  
Nor dare I chide the world-without-end hour,  
Whilst I, my sovereign, watch the clock for you,  
Nor think the bitterness of absence sour,  
When you have bid your servant once adieu;  
Nor dare I question with my jealous thought  
Where you may be, or your affairs suppose,  
But, like a sad slave, stay and think of nought,  
Save, where you are how happy you make those :  
So true a fool is love, that in your will  
(Though you do anything) he thinks no ill.

## LVIII.

That God forbid, that made me first your slave,  
I should in thought control your times of pleasure,  
Or at your hand the account of hours to crave,  
Being your vassal, bound to stay your leisure!  
O, let me suffer (being at your beck)  
The imprison'd absence of your liberty,  
And patience, tame to sufferance, bide each check  
Without accusing you of injury.  
Be where you list; your charter is so strong,  
That you yourself may privilege your time:  
Do what you will, to you it doth belong  
Yourself to pardon of self-doing crime.

I am to wait, though waiting so be hell;  
Not blame your pleasure, be it ill or well.

## LIX.

If there be nothing new, but that which is  
Hath been before, how are our brains beguil'd,  
Which labouring for invention bear amiss  
The second burthen of a former child!  
O, that record could with a backward look,  
Even of five hundred courses of the sun,  
Show me your image in some antique book,  
Since mind at first in character was done!  
That I might see what the old world could say  
To this composed wonder of your frame;  
Whether we are mended, or whe'r<sup>a</sup> better they,  
Or whether revolution be the same.  
O! sure I am, the wits of former days  
To subjects worse have given admiring praise.

## LX.

Like as the waves make towards the pebbled shore,  
So do our minutes hasten to their end;  
Each changing place with that which goes before,  
In sequent toil all forwards do contend.  
Nativity, once in the main of light<sup>b</sup>,  
Crawls to maturity, wherewith being crown'd,  
Crooked eclipses 'gainst his glory fight,  
And Time, that gave, doth now his gift confound.  
Time doth transfix the flourish set on youth,  
And delves the parallels<sup>c</sup> in beauty's brow;  
Feeds on the rarities of nature's truth,  
And nothing stands but for his scythe to mow.  
And yet, to times in hope, my verse shall stand,  
Praising thy worth, despite his cruel hand.

## LXI.

Is it thy will thy image should keep open  
My heavy eyelids to the weary night?  
Dost thou desire my slumbers should be broken,  
While shadows, like to thee, do mock my sight?

<sup>a</sup> *Whe'r*—whether.

<sup>b</sup> *Main of light*. As the *main* of waters would signify the great body of waters, so the *main of light* signifies the mass or flood of light into which a new-born child is launched.

<sup>c</sup> *Parallels*. We have exactly the same idea in the 2nd Sonnet:—

“When forty winters shall besiege thy brow,  
And dig deep trenches in thy beauty's field.”

Is it thy spirit that thou send'st from thee  
 So far from home, into my deeds to pry;  
 To find out shames and idle hours in me,  
 The scope and tenor of thy jealousy?  
 O no! thy love, though much, is not so great;  
 It is my love that keeps mine eye awake;  
 Mine own true love that doth my rest defeat,  
 To play the watchman ever for thy sake:  
 For thee watch I, whilst thou dost wake elsewhere,  
 From me far off, with others all-too-near.

## LXII.

Sin of self-love possesseth all mine eye,  
 And all my soul, and all my every part;  
 And for this sin there is no remedy,  
 It is so grounded inward in my heart.  
 Methinks no face so gracious<sup>a</sup> is as mine,  
 No shape so true, no truth of such account,  
 And for myself mine own worth do define,  
 As I all other in all worlds surmount.  
 But when my glass shows me myself indeed,  
 Beated<sup>b</sup> and chopp'd with tann'd antiquity,  
 Mine own self-love quite contrary I read,  
 Self so self-loving were iniquity.

'T is thee (myself) that for myself I praise,  
 Painting my age with beauty of thy days.

## LXIII.

Against my love shall be, as I am now,  
 With Time's injurious hand crush'd and o'erworn;  
 When hours have drain'd his blood, and fill'd his brow  
 With lines and wrinkles; when his youthful morn  
 Hath travell'd on to age's steepy night<sup>c</sup>;  
 And all those beauties, whereof now he's king,  
 Are vanishing or vanish'd out of sight,  
 Stealing away the treasure of his spring;  
 For such a time do I now fortify  
 Against confounding age's cruel knife,  
 That he shall never cut from memory  
 My sweet love's beauty, though my lover's life.

<sup>a</sup> *Gracious*—beautiful.

<sup>b</sup> *Beated*. So in the old copy; and it has been followed by Malone. He suggests that the word may be *bated*; but he receives *beated* as the participle of the verb to *beat*.

<sup>c</sup> *Steepy night*. It has been proposed to read *sleepy night*; but in the 7th Sonnet we have same notion of man climbing up the hill of age; and here the idea is also connected with antithesis of *morn* and *night*.

His beauty shall in these black lines be seen,  
And they shall live, and he in them, still green.

## LXIV.

When I have seen by Time's fell hand defac'd  
The rich-proud cost of outworn buried age;  
When sometime lofty towers I see down-ras'd,  
And brass eternal slave to mortal rage;  
When I have seen the hungry ocean gain  
Advantage on the kingdom of the shore,  
And the firm soil win of the wat'ry main,  
Increasing store with loss, and loss with store;  
When I have seen such interchange of state,  
Or state itself confounded to decay;  
Ruin hath taught me thus to ruminat—  
That Time will come and take my love away.

This thought is as a death, which cannot choose  
But weep to have that which it fears to lose.

## LXV.

Since brass, nor stone, nor earth, nor boundless sea,  
But sad mortality o'ersways their power,  
How with this rage shall beauty hold a plea,  
Whose action is no stronger than a flower?  
O, how shall summer's honey breath hold out  
Against the wreckful siege of battering days,  
When rocks impregnable are not so stout,  
Nor gates of steel so strong, but Time decays?  
O fearful meditation! where, alack!  
Shall Time's best jewel from Time's chest lie hid?  
Or what strong hand can hold his swift foot back?  
Or who his spoil of beauty can forbid?  
O none, unless this miracle have might,  
That in black ink my love may still shine bright.

## LXVI.

Tir'd with all these, for restful death I cry,—  
As, to behold desert a beggar born,  
And needy nothing trimm'd in jollity,  
And purest faith unhappily forsworn,

\* In 'Troilus and Cressida,' Ulysses says—

"Time hath, my lord, a *wallet* at his back,  
In which he puts alms for oblivion."

Time's *chest* and Time's *wallet* are the same; they are the depositories of what was once great and beautiful, passed away, perished, and forgotten.

And gilded honour shamefully misplac'd,  
 And maiden virtue rudely strumpeted,  
 And right perfection wrongfully disgrac'd,  
 And strength by limping sway disabled,  
 And art made tongue-tied by authority,  
 And folly (doctor-like) controlling skill,  
 And simple truth miscall'd simplicity<sup>a</sup>,  
 And captive good attending captain ill;  
     Tir'd with all these, from these would I be gone,  
     Save that, to die, I leave my love alone.

## LXVII.

Ah! wherefore with infection should he live,  
 And with his presence grace impiety,  
 That sin by him advantage should achieve,  
 And lace<sup>b</sup> itself with his society?  
 Why should false painting imitate his cheek,  
 And steal dead seeing of his living hue?  
 Why should poor beauty indirectly seek  
 Roses of shadow, since his rose is true?  
 Why should he live now Nature bankrupt is,  
 Beggar'd of blood to blush through lively veins?  
 For she hath no exchequer now but his,  
 And, proud of many, lives upon his gains.  
     O, him she stores, to show what wealth she had  
     In days long since, before these last so bad,

## LXVIII.

Thus is his cheek the map of days outworn,  
 When beauty liv'd and died as flowers do now,  
 Before these bastard signs of fair<sup>c</sup> were borne,  
 Or durst inhabit on a living brow;  
 Before the golden tresses of the dead,  
 The right of sepulchres, were shorn away,  
 To live a second life on second head,  
 Ere beauty's dead fleece made another gay<sup>d</sup>;  
 In him those holy antique hours are seen,  
 Without all ornament, itself, and true,  
 Making no summer of another's green,  
 Robbing no old to dress his beauty new;  
     And him as for a map doth Nature store,  
     To show false Art what beauty was of yore.

<sup>a</sup> *Simplicity* is here used for folly.<sup>c</sup> *Fair*—beauty.<sup>b</sup> *Lace*—embellish—ornament.<sup>d</sup> See 'Merchant of Venice,' Illustrations of Act

## LXIX.

Those parts of thee that the world's eye doth view  
 Want nothing that the thought of hearts can mend:  
 All tongues (the voice of souls) give thee that due<sup>a</sup>,  
 Uttering bare truth, even so as foes commend.  
 Thine outward thus with outward praise is crown'd;  
 But those same tongues that give thee so thine own,  
 In other accents do this praise confound,  
 By seeing farther than the eye hath shown.  
 They look into the beauty of thy mind,  
 And that, in guess, they measure by thy deeds;  
 Then (churls) their thoughts, although their eyes were kind,  
 To thy fair flower add the rank smell of weeds:  
 But why thy odour matcheth not thy show,  
 The solve<sup>b</sup> is this,—that thou dost common grow.

## LXX.

That thou art blam'd shall not be thy defect,  
 For slander's mark was ever yet the fair;  
 The ornament of beauty is suspect<sup>c</sup>,  
 A crow that flies in heaven's sweetest air.  
 So thou be good, slander doth but approve  
 Thy worth the greater, being woo'd of time;  
 For canker vice the sweetest buds doth love,  
 And thou present'st a pure unstained prime.  
 Thou hast pass'd by the ambush of young days,  
 Either not assail'd, or victor being charg'd;  
 Yet this thy praise cannot be so thy praise,  
 To tie up envy, evermore enlarg'd:  
 If some suspect of ill mask'd not thy show,  
 Then thou alone kingdoms of hearts shouldst owe<sup>d</sup>.

## LXXI.

No longer mourn for me when I am dead  
 Than you shall hear the surly sullen bell  
 Give warning to the world that I am fled  
 From this vile world, with vilest worms to dwell:

<sup>a</sup> *Due*. The original has *end*. Tyrwhitt sagaciously made the change; knowing that such a typographical error is not unfrequent. The separate letters drop out at the press; and the workman, who does not stand upon niceties, puts them together again after his own fashion. By the version of the *u* a pretty metamorphosis of *due* into *end* is made; and such feats of legerdemain are performed with a dexterity which, however satisfactory to the operator, is not the most agreeable part of an author's experience, if he should ever indulge himself with the perusal of his own writings after they have passed the printer.

<sup>b</sup> *Solve*. The original has *solyc*. Malone reads *solve* in the sense of *solution*. We have no parallel example of the use of *solve* as a noun.

<sup>c</sup> *Suspect*—suspicion. So in 'King Henry IV., Part II.'—

"If my *suspect* be false, forgive me."

<sup>d</sup> *Owe*—own.

Nay, if you read this line, remember not  
 The hand that writ it; for I love you so,  
 That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot,  
 If thinking on me then should make you woe.  
 Or if (I say) you look upon this verse,  
 When I perhaps compounded am with clay,  
 Do not so much as my poor name rehearse;  
 But let your love even with my life decay;  
     Lest the wise world should look into your moan,  
 And mock you with me after I am gone.

## LXXII.

O, lest the world should task you to recite  
 What merit liv'd in me, that you should love  
 After my death,—dear love, forget me quite,  
 For you in me can nothing worthy prove;  
 Unless you would devise some virtuous lie,  
 To do more for me than mine own desert,  
 And hang more praise upon deceased I  
 Than niggard truth would willingly impart;  
 O, lest your true love may seem false in this,  
 That you for love speak well of me untrue,  
 My name be buried where my body is,  
 And live no more to shame nor me nor you.  
     For I am sham'd by that which I bring forth,  
 And so should you, to love things nothing worth.

## LXXIII.

That time of year thou mayst in me behold  
 When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang  
 Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,  
 Bare ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet birds sang.  
 In me thou seest the twilight of such day  
 As after sunset fadeth in the west,  
 Which by and by black night doth take away,  
 Death's second self, that seals up all in rest.  
 In me thou seest the glowing of such fire,  
 That on the ashes of his youth doth lie,  
 As the death-bed whereon it must expire,  
 Consum'd with that which it was nourish'd by.  
     This thou perceiv'st, which makes thy love more strong,  
 To love that well which thou must leave ere long:

## LXXIV.

But be contented; when that fell arrest  
 Without all bail shall carry me away,

My life hath in this line some interest,  
 Which for memorial still with thee shall stay.  
 When thou reviewest this, thou dost review  
 The very part was consecrate to thee.  
 The earth can have but earth, which is his due;  
 My spirit is thine, the better part of me:  
 So then thou hast but lost the dregs of life,  
 The prey of worms, my body being dead;  
 The coward conquest of a wretch's knife,  
 Too base of thee to be remembered.

The worth of that, is that which it contains,  
 And that is this, and this with thee remains.

## LXXV.

So are you to my thoughts as food to life,  
 Or as sweet-season'd showers are to the ground;  
 And for the peace of you I hold such strife  
 As 'twixt a miser and his wealth is found:  
 Now proud as an enjoyer, and anon  
 Doubting the filching age will steal his treasure;  
 Now counting best to be with you alone,  
 Then better'd that the world may see my pleasure:  
 Sometime all full with feasting on your sight,  
 And by and by clean starved for a look;  
 Possessing or pursuing no delight,  
 Save what is had or must from you be took.

Thus do I pine and surfeit day by day,  
 Or gluttoning on all, or all away.

## LXXVI.

Why is my verse so barren of new pride?  
 So far from variation or quick change?  
 Why, with the time, do I not glance aside  
 To new-found methods and to compounds strange?  
 Why write I still all one, ever the same,  
 And keep invention in a noted weed\*,  
 That every word doth almost tell my name,  
 Showing their birth, and where they did proceed?  
 O know, sweet love, I always write of you,  
 And you and love are still my argument;  
 So all my best is dressing old words new,  
 Spending again what is already spent:

For as the sun is daily new and old,  
 So is my love still telling what is told.

\* A noted weed—a dress known and familiar, through being always the same.



## LXXVII.

Thy glass will show thee how thy beauties wear,  
Thy dial how thy precious minutes waste ;  
The vacant leaves thy mind's imprint will bear,  
And of this book this learning mayst thou taste.  
The wrinkles which thy glass will truly show,  
Of mouthed graves will give thee memory ;  
Thou by thy dial's shady stealth mayst know  
Time's thievish progress to eternity.  
Look, what thy memory cannot contain,  
Commit to these waste blanks, and thou shalt find  
Those children nurs'd, deliver'd from thy brain,  
To take a new acquaintance of thy mind.  
These offices, so oft as thou wilt look,  
Shall profit thee, and much enrich thy book.

## LXXVIII.

So oft have I invok'd thee for my muse,  
And found such fair assistance in my verse,  
As every alien pen hath got my use,  
And under thee their poesy disperse.  
Thine eyes, that taught the dumb on high to sing,  
And heavy ignorance aloft to fly,  
Have added feathers to the learned's wing,  
And given grace a double majesty.  
Yet be most proud of that which I compile,  
Whose influence is thine, and born of thee :  
In others' works thou dost but mend the style,  
And arts with thy sweet graces graced be ;  
But thou art all my art, and dost advance  
As high as learning my rude ignorance.

## LXXIX.

Whilst I alone did call upon thy aid,  
My verse alone had all thy gentle grace ;  
But now my gracious numbers are decay'd,  
And my sick muse doth give another place.  
I grant, sweet love, thy lovely argument  
Deserves the travail of a worthier pen ;  
Yet what of thee thy poet doth invent,  
He robs thee of, and pays it thee again.  
He lends thee virtue, and he stole that word  
From thy behaviour ; beauty doth he give,  
And found it in thy cheek : he can afford  
No praise to thee but what in thee doth live.

Then thank him not for that which he doth say,  
Since what he owes thee thou thyself dost pay.

## LXXX.

O, how I faint when I of you do write,  
Knowing a better spirit doth use your name,  
And in the praise thereof spends all his might,  
To make me tongue-tied, speaking of your fame!  
But since your worth (wide as the ocean is)  
The humble as the proudest sail doth bear,  
My saucy bark, inferior far to his,  
On your broad main doth wilfully appear.  
Your shallowest help will hold me up afloat,  
Whilst he upon your soundless deep doth ride;  
Or, being wreck'd, I am a worthless boat,  
He of tall building, and of goodly pride:  
Then if he thrive, and I be cast away,  
The worst was this;—my love was my decay.

## LXXXI.

Or I shall live your epitaph to make,  
Or you survive when I in earth am rotten;  
From hence your memory death cannot take,  
Although in me each part will be forgotten.  
Your name from hence immortal life shall have,  
Though I, once gone, to all the world must die:  
The earth can yield me but a common grave,  
When you entombed in men's eyes shall lie.  
Your monument shall be my gentle verse,  
Which eyes not yet created shall o'er-read;  
And tongues to be, your being shall rehearse,  
When all the breathers of this world are dead;  
You still shall live (such virtue hath my pen)  
Where breath most breathes,—even in the mouths of men.

## LXXXII.

I grant thou wert not married to my muse,  
And therefore mayst without attaint o'erlook  
The dedicated words which writers use  
Of their fair subject, blessing every book.  
Thou art as fair in knowledge as in hue,  
Finding thy worth a limit past my praise;  
And therefore art enforc'd to seek anew  
Some fresher stamp of the time-bettering days.

And do so, love; yet when they have devis'd  
 What strained touches rhetoric can lend,  
 Thou truly fair wert truly sympathis'd,  
 In true plain words, by thy true-telling friend;  
 And their gross painting might be better us'd  
 Where cheeks need blood; in thee it is abus'd.

## LXXXIII.

I never saw that you did painting need,  
 And therefore to your fair no painting set.  
 I found, or thought I found, you did exceed  
 The barren tender of a poet's debt:  
 And therefore have I slept in your report,  
 That you yourself, being extant, well might show  
 How far a modern <sup>a</sup> quill doth come too short,  
 Speaking of worth, what worth in you doth grow.  
 This silence for my sin you did impute,  
 Which shall be most my glory, being dumb;  
 For I impair not beauty being mute,  
 When others would give life, and bring a tomb.  
 There lives more life in one of your fair eyes  
 Than both your poets can in praise devise.

## LXXXIV.

Who is it that says most? which can say more  
 Than this rich praise,—that you alone are you?  
 In whose confine immured is the store  
 Which should example where your equal grew?  
 Lean penury within that pen doth dwell,  
 That to his subject lends not some small glory;  
 But he that writes of you, if he can tell  
 That you are you, so dignifies his story,  
 Let him but copy what in you is writ,  
 Not making worse what nature made so clear,  
 And such a counterpart shall fame his wit,  
 Making his style admired everywhere.  
 You to your beauteous blessings add a curse,  
 Being fond on praise, which makes your praises worse.

## LXXXV.

My tongue-tied muse in manners holds her still,  
 While comments of your praise, richly compil'd,  
 Reserve<sup>b</sup> their character with golden quill,  
 And precious phrase by all the muses fil'd.

<sup>a</sup> *Modern*—trite—common.

<sup>b</sup> *Reserve* is here again used for *preserve*.

I think good thoughts, while others write good words,  
 And, like unletter'd clerk, still cry "Amen"  
 To every hymn that able spirit affords,  
 In polish'd form of well-refined pen.  
 Hearing you prais'd, I say, "'T is so, 't is true,"  
 And to the most of praise add something more;  
 But that is in my thought, whose love to you,  
 Though words come hindmost, holds his rank before.  
 Then others for the breath of words respect,  
 Me for my dumb thoughts, speaking in effect.

## LXXXVI.

Was it the proud full sail of his great verse,  
 Bound for the prize of all-too-precious you,  
 That did my ripe thoughts in my brain inhearse,  
 Making their tomb the womb wherein they grew?  
 Was it his spirit, by spirits taught to write  
 Above a mortal pitch, that struck me dead?  
 No, neither he, nor his compeers by night  
 Giving him aid, my verse astonished.  
 He, nor that affable familiar ghost  
 Which nightly gulls him with intelligence\*,  
 As victors, of my silence cannot boast;  
 I was not sick of any fear from thence.  
 But when your countenance fil'd<sup>b</sup> up his line,  
 Then lack'd I matter; that enfeebled mine.

## LXXXVII.

Farewell! thou art too dear for my possessing,  
 And like enough thou know'st thy estimate:  
 The charter of thy worth gives thee releasing;  
 My bonds in thee are all determinate.  
 For how do I hold thee but by thy granting?  
 And for that riches where is my deserving?  
 The cause of this fair gift in me is wanting,  
 And so my patent back again is swerving.  
 Thyself thou gav'st, thy own worth then not knowing,  
 Or me, to whom thou gav'st it, else mistaking;  
 So thy great gift, upon misprision growing,  
 Comes home again, on better judgment making.  
 Thus have I had thee, as a dream doth flatter,  
 In sleep a king, but, waking, no such matter.

\* Steevens conjectures that this is an allusion to Dr. Dee's pretended intercourse with a familiar spirit.

<sup>b</sup> *Fil'd*—gave the last polish. Ben Jonson, in his verses on Shakspeare, speaks of his "Well-torned and *true-fil'd* lines."

## LXXXVIII.

When thou shalt be dispos'd to set me light,  
 And place my merit in the eye of scorn,  
 Upon thy side against myself I'll fight,  
 And prove thee virtuous, though thou art forsworn.  
 With mine own weakness being best acquainted,  
 Upon thy part I can set down a story  
 Of faults conceal'd, wherein I am attainted;  
 That thou, in losing me, shalt win much glory:  
 And I by this will be a gainer too;  
 For bending all my loving thoughts on thee,  
 The injuries that to myself I do,  
 Doing thee vantage, double-vantage me.  
 Such is my love, to thee I so belong,  
 That for thy right myself will bear all wrong.

## LXXXIX.

Say that thou didst forsake me for some fault,  
 And I will comment upon that offence:  
 Speak of my lameness, and I straight will halt;  
 Against thy reasons making no defence.  
 Thou canst not, love, disgrace me half so ill,  
 To set a form upon desired change,  
 As I'll myself disgrace: knowing thy will,  
 I will acquaintance strangle<sup>a</sup>, and look strange;  
 Be absent from thy walks; and in my tongue  
 Thy sweet-beloved name no more shall dwell;  
 Lest I (too much profane) should do it wrong,  
 And haply of our old acquaintance tell.  
 For thee, against myself I'll vow debate,  
 For I must ne'er love him whom thou dost hate.

## XC.

Then hate me when thou wilt; if ever, now;  
 Now while the world is bent my deeds to cross,  
 Join with the spite of fortune, make me bow,  
 And do not drop in for an after-loss:  
 Ah! do not, when my heart hath scap'd this sorrow,  
 Come in the rearward of a conquer'd woe;  
 Give not a windy night a rainy morrow,  
 To linger out a purpos'd overthrow.

<sup>a</sup> *Strangle*. Malone gives several examples of the use of the verb; and Steevens adds, "uncouth phrase seems to have been a favourite with Shakspeare." Why is any word called *uncouth* which expresses a meaning more clearly and forcibly than any other word? The miserable imitation of the last age, in rejecting words that in sound appeared not to harmonise with the miniprettinesses of polite conversation, emasculated our language; and it will take some time to res it to its ancient nervousness.

If thou wilt leave me, do not leave me last,  
When other petty griefs have done their spite,  
But in the onset come; so shall I taste  
At first the very worst of fortune's might;  
And other strains of woe, which now seem woe,  
Compar'd with loss of thee will not seem so.

## XCI.

Some glory in their birth, some in their skill,  
Some in their wealth, some in their body's force;  
Some in their garments, though new-fangled ill;  
Some in their hawks and hounds, some in their horse;  
And every humour hath his adjunct pleasure,  
Wherein it finds a joy above the rest;  
But these particulars are not my measure,  
All these I better in one general best.  
Thy love is better than high birth to me,  
Richer than wealth, prouder than garments' cost,  
Of more delight than hawks or horses be;  
And, having thee, of all men's pride I boast.  
Wretched in this alone, that thou mayst take  
All this away, and me most wretched make.

## XCII.

But do thy worst to steal thyself away,  
For term of life thou art assured mine;  
And life no longer than thy love will stay,  
For it depends upon that love of thine.  
Then need I not to fear the worst of wrongs,  
When in the least of them my life hath end.  
I see a better state to me belongs  
Than that which on thy humour doth depend.  
Thou canst not vex me with inconstant mind,  
Since that my life on thy revolt doth lie.  
O what a happy title do I find,  
Happy to have thy love, happy to die!  
But what 's so blessed-fair that fears no blot?—  
Thou mayst be false, and yet I know it not:

## XCIII.

So shall I live, supposing thou art true,  
Like a deceived husband; so love's face  
May still seem love to me, though alter'd-new;  
Thy looks with me, thy heart in other place:

For there can live no hatred in thine eye,  
 Therefore in that I cannot know thy change.  
 In many's looks the false heart's history  
 Is writ, in moods and frowns and wrinkles strange;  
 But Heaven in thy creation did decree  
 That in thy face sweet love should ever dwell;  
 Whate'er thy thoughts or thy heart's workings be,  
 Thy looks should nothing thence but sweetness tell.  
     How like Eve's apple doth thy beauty grow,  
     If thy sweet virtue answer not thy show!

## XCIV.

They that have power to hurt and will do none,  
 That do not do the thing they most do show,  
 Who, moving others, are themselves as stone,  
 Unmoved, cold, and to temptation slow;  
 They rightly do inherit Heaven's graces,  
 And husband nature's riches from expense;  
 They are the lords and owners of their faces,  
 Others but stewards of their excellence.  
 The summer's flower is to the summer sweet,  
 Though to itself it only live and die;  
 But if that flower with base infection meet,  
 The basest weed outbraves his dignity;  
     For sweetest things turn sourest by their deeds;  
     Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds.

## XCV.

How sweet and lovely dost thou make the shame,  
 Which, like a canker in the fragrant rose,  
 Doth spot the beauty of thy budding name!  
 O, in what sweets dost thou thy sins enclose!  
 That tongue that tells the story of thy days,  
 Making lascivious comments on thy sport,  
 Cannot dispraise but in a kind of praise;  
 Naming thy name blesses an ill report.  
 O, what a mansion have those vices got  
 Which for their habitation chose out thee!  
 Where beauty's veil doth cover every blot,  
 And all things turn to fair, that eyes can see!  
     Take heed, dear heart, of this large privilege;  
     The hardest knife, ill-us'd, doth lose its edge.

## XCVI.

Some say, thy fault is youth, some wantonness;  
 Some say, thy grace is youth and gentle sport;

Both grace and faults are lov'd of more and less :  
 Thou mak'st faults graces that to thee resort.  
 As on the finger of a throned queen  
 The basest jewel will be well esteem'd ;  
 So are those errors that in thee are seen  
 To truths translated, and for true things deem'd.  
 How many lambs might the stern wolf betray,  
 If like a lamb he could his looks translate !  
 How many gazers mightst thou lead away,  
 If thou wouldst use the strength of all thy state !  
 But do not so ; I love thee in such sort,  
 As, thou being mine, mine is thy good report.

## XCVII.

How like a winter hath my absence been  
 From thee, the pleasure of the fleeting year !  
 What freezings have I felt, what dark days seen !  
 What old December's bareness everywhere !  
 And yet this time remov'd \* was summer's time ;  
 The teeming autumn, big with rich increase,  
 Bearing the wanton burden of the prime,  
 Lide widow'd wombs after their lords' decease :  
 Yet this abundant issue seem'd to me  
 But hope of orphans, and unfather'd fruit ;  
 For summer and his pleasures wait on thee,  
 And, thou away, the very birds are mute ;  
 Or, if they sing, 't is with so dull a cheer,  
 That leaves look pale, dreading the winter 's near.

## XCVIII.

From you have I been absent in the spring,  
 When proud-pied April, dress'd in all his trim,  
 Hath put a spirit of youth in everything,  
 That heavy Saturn laugh'd and leap'd with him.  
 Yet nor the lays of birds, nor the sweet smell  
 Of different flowers in odour and in hue,  
 Could make me any summer's story tell,  
 Or from their proud lap pluck them where they grew :  
 Nor did I wonder at the lilies white,  
 Nor praise the deep vermilion in the rose ;  
 They were but sweet, but figures of delight,  
 Drawn after you, you pattern of all those.  
 Yet seem'd it winter still, and, you away,  
 As with your shadow I with these did play :

\* Malone explains this as, " This time in which I was remote or absent from thee."





[“Proud-pied April.”]

XCIX.

The forward violet thus did I chide;—  
 Sweet thief, whence didst thou steal thy sweet that smells,  
 If not from my love's breath? The purple pride  
 Which on thy soft cheek for complexion dwells,  
 In my love's veins thou hast too grossly dy'd.  
 The lily I condemned for thy hand,  
 And buds of marjoram had stolen thy hair:  
 The roses fearfully on thorns did stand,  
 One blushing shame, another white despair;  
 A third, nor red nor white, had stolen of both,  
 And to his robbery had annex'd thy breath;  
 But for his theft, in pride of all his growth  
 A vengeful canker eat him up to death.

More flowers I noted, yet I none could see,  
 But sweet or colour it had stolen from thee.

C.

Where art thou, Muse, that thou forgett'st so long  
 To speak of that which gives thee all thy might?  
 Spend'st thou thy fury on some worthless song,  
 Darkening thy power, to lend base subjects light?  
 Return, forgetful Muse, and straight redeem  
 In gentle numbers time so idly spent;  
 Sing to the ear that doth thy lays esteem  
 And gives thy pen both skill and argument.  
 Rise, restive Muse, my love's sweet face survey,  
 If Time have any wrinkle graven there;  
 If any, be a satire to decay,  
 And make Time's spoils despised everywhere.

Give my love fame faster than Time wastes life;  
So thou prevent'st his scythe and crooked knife.

## CI.

O truant Muse, what shall be thy amends  
For thy neglect of truth in beauty dy'd?  
Both truth and beauty on thy love depends;  
So dost thou too, and therein dignified.  
Make answer, Muse: wilt thou not haply say,  
"Truth needs no colour with his colour fix'd,  
Beauty no pencil, beauty's truth to lay;  
But best is best, if never intermix'd?"—  
Because he needs no praise, wilt thou be dumb?  
Excuse not silence so; for it lies in thee  
To make him much outlive a gilded tomb,  
And to be prais'd of ages yet to be.

Then do thy office, Muse; I teach thee how  
To make him seem long hence as he shows now.

## CII.

My love is strengthen'd, though more weak in seeming;  
I love not less, though less the show appear;  
That love is merchandis'd, whose rich esteeming  
The owner's tongue doth publish everywhere.  
Our love was new, and then but in the spring,  
When I was wont to greet it with my lays;  
As Philomel in summer's front doth sing,  
And stops his pipe in growth of riper days:  
Not that the summer is less pleasant now  
Than when her mournful hymns did hush the night,  
But that wild music burthens every bough,  
And sweets grown common lose their dear delight.

Therefore, like her, I sometime hold my tongue,  
Because I would not dull you with my song.

## CIII.

Alack! what poverty my Muse brings forth,  
That having such a scope to show her pride,  
The argument, all bare, is of more worth,  
Than when it hath my added praise beside.  
O blame me not if I no more can write!  
Look in your glass, and there appears a face  
That over-goes my blunt invention quite,  
Dulling my lines, and doing me disgrace.

Were it not sinful then, striving to mend,  
 To mar the subject that before was well?  
 For to no other pass my verses tend,  
 Than of your graces and your gifts to tell;  
     And more, much more, than in my verse can sit,  
     Your own glass shows you, when you look in it.

## CIV.

To me, fair friend, you never can be old,  
 For as you were when first your eye I eyed,  
 Such seems your beauty still. Three winters' cold  
 Have from the forests shook three summers' pride;  
 Three beauteous springs to yellow autumn turn'd  
 In process of the seasons have I seen;  
 Three April perfumes in three hot Junes burn'd,  
 Since first I saw you fresh, which yet are green.  
 Ah! yet doth beauty, like a dial hand,  
 Steal from his figure, and no pace perceiv'd;  
 So your sweet hue, which methinks still doth stand,  
 Hath motion, and mine eye may be deceiv'd.  
     For fear of which, hear this, thou age unbred,  
     Ere you were born, was beauty's summer dead.

## CV.

Let not my love be call'd idolatry,  
 Nor my beloved as an idol show,  
 Since all alike my songs and praises be,  
 To one, of one, still such, and ever so.  
 Kind is my love to-day, to-morrow kind,  
 Still constant in a wondrous excellence;  
 Therefore my verse, to constancy confin'd,  
 One thing expressing, leaves out difference.  
 Fair, kind, and true, is all my argument,  
 Fair, kind, and true, varying to other words;  
 And in this change is my invention spent,  
 Three themes in one, which wondrous scope affords.  
     Fair, kind, and true, have often liv'd alone,  
     Which three, till now, never kept seat in one.

## CVI.

When in the chronicle of wasted time  
 I see descriptions of the fairest wights,  
 And beauty making beautiful old rhyme,  
 In praise of ladies dead and lovely knights,

Then in the blazon of sweet beauty's best,  
 Of hand, of foot, of lip, of eye, of brow,  
 I see their antique pen would have express'd  
 Even such a beauty as you master now.  
 So all their praises are but prophecies  
 Of this our time, all you prefiguring;  
 And, for they look'd but with divining eyes,  
 They had not skill enough your worth to sing:  
 For we, which now behold these present days,  
 Have eyes to wonder, but lack tongues to praise.

## CVII.

Not mine own fears, nor the prophetic soul  
 Of the wide world dreaming on things to come,  
 Can yet the lease of my true love control,  
 Suppos'd as forfeit to a confin'd doom.  
 The mortal moon hath her eclipse endur'd,  
 And the sad augurs mock their own presage;  
 Incertainties now crown themselves assur'd,  
 And peace proclaims olives of endless age.  
 Now with the drops of this most balmy time  
 My love looks fresh, and Death to me subscribes<sup>a</sup>,  
 Since spite of him I'll live in this poor rhyme,  
 While he insults o'er dull and speechless tribes.  
 And thou in this shalt find thy monument,  
 When tyrants' crests and tombs of brass are spent.

## CVIII.

What's in the brain that ink may character,  
 Which hath not figur'd to thee my true spirit?  
 What's new to speak, what now<sup>b</sup> to register,  
 That may express my love, or thy dear merit?  
 Nothing, sweet boy; but yet, like prayers divine,  
 I must each day say o'er the very same;  
 Counting no old thing old, thou mine, I thine,  
 Even as when first I hallow'd thy fair name.  
 So that eternal love in love's fresh case  
 Weighs not the dust and injury of age,  
 Nor gives to necessary wrinkles place,  
 But makes antiquity for aye his page;  
 Finding the first conceit of love there bred,  
 Where time and outward form would show it dead.

<sup>a</sup> *Subscribes*—submits—acknowledges as a superior.

<sup>b</sup> *Now*. So the original, but altered by Malone to *new*. We agree with Mr. Dyce in thinking the alteration unnecessary.

## CIX.

O, never say that I was false of heart,  
 Though absence seem'd my flame to qualify!  
 As easy might I from myself depart,  
 As from my soul, which in thy breast doth lie:  
 That is my home of love: if I have rang'd,  
 Like him that travels, I return again;  
 Just to the time, not with the time exchang'd,—  
 So that myself bring water for my stain.  
 Never believe, though in my nature reign'd  
 All frailties that besiege all kinds of blood,  
 That it could so preposterously be stain'd,  
 To leave for nothing all thy sum of good;  
     For nothing this wide universe I call,  
     Save thou, my rose; in it thou art my all.

## CX.

Alas, 't is true, I have gone here and there,  
 And made myself a motley<sup>a</sup> to the view,  
 Gor'd<sup>b</sup> mine own thoughts, sold cheap what is most dear,  
 Made old offences of affections new.  
 Most true it is, that I have look'd on truth  
 Askance and strangely; but, by all above,  
 These blenches<sup>c</sup> gave my heart another youth,  
 And worse essays prov'd thee my best of love.  
 Now all is done, have<sup>d</sup> what shall have no end:  
 Mine appetite I never more will grind  
 On newer proof, to try an older friend,  
 A God in love, to whom I am confin'd.  
     Then give me welcome, next my heaven the best,  
     Even to thy pure and most most loving breast.

## CXI.

O, for my sake do you with Fortune chide,  
 The guilty goddess of my harmful deeds,

<sup>a</sup> *Motley*. Jaques, in 'As You Like It,' exclaims, "Invest me in my *motley*." *Motley* was the dress of the domestic fool or jester; and thus the buffoon himself came to be called a *motley*. Jaques, addressing Touchstone, says, "Will you be married, *Motley*?"

<sup>b</sup> *Gor'd*—wounded. In 'Hamlet' we have—

"I have a voice and precedent of peace  
 To keep my name *ungor'd*."

<sup>c</sup> *Blenches*—deviations.

<sup>d</sup> *Have*. This is the word of the old copy. The reading of all modern editions is—

"Now all is done, *save* what shall have no end."

Malone says the original reading is unintelligible. His conjectural reading, which Tyrwhitt recommended, appears to us more so. "Now all is done" clearly applies to the *blenches*, the *worse essays*; but the poet then adds, "*have* thou what shall have no end,"—my constant affection, my undivided friendship.

That did not better for my life provide,  
 Than public means, which public manners breeds.  
 Thence comes it that my name receives a brand,  
 And almost thence my nature is subdued  
 To what it works in, like the dyer's hand :  
 Pity me then, and wish I were renew'd ;  
 Whilst, like a willing patient, I will drink  
 Potions of *eyself*<sup>a</sup>, 'gainst my strong infection ;  
 No bitterness that I will bitter think,  
 Nor double penance, to correct correction.  
 Pity me then, dear friend, and I assure ye,  
 Even that your pity is enough to cure me.

## CXII.

Your love and pity doth the impression fill  
 Which vulgar scandal stamp'd upon my brow ;  
 For what care I who calls me well or ill,  
 So you o'ergreen my bad, my good allow<sup>b</sup> ?  
 You are my all-the-world, and I must strive  
 To know my shames and praises from your tongue ;  
 None else to me, nor I to none alive,  
 That my steel'd sense or changes, right or wrong<sup>c</sup>.  
 In so profound abyssm I throw all care  
 Of other's voices, that my adder's sense  
 To critic and to flatterer stopped are.  
 Mark how with my neglect I do dispense :—  
 You are so strongly in my purpose bred,  
 That all the world besides methinks are dead<sup>d</sup>.

## CXIII.

Since I left you, mine eye is in my mind ;  
 And that which governs me to go about

<sup>a</sup> *Eysell*—vinegar.

<sup>b</sup> *Allow*—approve.

<sup>c</sup> This passage is obscure, and there is probably some slight misprint. Steevens says, with his usual amenity, "The meaning of this purblind and obscure stuff seems to be—'You are the only person who has the power to change my stubborn resolution, *either* to what is right, or to what is wrong.'" We have little doubt that something like this is the meaning; but why has not this great conjectural critic, instead of calling out "purblind and obscure stuff," tried his hand at some slight emendation? He is venturesome enough when the text is clear. We might read thus:—

"That my steel'd sense *so* changes right or wrong;"

or we might read, as Malone has proposed, "*Er* changes."

<sup>d</sup> This line presents in the old copy one of the many examples of how little the context was heeded. We there find—

"That all the world *besides me thinks y' are* dead."

Malone changes this to—

"That all the world *besides methinks they are* dead."

We adopt Mr. Dyce's better reading.

Doth part his function, and is partly blind,  
 Seems seeing, but effectually is out;  
 For it no form delivers to the heart  
 Of bird, of flower, or shape, which it doth latch<sup>a</sup>;  
 Of his quick objects hath the mind no part,  
 Nor his own vision holds what it doth catch;  
 For if it see the rud'st or gentlest sight,  
 The most sweet favour<sup>b</sup>, or deformed'st creature,  
 The mountain or the sea, the day or night,  
 The crow, or dove, it shapes them to your feature.  
 Incapable of more, replete with you,  
 My most true mind thus maketh mine untrue<sup>c</sup>.

## CXIV.

Or whether doth my mind, being crown'd with you,  
 Drink up the monarch's plague, this flattery,  
 Or whether shall I say mine eye saith true,  
 And that your love taught it this alchymy,  
 To make of monsters and things indigest  
 Such cherubins as your sweet self resemble,  
 Creating every bad a perfect best,  
 As fast as objects to his beams assemble?  
 O, 't is the first; 't is flattery in my seeing,  
 And my great mind most kingly drinks it up:  
 Mine eye well knows what with his gust is 'greeing,  
 And to his palate doth prepare the cup:  
 If it be poison'd, 't is the lesser sin  
 That mine eye loves it, and doth first begin.

## CXV.

Those lines that I before have writ, do lie;  
 Even those that said I could not love you dearer:  
 Yet then my judgment knew no reason why  
 My most full flame should afterwards burn clearer.  
 But reckoning time, whose million'd accidents  
 Creep in 'twixt vows, and change decrees of kings,  
 Tan sacred beauty, blunt the sharp'st intents,  
 Divert strong minds to the course of altering things;  
 Alas! why, fearing of Time's tyranny,  
 Might I not then say, "Now I love you best,"  
 When I was certain o'er uncertainty,  
 Crowning the present, doubting of the rest?

<sup>a</sup> *Latch*. The original has *lack*. Malone substituted *latch*, which signifies to lay hold of.

<sup>b</sup> *Favour*—countenance.

<sup>c</sup> *Untrue* is here used as a substantive. So in 'Measure for Measure'—

"Say what you can, my false outweighs your true."

Love is a babe ; then might I not say so,  
To give full growth to that which still doth grow ?

## CXVI.

Let me not to the marriage of true minds  
Admit impediments. Love is not love  
Which alters when it alteration finds,  
Or bends with the remover to remove :  
O no ; it is an ever-fixed mark,  
That looks on tempests, and is never shaken ;  
It is the star to every wandering bark,  
Whose worth 's unknown, although his height be taken.  
Love 's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks  
Within his bending sickle's compass come ;  
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,  
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.  
If this be error, and upon me prov'd,  
I never writ, nor no man ever lov'd.

## CXVII.

Accuse me thus ; that I have scanted all  
Wherein I should your great deserts repay ;  
Forgot upon your dearest love to call,  
Whereto all bonds do tie me day by day ;  
That I have frequent been with unknown minds,  
And given to time your own dear-purchas'd right ;  
That I have hoisted sail to all the winds  
Which should transport me farthest from your sight.  
Book both my wilfulness and errors down,  
And on just proof surmise accumulate,  
Bring me within the level of your frown,  
But shoot not at me in your waken'd hate :  
Since my appeal says, I did strive to prove  
The constancy and virtue of your love.

## CXVIII.

Like as, to make our appetites more keen,  
With eager \* compounds we our palate urge ;  
As, to prevent our maladies unseen,  
We sicken to shun sickness, when we purge ;  
Even so, being full of your ne'er-cloying sweetness,  
To bitter sauces did I frame my feeding,  
And, sick of welfare, found a kind of meetness  
To be diseas'd, ere that there was true needing.

\* *Eager*—sour ; the French *aigre*.



Thus policy in love, to anticipate  
 The ills that were not, grew to faults assured,  
 And brought to medicine a healthful state,  
 Which, rank of goodness, would by ill be cured.  
 But thence I learn, and find the lesson true,  
 Drugs poison him that so fell sick of you.

## CXIX.

What potions have I drunk of Siren tears,  
 Distill'd from limbecs foul as hell within,  
 Applying fears to hopes, and hopes to fears,  
 Still losing when I saw myself to win!  
 What wretched errors hath my heart committed,  
 Whilst it hath thought itself so blessed never!  
 How have mine eyes out of their spheres been fitted\*,  
 In the distraction of this madding fever!  
 O benefit of ill! now I find true  
 That better is by evil still made better;  
 And ruin'd love, when it is built anew,  
 Grows fairer than at first, more strong, far greater.  
 So I return rebuk'd to my content,  
 And gain by ill thrice more than I have spent.

## CXX.

That you were once unkind, befriends me now,  
 And for that sorrow, which I then did feel,  
 Needs must I under my transgression bow,  
 Unless my nerves were brass or hammer'd steel.  
 For if you were by my unkindness shaken,  
 As I by yours, you have pass'd a hell of time;  
 And I, a tyrant, have no leisure taken  
 To weigh how once I suffer'd in your crime.  
 O that our night of woe might have remember'd<sup>b</sup>  
 My deepest sense, how hard true sorrow hits,  
 And soon to you, as you to me, then tender'd  
 The humble salve which wounded bosoms fits!  
 But that your trespass now becomes a fee;  
 Mine ransoms yours, and yours must ransom me.

## CXXI.

'T is better to be vile than vile esteem'd,  
 When not to be receives reproach of being,  
 And the just pleasure lost, which is so deem'd  
 Not by our feeling, but by others' seeing.

\* *Fitted*—subjected to fits.

<sup>b</sup> *Remember'd*—reminded.

For why should others' false adulterate eyes  
 Give salutation to my sportive blood?  
 Or on my frailties why are frailer spies,  
 Which in their wills count bad what I think good?  
 No.—I am that I am; and they that level  
 At my abuses, reckon up their own:  
 I may be straight, though they themselves be bevel<sup>a</sup>;  
 By their rank thoughts my deeds must not be shown;  
 Unless this general evil they maintain,—  
 All men are bad, and in their badness reign.

## CXXII.

Thy gift, thy tables, are within my brain  
 Full character'd with lasting memory,  
 Which shall above that idle rank remain,  
 Beyond all date, even to eternity:  
 Or at the least so long as brain and heart  
 Have faculty by nature to subsist;  
 Till each to ras'd oblivion yield his part  
 Of thee, thy record never can be miss'd.  
 That poor retention could not so much hold<sup>b</sup>,  
 Nor need I tallies thy dear love to score;  
 Therefore to give them from me was I bold,  
 To trust those tables that receive thee more:  
 To keep an adjunct to remember thee,  
 Were to import forgetfulness in me.

## CXXIII.

No! Time, thou shalt not boast that I do change:  
 Thy pyramids built up with newer might  
 To me are nothing novel, nothing strange;  
 They are but dressings of a former sight.  
 Our dates are brief, and therefore we admire  
 What thou dost foist upon us that is old;  
 And rather make them born to our desire,  
 Than think that we before have heard them told.  
 Thy registers and thee I both defy,  
 Not wondering at the present nor the past;  
 For thy records and what we see do lie,  
 Made more or less by thy continual haste:  
 This I do vow, and this shall ever be,  
 I will be true, despite thy scythe and thee:

<sup>a</sup> *Bevel*—bent in an angle.

<sup>b</sup> Malone says, "*That poor retention* is the table-book given to him by his friend, incapable of retaining, or rather of containing, so much as the tablet of the brain."

## CXXIV.

If my dear love were but the child of state,  
 It might for Fortune's bastard be unfather'd,  
 As subject to Time's love, or to Time's hate,  
 Weeds among weeds, or flowers with flowers gather'd.  
 No, it was builded far from accident;  
 It suffers not in smiling pomp, nor falls  
 Under the blow of thrall'd discontent,  
 Whereto the inviting time our fashion calls:  
 It fears not policy, that heretic,  
 Which works on leases of short-number'd hours,  
 But all alone stands hugely politic,  
 That it nor grows with heat, nor drowns with showers.  
 To this I witness call the fools of time,  
 Which die for goodness, who have liv'd for crime.

## CXXV.

Were it aught to me I bore the canopy,  
 With my extern the outward honouring,  
 Or laid great bases for eternity,  
 Which prove more short than waste or ruining?  
 Have I not seen dwellers on form and favour  
 Lose all, and more, by paying too much rent,  
 For compound sweet foregoing simple savour,  
 Pitiful thrivers, in their gazing spent?  
 No;—let me be obsequious in thy heart,  
 And take thou my oblation, poor but free,  
 Which is not mix'd with seconds<sup>a</sup>, knows no art,  
 But mutual render, only me for thee.

<sup>a</sup> *Seconds*. Mr. Dyce considers this word a misprint. The only note on the passage in the variorum editions is that of Steevens:—"I am just informed by an old lady that *seconds* is a provincial term for the *second kind of flour*, which is collected after the smaller bran is sifted. That our author's oblation was pure, *unmixed with baser matter*, is all that he meant to say." Mr. Dyce calls this note "preposterously absurd." Steevens, however, knew what he was doing. He mentions the flour, as in almost every other note upon the Sonnets, to throw discredit upon compositions with which he could not sympathise. He had a sharp, cunning, pettifogging mind; and he knew many prosaic things well enough. He knew that a *second* in a duel, a *second* in a debate, a *secondary* in ecclesiastical affairs, meant one next to the principal. The poet's friend has his chief oblation; no *seconds*, or inferior persons, are mixed up with his tribute of affection.

In the copy of the Sonnets in the Bodleian Library, formerly belonging to Malone (and which is bound in the same volume with the 'Lucrece,' &c.), is a very cleverly drawn caricature representing Shakspeare addressing a periwig-pated old fellow in these lines:—

"If thou couldst, Doctor, cast  
 The water of my Sonnets, find their disease,  
 Or purge my Editor till he understood them,  
 I would applaud thee."

Under this Malone has written, "Mr. Steevens borrowed this volume from me in 1779, to peruse the 'Rape of Lucrece,' in the original edition, of which he was not possessed. When he returned

Hence, thou suborn'd informer! a true soul,  
When most impeach'd, stands least in thy control.

## CXXVI.

O thou, my lovely boy, who in thy power  
Dost hold Time's fickle glass, his sickle, hour;  
Who hast by waning grown, and therein show'st  
Thy lovers withering, as thy sweet self grow'st!  
If Nature, sovereign mistress over wrack,  
As thou goest onwards, still will pluck thee back,  
She keeps thee to this purpose, that her skill  
May time disgrace, and wretched minutes kill.  
Yet fear her, O thou minion of her pleasure;  
She may detain, but not still keep, her treasure:  
Her audit, though delay'd, answer'd must be,  
And her quietus is to render thee.

## CXXVII.

In the old age black was not counted fair,  
Or if it were, it bore not beauty's name;  
But now is black beauty's successive heir,  
And beauty slander'd with a bastard shame:  
For since each hand hath put on nature's power,  
Fairing the foul with art's false borrow'd face,  
Sweet beauty hath no name, no holy hour,  
But is profan'd, if not lives in disgrace.  
Therefore my mistress' eyes are raven black,  
Her eyes so suited; and they mourners seem  
At such, who, not born fair, no beauty lack,  
Slandering creation with a false esteem:  
Yet so they mourn, becoming of their woe,  
That every tongue says, beauty should look so.

## CXXVIII.

How oft, when thou, my music, music play'st,  
Upon that blessed wood whose motion sounds  
With thy sweet fingers, when thou gently sway'st  
The wiry concord that mine ear confounds,  
Do I envy those jacks<sup>a</sup>, that nimble leap  
To kiss the tender inward of thy hand,  
Whilst my poor lips, which should that harvest reap,  
At the wood's boldness by thee blushing stand!

the made this drawing. I was then confined by a sore throat, and attended by Mr. Atkinson, the apothecary, of whom the above figure, whom Shakspeare addresses, is a caricature."

<sup>a</sup> *Jacks*. The small hammers, moved by the keys, which strike the strings of a virginal. In the comedy of 'Ram Alley,' we have—

"Where be these rascals that skip up and down  
Like *virginal jacks*?"

To be so tickled, they would change their state  
 And situation with those dancing chips,  
 O'er whom thy fingers walk with gentle gait,  
 Making dead wood more bless'd than living lips.  
 Since saucy jacks so happy are in this,  
 Give them thy fingers, me thy lips, to kiss.

## CXXIX.

The expense of spirit in a waste of shame  
 Is lust in action; and till action, lust  
 Is perjur'd, murderous, bloody, full of blame,  
 Savage, extreme, rude, cruel, not to trust;  
 Enjoy'd no sooner, but despised straight;  
 Past reason hunted; and no sooner had,  
 Past reason hated, as a swallow'd bait,  
 On purpose laid to make the taker mad:  
 Mad in pursuit, and in possession so;  
 Had, having, and in quest to have, extreme;  
 A bliss in proof,—and prov'd, a very woe;  
 Before, a joy propos'd; behind, a dream:  
 All this the world well knows; yet none knows well  
 To shun the heaven that leads men to this hell.

## CXXX.

My mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun;  
 Coral is far more red than her lips' red:  
 If snow be white, why then her breasts are dun;  
 If hairs be wires, black wires grow on her head.  
 I have seen roses damask'd, red and white,  
 But no such roses see I in her cheeks;  
 And in some perfumes is there more delight  
 Than in the breath that from my mistress reeks.  
 I love to hear her speak,—yet well I know  
 That music hath a far more pleasing sound;  
 I grant I never saw a goddess go,—  
 My mistress, when she walks, treads on the ground;  
 And yet, by Heaven, I think my love as rare  
 As any she belied with false compare.

## CXXXI.

Thou art as tyrannous, so as thou art,  
 As those whose beauties proudly make them cruel;  
 For well thou know'st to my dear dotting heart  
 Thou art the fairest and most precious jewel.

Yet, in good faith, some say that thee behold,  
Thy face hath not the power to make love groan:  
To say they err, I dare not be so bold,  
Although I swear it to myself alone.  
And, to be sure that is not false I swear,  
A thousand groans, but thinking on thy face,  
One on another's neck, do witness bear  
Thy black is fairest in my judgment's place.  
In nothing art thou black, save in thy deeds,  
And thence this slander, as I think, proceeds.

## CXXXII.

Thine eyes I love, and they, as pitying me,  
Knowing thy heart, torment me with disdain;  
Have put on black, and loving mourners be,  
Looking with pretty ruth upon my pain.  
And truly not the morning sun of heaven  
Better becomes the gray cheeks of the east,  
Nor that full star that ushers in the even  
Doth half that glory to the sober west,  
As those two mourning eyes become thy face:  
O, let it then as well beseem thy heart  
To mourn for me, since mourning doth thee grace,  
And suit thy pity like in every part.  
Then will I swear beauty herself is black,  
And all they foul that thy complexion lack.

## CXXXIII.

Beshrew that heart that makes my heart to groan  
For that deep wound it gives my friend and me!  
Is 't not enough to torture me alone,  
But slave to slavery my sweet'st friend must be?  
Me from myself thy cruel eye hath taken,  
And my next self thou harder hast engross'd;  
Of him, myself, and thee, I am forsaken;  
A torment thrice three-fold thus to be cross'd.  
Prison my heart in thy steel bosom's ward,  
But then my friend's heart let my poor heart bail;  
Who e'er keeps me, let my heart be his guard;  
Thou canst not then use rigour in my gaol:  
And yet thou wilt; for I, being pent in thee,  
Perforce am thine, and all that is in me.

## CXXXIV.

So now I have confess'd that he is thine,  
And I myself am mortgag'd to thy will;

Myself I'll forfeit, so that other mine  
 Thou wilt restore, to be my comfort still;  
 But thou wilt not, nor he will not be free,  
 For thou art covetous, and he is kind;  
 He learn'd but, surety-like, to write for me,  
 Under that bond that him as fast doth bind.  
 The statute\* of thy beauty thou wilt take,  
 Thou usurer, that putt'st forth all to use,  
 And sue a friend, came debtor for my sake;  
 So him I lose through my unkind abuse.  
 Him have I lost; thou hast both him and me;  
 He pays the whole, and yet am I not free.

## CXXXV.

Whoever hath her wish, thou hast thy will,  
 And will to boot, and will in over-plus;  
 More than enough am I that vex thee still,  
 To thy sweet will making addition thus.  
 Wilt thou, whose will is large and spacious,  
 Not once vouchsafe to hide my will in thine?  
 Shall will in others seem right gracious,  
 And in my will no fair acceptance shine?  
 The sea, all water, yet receives rain still,  
 And in abundance addeth to his store;  
 So thou, being rich in will, add to thy will  
 One will of mine, to make thy large will more.  
 Let no unkind, no fair beseechers kill;  
 Think all but one, and me in that one *Will*.

## CXXXVI.

If thy soul check thee that I come so near,  
 Swear to thy blind soul that I was thy *Will*,  
 And will, thy soul knows, is admitted there;  
 Thus far for love, my love-suit, sweet, fulfil.  
*Will* will fulfil the treasure of thy love,  
 Ay, fill it full with wills, and my will one,  
 In things of great receipt with ease we prove;  
 Among a number one is reckon'd none.  
 Then in the number let me pass untold,  
 Though in thy stores' account I one must be;  
 For nothing hold me, so it please thee hold  
 That nothing me, a something sweet to thee:  
 Make but my name thy love, and love that still,  
 And then thou lov'st me,—for my name is *Will*.

\* *Statute*—security, or obligation.



## CXXXVII.

Thou blind fool, Love, what dost thou to mine eyes,  
 That they behold, and see not what they see?  
 They know what beauty is, see where it lies,  
 Yet what the best is, take the worst to be.  
 If eyes, corrupt by over-partial looks,  
 Be anchor'd in the bay where all men ride,  
 Why of eyes' falsehood hast thou forged hooks,  
 Whereto the judgment of my heart is tied?  
 Why should my heart think that a several plot\*,  
 Which my heart knows the wide world's common place?  
 Or mine eyes, seeing this, say this is not,  
 To put fair truth upon so foul a face?  
 In things right true my heart and eyes have err'd,  
 And to this false plague are they now transferr'd.

## CXXXVIII.

When my love swears that she is made of truth,  
 I do believe her, though I know she lies;  
 That she might think me some untutor'd youth,  
 Unlearned in the world's false subtleties.

\* See note on 'Love's Labour's Lost,' Act II., Scene 1.



Thus vainly thinking that she thinks me young,  
 Although she knows my days are past the best,  
 Simply I credit her false-speaking tongue;  
 On both sides thus is simple truth suppress.  
 But wherefore says she not she is unjust?  
 And wherefore say not I that I am old?  
 O, love's best habit is in seeming trust,  
 And age in love loves not to have years told:  
     Therefore I lie with her, and she with me,  
     And in our faults by lies we flatter'd be\*.

## CXXXIX.

O, call not me to justify the wrong  
 That thy unkindness lays upon my heart;  
 Wound me not with thine eye, but with thy tongue;  
 Use power with power, and slay me not by art.  
 Tell me thou lov'st elsewhere; but in my sight,  
 Dear heart, forbear to glance thine eye aside.  
 What need'st thou wound with cunning, when thy might  
 Is more than my o'erpress'd defence can 'bide?  
 Let me excuse thee: ah! my love well knows  
 Her pretty looks have been mine enemies;  
 And therefore from my face she turns my foes,  
 That they elsewhere might dart their injuries:  
     Yet do not so; but since I am near slain,  
     Kill me outright with looks, and rid my pain.

## CXL.

Be wise as thou art cruel; do not press  
 My tongue-tied patience with too much disdain;  
 Lest sorrow lend me words, and words express  
 The manner of my pity-wanting pain.

\* There are many variations in the copy of this Sonnet as originally published in the 'Passionate Pilgrim.' The differences are of that character which would lead us to believe that the author, after the lapse of a few years, wrote it out a second time from memory. The variations are certainly not those of a transcriber:—

"When my love swears that she is made of truth,  
 I do believe her, though I know she lies,  
 That she might think me some untutor'd youth,  
*Unskilful* in the world's false forgeries.  
 Thus vainly thinking that she thinks me young,  
 Although *I know* my years be past the best,  
*I smiling* credit her false-speaking tongue,  
*Outfacing faults in love with love's ill rest.*  
 But wherefore says *my love* that she is young?  
 And wherefore say not I that I am old?  
 O, love's best habit is a *soothing* tongue,  
 And age in love loves not to have years told.  
     Therefore *I 'll* lie with *love*, and *love* with me,  
     *Since that* our faults in *love* thus smother'd be."

If I might teach thee wit, better it were,  
 Though not to love, yet, love, to tell me so ;  
 (As testy sick men, when their deaths be near,  
 No news but health from their physicians know ;)   
 For, if I should despair, I should grow mad,  
 And in my madness might speak ill of thee :  
 Now this ill-wresting world is grown so bad,  
 Mad slanderers by mad ears believed be.  
 That I may not be so, nor thou belied,  
 Bear thine eyes straight, though thy proud heart go wide.

## CXLI.

In faith I do not love thee with mine eyes,  
 For they in thee a thousand errors note ;  
 But 't is my heart that loves what they despise,  
 Who in despite of view is pleas'd to dote.  
 Nor are mine ears with thy tongue's tune delighted ;  
 Nor tender feeling, to base touches prone,  
 Nor taste nor smell, desire to be invited  
 To any sensual feast with thee alone :  
 But my five wits, nor my five senses can  
 Dissuade one foolish heart from serving thee,  
 Who leaves unsway'd the likeness of a man,  
 Thy proud heart's slave and vassal wretch to be :  
 Only my plague thus far I count my gain,  
 That she that makes me sin, awards me pain.

## CXLIIL

Love is my sin, and thy dear virtue hate,  
 Hate of my sin, grounded on sinful loving :  
 O, but with mine compare thou thine own state,  
 And thou shalt find it merits not reproving ;  
 Or, if it do, not from those lips of thine,  
 That have profan'd their scarlet ornaments,  
 And seal'd false bonds of love as oft as mine ;  
 Robb'd others' beds' revenues of their rents.  
 Be it lawful I love thee, as thou lov'st those  
 Whom thine eyes woo as mine importune thee :  
 Root pity in thy heart, that, when it grows,  
 Thy pity may deserve to pitied be.  
 If thou dost seek to have what thou dost hide,  
 By self-example mayst thou be denied !

## CXLIIL

Lo, as a careful housewife runs to catch  
 One of her feather'd creatures broke away,

## SONNETS

163 Sets down her babe, and makes all swift despatch  
 In pursuit of the thing she would have stay;  
 Whilst her neglected child holds her in chace,  
 Cries to catch her whose busy care is bent  
 To follow that which flies before her face,  
 Not prizing her poor infant's discontent;  
 So runn'st thou after that which flies from thee,  
 Whilst I thy babe chase thee afar behind;  
 But if thou catch thy hope, turn back to me,  
 And play the mother's part, kiss me, be kind:  
 So will I pray that thou mayst have thy Will,  
 If thou turn back, and my loud crying still.

## CXLIV.

Two loves I have of comfort and despair,  
 Which like two spirits do suggest<sup>a</sup> me still;  
 The better angel is a man right fair,  
 The worser spirit a woman, colour'd ill.  
 To win me soon to hell, my female evil  
 Tempteth my better angel from my side,  
 And would corrupt my saint to be a devil,  
 Wooing his purity with her foul pride.  
 And whether that my angel be turn'd fiend,  
 Suspect I may, yet not directly tell;  
 But being both from me, both to each friend,  
 I guess one angel in another's hell.  
 Yet this shall I ne'er know, but live in doubt,<sup>b</sup>  
 Till my bad angel fire my good one out<sup>b</sup>.

## CXLV.

Those lips that Love's own hand did make  
 Breath'd forth the sound that said, "I hate,"  
 To me that languish'd for her sake:  
 But when she saw my woeful state,  
 Straight in her heart did mercy come,  
 Chiding that tongue, that ever sweet  
 Was used in giving gentle doom;  
 And taught it thus anew to greet:  
 "I hate" she alter'd with an end,  
 That follow'd it as gentle day  
 Doth follow night, who like a fiend  
 From heaven to hell is flown away.

<sup>a</sup> Suggest—tempt.

<sup>b</sup> The variations in the copy of this Sonnet in 'The Passionate Pilgrim' are very slight. In the eighth line, instead of *foul pride*, we have *fair pride*; in the eleventh, instead of *from me*, we have *to me*; in the thirteenth, instead of *Yet this shall I ne'er know*, we have, *The truth I shall not know*.

"I hate" from hate away she threw,  
And sav'd my life, saying—"not you."

## CXLVI.

Poor soul, the centre of my sinful earth,  
Fool'd by those rebel powers that thee array\*, -  
Why dost thou pine within, and suffer dearth,  
Painting thy outward walls so costly gay?  
Why so large cost, having so short a lease,  
Dost thou upon thy fading mansion spend?  
Shall worms, inheritors of this excess,  
Eat up thy charge? Is this thy body's end?  
Then, soul, live thou upon thy servant's loss,  
And let that pine to aggravate thy store;  
Buy terms divine in selling hours of dross;  
Within be fed, without be rich no more:  
So shalt thou feed on Death, that feeds on men,  
And, Death once dead, there 's no more dying then.

## CXLVII.

My love is as a fever, longing still  
For that which longer nurseth the disease;  
Feeding on that which doth preserve the ill,  
The uncertain sickly appetite to please.  
My reason, the physician to my love,  
Angry that his prescriptions are not kept,  
Hath left me, and I desperate now approve  
Desire is death, which physic did except.  
Past cure I am, now reason is past care,  
And frantic mad with evermore unrest;  
My thoughts and my discourse as mad men's are,  
At random from the truth vainly express'd;  
For I have sworn thee fair, and thought thee bright,  
Who art as black as hell, as dark as night.

## CXLVIII.

O me! what eyes hath love put in my head,  
Which have no correspondence with true sight!  
Or, if they have, where is my judgment fled,  
That censures<sup>b</sup> falsely what they see aright?

\* In the original copy we have the following reading:—

"Poor soul, the centre of my sinful earth,  
My sinful earth these rebel powers that thee array."

The received reading is a conjectural emendation by Malone. When the change in a text must rest wholly on conjecture, and some change is absolutely necessary, it appears to us that the change which has been established is in most cases better than any improvement.

<sup>b</sup> Censures—judges, estimates.

If that be fair whereon my false eyes dote,  
 What means the world to say it is not so?  
 If it be not, then love doth well denote  
 Love's eye is not so true as all men's: no,  
 How can it? O, how can Love's eye be true,  
 That is so vex'd with watching and with tears?  
 No marvel then though I mistake my view;  
 The sun itself sees not till heaven clears.  
 O cunning Love! with tears thou keep'st me blind,  
 Lest eyes well-seeing thy foul faults should find.

## CXLIX.

Canst thou, O cruel! say I love thee not,  
 When I, against myself, with thee partake<sup>a</sup>?  
 Do I not think on thee, when I forgot  
 Am of myself, all tyrant, for thy sake?  
 Who hateth thee that I do call my friend?  
 On whom frown'st thou that I do fawn upon?  
 Nay if thou low'r'st on me, do I not spend  
 Revenge upon myself with present moan?  
 What merit do I in myself respect,  
 That is so proud thy service to despise,  
 When all my best doth worship thy defect,  
 Commanded by the motion of thine eyes?  
 But, love, hate on, for now I know thy mind;  
 Those that can see thou lov'st, and I am blind.

## CL.

O, from what power hast thou this powerful might,  
 With insufficiency my heart to sway?  
 To make me give the lie to my true sight,  
 And swear that brightness doth not grace the day?  
 Whence hast thou this becoming of things ill,  
 That in the very refuse of thy deeds  
 There is such strength and warrantise of skill,  
 That, in my mind, thy worst all best exceeds?  
 Who taught thee how to make me love thee more,  
 The more I hear and see just cause of hate?  
 O, though I love what others do abhor,  
 With others thou shouldst not abhor my state;  
 If thy unworthiness rais'd love in me,  
 More worthy I to be belov'd of thee.

<sup>a</sup> *Partake*—take part. A partaker was a confederate.

## OLI.

Love is too young to know what conscience is ;  
 Yet who knows not, conscience is born of love ?  
 Then, gentle cheater, urge not my amiss \*,  
 Lest guilty of my faults thy sweet self prove.  
 For thou betraying me, I do betray  
 My nobler part to my gross body's treason ;  
 My soul doth tell my body that he may  
 Triumph in love ; flesh stays no farther reason ;  
 But, rising at thy name, doth point out thee  
 As his triumphant prize. Proud of this pride,  
 He is contented thy poor drudge to be,  
 To stand in thy affairs, fall by thy side.  
 No want of conscience hold it that I call  
 Her—love, for whose dear love I rise and fall.

## CLII.

In loving thee thou know'st I am forsworn,  
 But thou art twice forsworn, to me love swearing ;  
 In act thy bed-vow broke, and new faith torn,  
 In vowing new hate after new love bearing.  
 But why of two oaths' breach do I accuse thee,  
 When I break twenty ? I am perjur'd most ;  
 For all my vows are oaths but to misuse thee,  
 And all my honest faith in thee is lost :  
 For I have sworn deep oaths of thy deep kindness,  
 Oaths of thy love, thy truth, thy constancy ;  
 And, to enlighten thee, gave eyes to blindness,  
 Or made them swear against the thing they see ;  
 For I have sworn thee fair : more perjur'd I,  
 To swear, against the truth, so foul a lie !

## CLIII.

Cupid laid by his brand, and fell asleep :  
 A maid of Dian's this advantage found,  
 And his love-kindling fire did quickly steep  
 In a cold valley-fountain of that ground ;  
 Which borrow'd from this holy fire of love  
 A dateless lively heat, still to endure,  
 And grew a seething bath, which yet men prove  
 Against strange maladies a sovereign cure.  
 But at my mistress' eye Love's brand new-fir'd,  
 The boy for trial needs would touch my breast ;  
 I, sick withal, the help of bath desir'd,  
 And thither hied, a sad distemper'd guest,

\* Amis—fault.

But found no cure : the bath for my help lies  
Where Cupid got new fire,—my mistress' eyes.

## CLIV.

The little love-god, lying once asleep,  
Laid by his side his heart-inflaming brand,  
Whilst many nymphs that vow'd chaste life to keep  
Came tripping by ; but in her maiden hand  
The fairest votary took up that fire  
Which many legions of true hearts had warm'd ;  
And so the general of hot desire  
Was sleeping by a virgin hand disarm'd.  
This brand she quenched in a cool well by,  
Which from Love's fire took heat perpetual,  
Growing a bath and healthful remedy  
For men diseas'd ; but I, my mistress' thrall,  
Came there for cure, and this by that I prove,  
Love's fire heats water, water cools not love.











From off a hill whose concave womb re-worded <sup>a</sup>  
 A plaintful story from a sistering vale,  
 My spirits to attend this double voice accorded,  
 And down I laid <sup>b</sup> to list the sad-tun'd tale :  
 Ere long espied a fickle maid full pale,  
 Tearing of papers, breaking rings a-twain,  
 Storming her world with sorrow's wind and rain.  
 Upon her head a platted hive of straw,  
 Which fortified her visage from the sun,  
 Whereon the thought might think sometime it saw  
 The carcase of a beauty spent and done.  
 Time had not scythed all that youth begun,  
 Nor youth all quit ; but, spite of Heaven's fell rage,  
 Some beauty peep'd through lattice of sear'd age.  
 Oft did she heave her napkin <sup>c</sup> to her eyne,  
 Which on it had conceited characters <sup>d</sup>,  
 Laund'ring <sup>e</sup> the silken figures in the brine

<sup>a</sup> *Re-worded*—echoed.

<sup>b</sup> *Laid*. So the original. But it is usually more correctly printed *lay*. The idiomatic grammar of Shakspeare's age ought not to be removed.

<sup>c</sup> *Napkin*—handkerchief. Iago says, of Desdemona's fatal handkerchief—  
 "I am glad I have found this napkin."

<sup>d</sup> *Conceited characters*—fanciful figures worked on the handkerchief.

<sup>e</sup> *Laund'ring*—washing.

That season'd woe had pelleted <sup>a</sup> in tears,  
And often reading what contents it bears;  
As often shrieking undistinguish'd woe,  
In clamours of all size, both high and low.

Sometimes her levell'd eyes their carriage ride,  
As they did battery to the spheres intend <sup>b</sup>;  
Sometime diverted their poor balls are tied  
To th' orb'd <sup>c</sup> earth: sometimes they do extend  
Their view right on; anon their gazes lend  
To every place at once, and nowhere fix'd,  
The mind and sight distractedly commix'd.

Her hair, nor loose, nor tied in formal plat,  
Proclaim'd in her a careless hand of pride;  
For some, untuck'd, descended her sheav'd <sup>d</sup> hat,  
Hanging her pale and pined cheek beside;  
Some in her threaden fillet still did bide,  
And, true to bondage, would not break from thence,  
Though slackly braided in loose negligence.

A thousand favours from a maund <sup>e</sup> she drew  
Of amber, crystal, and of bedded jet <sup>f</sup>,  
Which one by one she in a river threw,  
Upon whose weeping margent she was set;  
Like usury, applying wet to wet,  
Or monarch's hands, that let not bounty fall  
Where want cries "some," but where excess begs all.

Of folded schedules had she many a one,  
Which she perus'd, sigh'd, tore, and gave the flood;  
Crack'd many a ring of posied gold and bone,  
Bidding them find their sepulchres in mud;  
Found yet mo<sup>g</sup> letters sadly penn'd in blood,  
With sleided silk <sup>h</sup> feat and affectedly  
Enswath'd, and seal'd to curious secresy.

<sup>a</sup> *Pelleted*—formed into pellets, or small balls.

<sup>b</sup> Shakspeare often employs the metaphor of a piece of ordnance; but what in his plays is generally a slight allusion, here becomes a somewhat quaint conceit.

<sup>c</sup> *Th' orb'd*. We retain *orb'd* as a dissyllable, according to the original. Mr. Dyce has *the orb'd*.

<sup>d</sup> *Sheav'd*—made of straw, collected from sheaves.

<sup>e</sup> *Maund*—a basket. The word is used in the old translation of the Bible.

<sup>f</sup> *Bedded*. So the original, the word probably meaning *jet imbedded*, or *set*, in some other substance. Steevens has *beaded jet*,—jet formed into beads; which Mr. Dyce adopts.

<sup>g</sup> *Mo*—more. This word is now invariably printed *more*. It occurs in subsequent stanzas. Why should we destroy this little archaic beauty by a rage for modernising?

<sup>h</sup> *Sleided silk*. The commentators explain this as "untwisted silk." In the chorus to the fourth Act of 'Pericles,' Marina is pictured—

"When she weav'd the sleided silk  
With fingers long, small, white as milk."

These often bath'd she in her fluxive eyes,  
 And often kiss'd, and often gave<sup>a</sup> to tear;  
 Cried, "O false blood! thou register of lies,  
 What unapproved witness dost thou bear!  
 Ink would have seem'd more black and damned here!"  
 This said, in top of rage the lines she rents,  
 Big discontent so breaking their contents.

A reverend man that graz'd his cattle nigh,  
 Sometime a blusterer, that the ruffle knew  
 Of court, of city, and had let go by  
 The swiftest hours, observed as they flew<sup>b</sup>,  
 Towards this afflicted fancy<sup>c</sup> fastly drew;  
 And, privileg'd by age, desires to know  
 In brief, the grounds and motives of her woe.

So slides he down upon his grained bat<sup>d</sup>,  
 And comely-distant sits he by her side;  
 When he again desires her, being sat,  
 Her grievance with his hearing to divide:  
 If that from him there may be aught applied  
 Which may her suffering ecstasy assuage,  
 'T is promis'd in the charity of age.

"Father," she says, "though in me you behold  
 The injury of many a blasting hour,  
 Let it not tell your judgment I am old;

Percy, in a note on this passage, says, "untwisted silk, prepared to be used in the weaver's sley." The first part of this description is certainly not correct. The silk is not untwisted, for it must be spun before it is woven; and a strong twisted silk is exactly what was required when letters were to be sealed "feat" (neatly) "to curious secrecy." In Mr. Ramsay's Introduction to his valuable edition of the 'Paston Letters,' the old mode of sealing a letter is clearly described:—"It was carefully folded, and fastened at the end by a sort of paper strap, upon which the seal was affixed; and under the seal a string, a silk thread, or even a straw, was frequently placed running around the letter."

<sup>a</sup> *Gave*. So the original. Malone changes the word to '*gan*'. This appears to us, although it has the sanction of Mr. Dyce's adoption, an unnecessary change; *gave* is here used in the sense of gave the mind to, contemplated, made a movement towards, inclined to. Shakspeare has several times "my mind gave me;" and the word may therefore, we think, stand alone here, as expressing inclination.

<sup>b</sup> Malone, by making the sentence parenthetical which begins at "sometime a blusterer," and ends at "swiftest hours," causes the reverend man's attention to be drawn to the scattered fragments of letters as they flew—a very snow-storm of letters. Surely this is nonsense!

"The swiftest hours, observed as they flew,"

clearly show that the reverend man, although he had been engaged in the ruffle, in the turmoil, of the court and city, had not suffered the swiftest hours to pass unobserved. He was a man of experience, and was thus qualified to give advice.

<sup>c</sup> *Fancy* is often used by Shakspeare in the sense of *love*; but here it means one that is possessed by fancy.

<sup>d</sup> *Bat*—club.

Not age, but sorrow, over me hath power :  
 I might as yet have been a spreading flower,  
 Fresh to myself, if I had self-applied  
 Love to myself, and to no love beside.

" But woe is me ! too early I attended  
 A youthful suit (it was to gain my grace)  
 Of one <sup>a</sup> by nature's outwards so commended,  
 That maiden's eyes stuck over all his face :  
 Love lack'd a dwelling, and made him her place :  
 And when in his fair parts she did abide,  
 She was new lodg'd, and newly deified.

" His browny locks did hang in crooked curls ;  
 And every light occasion of the wind  
 Upon his lips their silken parcels hurls.  
 What 's sweet to do, to do will aptly find :  
 Each eye that saw him did enchant the mind ;  
 For on his visage was in little drawn,  
 What largeness thinks in paradise was sawn <sup>b</sup>.

" Small show of man was yet upon his chin ;  
 His phoenix down began but to appear,  
 Like unshorn velvet, on that termless skin,  
 Whose bare out-bragg'd the web it seem'd to wear ;  
 Yet show'd his visage <sup>c</sup> by that cost more <sup>d</sup> dear ;  
 And nice affections wavering stood in doubt  
 If best 't were as it was, or best without.

" His qualities were beauteous as his form,  
 For maiden-tongued he was, and thereof free ;  
 Yet, if men mov'd him, was he such a storm  
 As oft 'twixt May and April is to see,  
 When winds breathe sweet, unruly though they be.  
 His rudeness so with his authoris'd youth  
 Did livery falseness in a pride of truth.

" Well could he ride, and often men would say,  
 That horse his mettle from his rider takes :  
 Proud of subjection, noble by the sway,  
 What rounds, what bounds, what course, what stop he makes !  
 And controversy hence a question takes,  
 Whether the horse by him became his deed,  
 Or he his manage by the well-doing steed.

<sup>a</sup> *Of one*—the original reads *O one*.

<sup>b</sup> *Sawn*. Malone explains this as *seen* ; but Boswell says that the word means *sown*, and that it is still so pronounced in Scotland.

<sup>c</sup> *Visage* is the inverted nominative case to *showed*.

<sup>d</sup> *More*. So the original : in all the modern editions we have *most*.

" But quickly on this side the verdict went ;  
His real habitude gave light and grace  
To appertainings and to ornament,  
Accomplish'd in himself, not in his case<sup>a</sup> :  
All aids, themselves made fairer by their place,  
Can<sup>b</sup> for additions ; yet their purpos'd trim  
Piec'd not his grace, but were all grac'd by him.

" So on the tip of his subduing tongue  
All kind of arguments and questions deep,  
All replication prompt, and reason strong,  
For his advantage still did wake and sleep :  
To make the weeper laugh, the laughter weep,  
He had the dialect and different skill,  
Catching all passions in his craft of will ;

" That he did in the general bosom reign  
Of young, of old ; and sexes both enchanted,  
To dwell with him in thoughts, or to remain  
In personal duty, following where he haunted :  
Consents bewitch'd, ere he desire, have granted ;  
And dialogued for him what he would say,  
Ask'd their own wills, and made their wills obey.

" Many there were that did his picture get,  
To serve their eyes, and in it put their mind ;  
Like fools that in the imagination set  
The goodly objects which abroad they find  
Of lands and mansions, theirs in thought assign'd ;  
And labouring in mo pleasures to bestow them,  
Than the true gouty landlord which doth owe them<sup>c</sup> ;

" So many have, that never touch'd his hand,  
Sweetly suppos'd them mistress of his heart.  
My woeful self, that did in freedom stand,  
And was my own fee-simple, (not in part,)  
What with his art in youth, and youth in art,  
Threw my affections in his charmed power  
Reserv'd the stalk, and gave him all my flower.

<sup>a</sup> *Case*—outward show.

<sup>b</sup> *Can* is the original reading ; but Malone changed it to *came*, and he justifies the change by a passage in 'Macbeth,' Act I., Sc. 8, where he supposes the same mistake occurred. In that passage we did not receive the proposed correction ; nor do we think it necessary to receive it here. *Can* is constantly used by the old writers, especially by Spenser, in the sense of *began* ; and that sense, *began for additions*, is as intelligible as *came for additions*. *For* is used in the sense of *as*.

<sup>c</sup> There is a similar sarcastic thought in 'Timon,' where the misanthrope, addressing himself to the gold he had found, says—

" Thou 'lt go, strong thief,  
When gouty keepers of thee cannot stand."

" Yet did I not, as some my equals did,  
Demand of him, nor being desired yielded;  
Finding myself in honour so forbid,  
With safest distance I mine honour shielded:  
Experience for me many bulwarks builded  
Of proofs new-bleeding, which remain'd the foil  
Of this false jewel, and his amorous spoil.

" But ah! who ever shunn'd by precedent  
The destin'd ill she must herself assay?  
Or forc'd examples, 'gainst her own content,  
To put the by-pass'd perils in her way?  
Counsel may stop a while what will not stay;  
For when we rage, advice is often seen  
By blunting us to make our wits more keen.

" Nor gives it satisfaction to our blood,  
That we must curb it upon others' proof,  
To be forbid the sweets that seem so good,  
For fear of harms that preach in our behoof.  
O appetite, from judgment stand aloof!  
The one a palate hath that needs will taste,  
Though reason weep, and cry It is thy last.

" For further I could say, This man's untrue,  
And knew the patterns of his foul beguiling;  
Heard where his plants in others' orchards grew,  
Saw how deceits were gilded in his smiling;  
Knew vows were ever brokers to defiling;  
Thought<sup>a</sup> characters and words, merely but art,  
And bastards of his foul adulterate heart.

" And long upon these terms I held my city,  
Till thus he 'gan besiege me: Gentle maid,  
Have of my suffering youth some feeling pity,  
And be not of my holy vows afraid:  
That's to you sworn, to none was ever said;  
For feasts of love I have been call'd unto,  
Till now did ne'er invite, nor never vow.

" All my offences that abroad you see  
Are errors of the blood, none of the mind;  
Love made them not; with acture<sup>b</sup> they may be,

<sup>a</sup> Malone—and he is followed in all modern editions—puts a comma after *thought*, and says, "it is here, I believe, a substantive." Surely *thought* is a verb. We have a regular sequence of verbs—heard—saw—knew—thought. How can *thought* be art? the art is in the expression of the thoughts by "characters and words." He who said "words were given us to conceal our thoughts" is a better commentator upon the passage than Malone.

<sup>b</sup> *Acture* is explained as synonymous with *action*.

Where neither party is nor true nor kind :  
 They sought their shame that so their shame did find ;  
 And so much less of shame in me remains,  
 By how much of me their reproach contains.

" Among the many that mine eyes have seen,  
 Not one whose flame my heart so much as warm'd,  
 Or my affection put to the smallest teen<sup>a</sup>,  
 Or any of my leasures ever charm'd :  
 Harm have I done to them, but ne'er was harm'd ;  
 Kept hearts in liveries, but mine own was free,  
 And reign'd, commanding in his monarchy.

" Look here what tributes wounded fancies sent me,  
 Of paled pearls, and rubies red as blood ;  
 Figuring that they their passions likewise lent me  
 Of grief and blushes, aptly understood  
 In bloodless white and the encrimson'd mood ;  
 Effects of terror and dear modesty,  
 Encamp'd in hearts, but fighting outwardly.

" And lo ! behold these talents<sup>b</sup> of their hair,  
 With twisted metal amorously impleach'd<sup>c</sup>,  
 I have receiv'd from many a several fair,  
 (Their kind acceptance weepingly beseech'd.)  
 With the annexions of fair gems enrich'd,  
 And deep-brain'd sonnets that did amplify  
 Each stone's dear nature, worth, and quality.

" The diamond, why 't was beautiful and hard,  
 Whereto his invis'd<sup>d</sup> properties did tend ;  
 The deep-green emerald, in whose fresh regard  
 Weak sights their sickly radiance do amend ;  
 The heaven-hued sapphire and the opal blend  
 With objects manifold ; each several stone,  
 With wit well blazon'd, smil'd or made some moan.

" Lo ! all these trophies of affections hot,  
 Of pensiv'd and subdued desires the tender,  
 Nature hath charg'd me that I hoard them not,  
 But yield them up where I myself must render,  
 That is, to you, my origin and ender :  
 For these, of force, must your oblations be,  
 Since I their altar, you enpatron me

<sup>a</sup> *Teen*—grief.

<sup>c</sup> *Impleach'd*—interwoven.

<sup>b</sup> *Talents* is here used in the sense of something precious.

<sup>d</sup> *Invis'd*—invisible.



"O then advance of yours that phraseless hand,  
Whose white weighs down the airy scale of praise  
Take all these similes to your own command,  
Hallow'd with sighs that burning lungs did raise;  
What me your minister, for you obeys,  
Works under you; and to your audit comes  
Their distract parcels in combined sums.

"Lo! this device was sent me from a nun,  
Or sister sanctified of holiest note;  
Which late her noble suit<sup>a</sup> in court did shun,  
Whose rarest havings<sup>b</sup> made the blossoms<sup>c</sup> dote;  
For she was sought by spirits of richest coat<sup>d</sup>,  
But kept cold distance, and did thence remove,  
To spend her living in eternal love.

"But O, my sweet, what labour is 't to leave  
The thing we have not, mastering what not strives?  
Paling<sup>e</sup> the place which did no form receive,  
Playing patient sports in unconstrained gyves:  
She that her fame so to herself contrives,  
The scars of battle 'scapeth by the flight,  
And makes her absence valiant, not her might.

"O pardon me, in that my boast is true;  
The accident which brought me to her eye,  
Upon the moment did her force subdue,  
And now she would the caged cloister fly:  
Religious love put out religion's eye:  
Not to be tempted, would she be immur'd,  
And now, to tempt all, liberty procur'd.

"How mighty then you are, O hear me tell!  
The broken bosoms that to me belong  
Have emptied all their fountains in my well,  
And mine I pour your ocean all among:  
I strong o'er them, and you o'er me being strong,  
Must for your victory us all congeat,  
As compound love to physic your cold breast.

<sup>a</sup> *Suit*. "The noble suit in court" is, we think, the suit made to her in court. Mr. Dyce says *suitors*.

<sup>b</sup> *Havings*. Malone receives this as *accomplishments*—Mr. Dyce as *fortune*.

<sup>c</sup> *Blossoms*—young men; the flower of the nobility.

<sup>d</sup> *Of richest coat*—of highest descent.

<sup>e</sup> *Paling*. In the old copy *playing*. Malone's emendation of *paling* is sensible as well as ingenious.

"My parts had power to charm a sacred sun,  
 Who, disciplin'd and dieted<sup>a</sup> in grace,  
 Believ'd her eyes when they to assail begun,  
 All vows and consecrations giving place.  
 O most potential love! vow, bond, nor space,  
 In thee hath neither sting, knot, nor confine,  
 For thou art all, and all things else are thine.

"When thou impresses, what are precepts worth  
 Of stale example? When thou wilt inflame,  
 How coldly those impediments stand forth  
 Of wealth, of filial fear, law, kindred, fame!  
 Love's arms are peace, 'gainst rule, 'gainst sense, 'gainst shame,  
 And sweetens, in the suffering pangs it bears,  
 The aloes of all forces, shocks, and fears.

"Now all these hearts that do on mine depend;  
 Feeling it break, with bleeding groans they pine,  
 And supplicant their sighs to you extend,  
 To leave the battery that you make 'gainst mine,  
 Lending soft audience to my sweet design,  
 And credent soul to that strong-bonded oath  
 That shall prefer and undertake my troth.

"This said, his watery eyes he did dismount,  
 Whose sights till then were levell'd on my face;  
 Each cheek a river running from a fount  
 With brinish current downward flow'd apace:  
 O how the channel to the stream gave grace!  
 Who, glaz'd with crystal, gate<sup>b</sup> the glowing roses  
 That flame through water which their hue encloses.

"O father, what a hell of witchcraft lies  
 In the small orb of one particular tear!  
 But with the inundation of the eyes  
 What rocky heart to water will not wear?  
 What breast so cold that is not warmed here?  
 O cleft effect<sup>c</sup>! cold modesty, hot wrath,  
 Both fire from hence and chill extincture bath!

"For lo! his passion, but an art of craft,  
 Even there resolv'd my reason into tears;  
 There my white stole of chastity I daff'd,

<sup>a</sup> *And dieted*. The old copy reads *I died*. A correspondent suggested the change to *Malone*.

<sup>b</sup> *Gate*—got, procured.

<sup>c</sup> *O cleft effect*. The reading of the original is *Or, cleft effect*. *Malone* substituted "*O cleft effect*."

Shook off my sober guards, and civil<sup>a</sup> fears ;  
 Appear to him, as he to me appears,  
 All melting ; though our drops this difference bore,  
 His poison'd me, and mine did him restore.

" In him a plenitude of subtle matter,  
 Applied to cautels<sup>b</sup>, all strange forms receives,  
 Of burning blushes, or of weeping water,  
 Or swooning paleness ; and he takes and leaves,  
 In either's aptness, as it best deceives,  
 To blush at speeches rank, to weep at woes,  
 Or to turn white and swoon at tragic shows ;

" That not a heart which in his level came  
 Could scape the hail of his all-hurting aim,  
 Showing fair nature is both kind and tame ;  
 And, veil'd in them, did win whom he would maim :  
 Against the thing he sought he would exclaim ;  
 When he most burn'd in heart-wish'd luxury,  
 He preach'd pure maid, and prais'd cold chastity.

" Thus merely with the garment of a Grace  
 The naked and concealed fiend he cover'd,  
 That the unexperienc'd gave the tempter place,  
 Which, like a cherubin, above them hover'd.  
 Who, young and simple, would not be so lover'd ?  
 Ah me ! I fell ; and yet do question make  
 What I should do again for such a sake.

" O, that infected moisture of his eye,  
 O, that false fire which in his cheek so glow'd,  
 O, that forc'd thunder from his heart did fly,  
 O, that sad breath his spongy lungs bestow'd,  
 O, all that borrow'd motion, seeming ow'd<sup>c</sup>,  
 Would yet again betray the fore-betray'd,  
 And new pervert a reconciled maid."

<sup>a</sup> Civil—decorous.

<sup>b</sup> Cautels—deceitful purposes.

<sup>c</sup> Ow'd—owned ; his own.



## THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM.

### I.

DID not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye,  
 'Gainst whom the world could not hold argument,  
 Persuade my heart to this false perjury?  
 Vows for thee broke deserve not punishment.  
 A woman I forswore; but I will prove,  
 Thou being a goddess, I forswore not thee:  
 My vow was earthly, thou a heavenly love;  
 Thy grace being gain'd cures all disgrace in me.  
 My vow was breath, and breath a vapour is;  
 Then, thou fair sun, that on this earth doth shine,  
 Exhale this vapour vow; in thee it is:  
 If broken, then it is no fault of mine.  
 If by me broke, what fool is not so wise  
 To lose an oath, to win a paradise<sup>a</sup>?

<sup>a</sup> The foregoing Sonnet appears, with some variations, in 'Love's Labour's Lost,' the first edition of which was printed in 1598. We give the lines in which the variations occur:— " 'Gainst

## II.

Sweet Cytherea, sitting by a brook,  
 With young Adonis, lovely, fresh, and green,  
 Did court the lad with many a lovely look,  
 Such looks as none could look but beauty's queen.  
 She told him stories to delight his ear;  
 She show'd him favours to allure his eye;  
 To win his heart, she touch'd him here and there :  
 Touches so soft still conquer chastity.  
 But whether unripe years did want conceit,  
 Or he refus'd to take her figur'd proffer,  
 The tender nibbler would not touch the bait,  
 But smile and jest at every gentle offer :  
 Then fell she on her back, fair queen, and toward ;  
 He rose and ran away ; ah, fool too froward !

## III.

If love make me forsworn, how shall I swear to love ?  
 O never faith could hold, if not to beauty vow'd :  
 Though to myself forsworn, to thee I'll constant prove ;  
 Those thoughts, to me like oaks, to thee like osiers bow'd.  
 Study his bias leaves, and makes his book thine eyes,  
 Where all those pleasures live that art can comprehend.  
 If knowledge be the mark, to know thee shall suffice ;  
 Well learned is that tongue that well can thee commend ;  
 All ignorant that soul that sees thee without wonder ;  
 Which is to me some praise, that I thy parts admire :  
 Thine eye Jove's lightning seems, thy voice is dreadful thunder,  
 Which (not to anger bent) is music and sweet fire.  
 Celestial as thou art, O do not love that wrong,  
 To sing the heavens' praise with such an earthly tongue\*.

## IV.

Scarce had the sun dried up the dewy morn,  
 And scarce the herd gone to the hedge for shade,

"Gainst whom the world cannot hold argument."

"*Voices are but breath, and breath a vapour is ;*  
 Then thou fair sun, *which on my earth dost shine,*  
*Exhalt at this vapour vow ; in thee it is.*"

The text of the play is evidently superior to that in 'The Passionate Pilgrim.'

\* This Sonnet also occurs in 'Love's Labour's Lost,' in which copy there are variations in several lines. In the second we read, "*Ah, never faith ;*" in the third, "*faithful prove ;*" in the fourth, "*were oaks ;*" in the sixth, "*would comprehend ;*" in the eleventh, "*lightning bears.*" The concluding lines are as follows :—

"Celestial as thou art, oh *pardon, love, this wrong,*  
*That sings heaven's praise with such an earthly tongue.*"

When Cytherea, all in love forlorn,  
A longing tarriance for Adonis made,  
Under an osier growing by a brook,  
A brook where Adon used to cool his spleen.  
Hot was the day ; she hotter that did look  
For his approach, that often there had been.  
Anon he comes, and throws his mantle by,  
And stood stark naked on the brook's green brim ;  
The sun look'd on the world with glorious eye,  
Yet not so wistly as this queen on him :  
He, spying her, bounc'd in, whereas he stood ;  
O Jove, quoth she, why was not I a flood ?

## V.

Fair is my love, but not so fair as fickle ;  
Mild as a dove, but neither true nor trusty ;  
Brighter than glass, and yet, as glass is, brittle ;  
Softer than wax, and yet, as iron, rusty :  
A lily pale, with damask die to grace her,  
None fairer, nor none falsier to deface her.  
Her lips to mine how often hath she join'd,  
Between each kiss her oaths of true love swearing !  
How many tales to please me hath she coin'd,  
Dreading my love, the loss thereof still fearing !  
Yet in the midst of all her pure protestings,  
Her faith, her oaths, her tears, and all were jestings.

She burn'd with love, as straw with fire flameth,  
She burn'd out love, as soon as straw out burneth ;  
She fram'd the love, and yet she foil'd the framing,  
She bade love last, and yet she fell a turning.

Was this a lover, or a lecher whether ?  
Bad in the best, though excellent in neither.

## VI.

If music and sweet poetry agree,  
As they must needs, the sister and the brother,  
Then must the love be great 'twixt thee and me,  
Because thou lov'st the one, and I the other.  
Dowland to thee is dear, whose heavenly touch  
Upon the lute doth ravish human sense ;  
Spenser to me, whose deep conceit is such,  
As, passing all conceit, needs no defence.

Thou lov'st to hear the sweet melodious sound  
 That Phœbus' lute, the queen of music, makes;  
 And I in deep delight am chiefly drown'd,  
 Whenas himself to singing he betakes.  
     One god is god of both, as poets feign;  
     One knight loves both, and both in thee remain.

## VII.

Fair was the morn, when the fair queen of love,<sup>a</sup>

Paler for sorrow than her milk-white dove,  
 For Adon's sake, a youngster proud and wild;  
 Her stand she takes upon a steep-up hill;  
 Anon Adonis comes with horn and hounds;  
 She, silly queen, with more than love's good will,  
 Forbade the boy he should not pass those grounds;  
 Once, quoth she, did I see a fair sweet youth  
 Here in these brakes deep-wounded with a boar,  
 Deep in the thigh, a spectacle of ruth!  
 See in my thigh, quoth she, here was the sore:  
     She showed hers; he saw more wounds than one,  
     And blushing fled, and left her all alone.

## VIII.

Sweet rose, fair flower, untimely pluck'd, soon vaded<sup>b</sup>,  
 Pluck'd in the bud, and vaded in the spring!  
 Bright orient pearl, alack! too timely shaded!  
 Fair creature, kill'd too soon by death's sharp sting!  
     Like a green plum that hangs upon a tree,  
     And falls, through wind, before the fall should be.

I weep for thee, and yet no cause I have;  
 For why? thou left'st me nothing in thy will,  
 And yet thou left'st me more than I did crave;  
 For why? I craved nothing of thee still:  
     O yes, dear friend, I pardon crave of thee;  
     Thy discontent thou didst bequeath to me.

## IX.

Venus, with Adonis<sup>c</sup> sitting by her,  
 Under a myrtle shade, began to woo him:  
 She told the youngling how god Mars did try her,  
 And as he fell to her, she fell to him.

<sup>a</sup> The second line is lost.

<sup>b</sup> *Vaded*—faded. This form of the word often occurs in Shakspeare, and has been too frequently changed in reprints.

<sup>c</sup> This Sonnet is found in 'Fidessa,' by B. Griffin, 1596. There are great variations in that copy. Amongst others we have the epithet *young* before Adonis. If we make a pause after Venus,

Even thus, quoth she, the warlike god embrac'd me;  
 And then she clipp'd Adonis in her arms:  
 Even thus, quoth she, the warlike god unlac'd me;  
 As if the boy should use like loving charms.  
 Even thus, quoth she, he seized on my lips,  
 And with her lips on his did act the seizure;  
 And as she fetched breath, away he skips,  
 And would not take her meaning nor her pleasure.

Ah! that I had my lady at this bay,  
 To kiss and clip me till I run away!

## X.

Crabbed age and youth  
 Cannot live together;  
 Youth is full of pleasance,  
 Age is full of care:  
 Youth like summer morn,  
 Age like winter weather;  
 Youth like summer brave,  
 Age like winter bare.  
 Youth is full of sport,  
 Age's breath is short,  
 Youth is nimble, age is lame:  
 Youth is hot and bold,  
 Age is weak and cold;  
 Youth is wild, and age is tame.  
 Age, I do abhor thee,  
 Youth, I do adore thee;  
 O, my love, my love is young!  
 Age, I do defy thee;  
 O sweet shepherd, hie thee,  
 For methinks thou stay'st too long.

## XI.

Beauty is but a vain and doubtful good,  
 A shining gloss, that vadeth suddenly;  
 A flower that dies, when first it 'gins to bud;  
 A brittle glass, that's broken presently:  
 A doubtful good, a gloss, a glass, a flower,  
 Lost, vaded, broken, dead within an hour.

the epithet is not necessary to the metre. The fourth line is given more metrically in  
 'Fidessa:':—

"And as he fell to her, so she fell to him."



And as goods lost are seld or never found,  
 As vaded gloss no rubbing will refresh,  
 As flowers dead lie wither'd on the ground,  
 As broken glass no cement can redress\*,  
     So beauty, blemish'd once, for ever 's lost,  
     In spite of physic, painting, pain, and cost.

## XII.

Good night, good rest. Ah! neither be my share:  
 She bade good night, that kept my rest away;  
 And daff'd me to a cabin hang'd with care,  
 To descant on the doubts of my decay.  
     Farewell, quoth she, and come again to-morrow;  
     Fare well I could not, for I supp'd with sorrow.

Yet at my parting sweetly did she smile,  
 In scorn or friendship, nill I construe whether:  
 'T may be, she joy'd to jest at my exile,  
 'T may be, again to make me wander thither:  
     *Wander*, a word for shadows like myself,  
     As take the pain, but cannot pluck the pelf.

## XIII.

Lord, how mine eyes throw gazes to the east!  
 My heart doth charge the watch; the morning rise  
 Doth cite each moving sense from idle rest.  
 Not daring trust the office of mine eyes,  
     While Philomela sits and sings, I sit and mark,  
     And wish her lays were tuned like the lark;  
 For she doth welcome daylight with her ditty,  
 And drives away dark dismal-dreaming night:  
 The night so pack'd, I post unto my pretty;  
 Heart hath his hope, and eyes their wished sight;  
     Sorrow chang'd to solace, solace mix'd with sorrow;  
     For why? she sigh'd, and bade me come to-morrow.  
 Were I with her, the night would post too soon;  
 But now are minutes added to the hours;  
 To spite me now, each minute seems a moon<sup>b</sup>;  
 Yet not for me, shine sun to succour flowers!

\* In the twenty-ninth volume of the 'Gentleman's Magazine' a copy of this poem is given, as from an ancient manuscript, in which there are the following variations:—

"And as goods lost are seld or never found,  
 As faded gloss no rubbing will *excite*,  
 As flowers dead lie wither'd on the ground,  
 As broken glass no cement can *write*."

<sup>b</sup> A moon. The original has *an hour*—evidently a misprint. The emendation of *moon*, in the sense of *month*, is by Steevens, and it ought to atone for some faults of the commentator.

Pack night, peep day ; good day, of night now borrow ;  
Short night, to-night, and length thyself to-morrow.

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## SONNETS

TO

### SUNDRY NOTES OF MUSIC.

---

#### XIV.

It was a lording's daughter, the fairest one of three,  
That liked of her master as well as well might be,  
Till looking on an Englishman, the fairest that eye could see,  
Her fancy fell a turning.  
Long was the combat doubtful, that love with love did fight,  
To leave the master loveless, or kill the gallant knight :  
To put in practice either, alas it was a spite  
Unto the silly damsel.  
But one must be refused, more mickle was the pain,  
That nothing could be used, to turn them both to gain,  
For of the two the trusty knight was wounded with disdain :  
Alas, she could not help it !  
Thus art, with arms contending, was victor of the day,  
Which by a gift of learning did bear the maid away ;  
Then lullaby, the learned man hath got the lady gay ;  
For now my song is ended.

#### XV.

On a day (alack the day !)  
Love, whose month was ever May,  
Spied a blossom passing fair,  
Playing in the wanton air :  
Through the velvet leaves the wind,  
All unseen, 'gan passage find ;  
That the lover, sick to death,  
Wish'd himself the heaven's breath.  
Air, quoth he, thy cheeks may blow ;  
Air, would I might triumph so !  
But, alas, my hand hath sworn  
Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn :  
Vow, alack, for youth unmeet,  
Youth, so apt to pluck a sweet.

Thou for whom Jove would swear  
 Juno but an Ethiope were;  
 And deny himself for Jove,  
 Turning mortal for thy love<sup>a</sup>.

## XVI.

My flocks feed not,  
 My ewes breed not,  
 My rams speed not,  
 All is amiss:  
 Love is dying,  
 Faith 's defying,  
 Heart 's denying,  
 Causer of this<sup>b</sup>.  
 All my merry jigs are quite forgot,  
 All my lady's love is lost, God wot:  
 Where her faith was firmly fix'd in love,  
 There a nay is plac'd without remove.  
 One silly cross  
 Wrought all my loss;  
 O frowning Fortune, cursed, fickle dame!  
 For now I see,  
 Inconstancy  
 More in women than in men remain.

In black mourn I,  
 All fears scorn I,  
 Love hath forlorn me,  
 Living in thrall:  
 Heart is bleeding,  
 All help needing,  
 (O cruel speeding!)  
 Fraughted with gall.

<sup>a</sup> This beautiful little poem also occurs in 'Love's Labour's Lost.' In that copy in the second line we find "*is every* May:" *every*, which is repeated in the folio of 1623, is clearly a mistake. In the eleventh line we have—

"But, *alack*, my hand *is* sworn."

In the play there is a couplet not found in 'The Passionate Pilgrim':—

"Do not call it sin in me,  
 That I am forsworn for thee."

These lines precede "Thou for whom."

<sup>b</sup> We have two other ancient copies of this poem—one in 'England's Helicon,' 1600; the other in a collection of Madrigals by Thomas Weelkes, 1597. In 'England's Helicon' these lines are thus given:—

"Love is denying, Faith is defying;  
 Hearts renyng (renying), causer of this."

My shepherd's pipe can sound no deal<sup>a</sup>,  
 My wether's bell rings doleful knell;  
 My curtail dog, that wont to have play'd,  
 Plays not at all, but seems afraid;  
 With sighs so deep,  
 Procures<sup>b</sup> to weep,  
     In howling-wise, to see my doleful plight.  
 How sighs resound  
 Through heartless ground,  
     Like a thousand vanquish'd men in bloody fight!  
 Clear wells spring not,  
 Sweet birds sing not,  
 Green plants bring not  
     Forth; they die<sup>c</sup>:  
 Herds stand weeping,  
 Flocks all sleeping,  
 Nymphs back peeping  
     Fearfully.  
 All our pleasure known to us poor swains,  
 All our merry meetings on the plains,  
 All our evening sport from us is fled,  
 All our love is lost, for Love is dead.  
 Farewell, sweet lass<sup>d</sup>,  
 Thy like ne'er was  
     For a sweet content, the cause of all my moan<sup>e</sup>:  
 Poor Coridon  
 Must live alone,  
     Other help for him I see that there is none.

## XVII.

Whenas thine eye hath chose the dame,  
 And stall'd the deer that thou shouldst strike<sup>f</sup>,  
 Let reason rule things worthy blame,  
 As well as fancy, partial might<sup>g</sup>:

<sup>a</sup> *No deal*—in no degree: *some deal* and *no deal* were common expressions.

<sup>b</sup> *Procures*. The curtail dog is the nominative case to this verb.

<sup>c</sup> The reading in Weelkes's 'Madrigals' is an improvement of this passage:—

"Loud bells ring not  
 Cheerfully."

<sup>d</sup> *Lass*. This is the reading of Weelkes. 'The Passionate Pilgrim' has *love*.

<sup>e</sup> *Moan*. This is the reading in 'England's Helicon.' 'The Passionate Pilgrim' has *woe*.

<sup>f</sup> *Strike*. So the original. Mr. Dyce, who seldom indulges in conjectural emendation, alters the word to *smite*, "for the sake of the rhyme." This we think is scarcely allowable; for there are many examples of loose rhymes in these little poems. In the seventh stanza of this poem we have *nought* to rhyme with *oft*.

<sup>g</sup> *Fancy* is here used as *love*, and *might* as *power*. Steevens, mischievously we should imagine, changed *partial might* to *partial tike*; and Malone adopts this reading, which makes Cupid a bull-log.

Take counsel of some wiser head,  
Neither too young, nor yet unwed.

And when thou com'st thy tale to tell,  
Smooth not thy tongue with filed talk,  
Lest she some subtle practice smell;  
(A cripple soon can find a halt:)  
But plainly say thou lov'st her well,  
And set her person forth to sell<sup>a</sup>.

What though her frowning brows be bent,  
Her cloudy looks will calm<sup>b</sup> ere night:  
And then too late she will repent,  
That thus dissembled her delight;  
And twice desire, ere it be day,  
That which with scorn she put away.

What though she strive to try her strength,  
And ban and brawl, and say thee nay,  
Her feeble force will yield at length,  
When craft hath taught her thus to say:  
"Had women been so strong as men,  
In faith you had not had it then."

And to her will frame all thy ways;  
Spare not to spend,—and chiefly there  
Where thy desert may merit praise,  
By ringing in thy lady's ear:  
The strongest castle, tower, and town,  
The golden bullet beats it down.

Serve always with assured trust,  
And in thy suit be humble, true;  
Unless thy lady prove unjust,  
Press never thou to choose anew;  
When time shall serve, be thou not slack  
To proffer, though she put thee back.

The wiles and guiles that women work,  
Dissembled with an outward show,  
The tricks and toys that in them lurk,  
The cock that treads them shall not know.  
Have you not heard it said full oft,  
A woman's nay doth stand for nought?

<sup>a</sup> *Sell*. The reading of 'The Passionate Pilgrim' is *sale*. A manuscript in the possession of Mr. Lysons gives us *sell*.

<sup>b</sup> *Calm* is the reading of 'The Passionate Pilgrim'; the manuscript just mentioned has *clear*.

Think women still to strive with men,  
 To sin, and never for to saint :  
 There is no heaven, by holy then,  
 When time with age shall them attain<sup>d</sup>.  
     Were kisses all the joys in bed,  
     One woman would another wed.

But soft ; enough,—too much I fear,  
 Lest that my mistress hear my song ;  
 She 'll not stick to round me i' th' ear,  
 To teach my tongue to be so long :  
     Yet will she blush, here be it said,  
     To hear her secrets so bewray'd.

## XVIII.

Live with me and be my love,  
 And we will all the pleasures prove  
 That hills and valleys, dales and fields,  
 And all the craggy mountains yields.

There will we sit upon the rocks,  
 And see the shepherds feed their flocks,  
 By shallow rivers, by whose falls  
 Melodious birds sing madrigals.

There will I make thee a bed of roses,  
 With a thousand fragrant posies,  
 A cap of flowers, and a kirtle  
 Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle.

A belt of straw and ivy buds,  
 With coral clasps and amber studs ;  
 And if these pleasures may thee move,  
 Then live with me, and be my love.

## LOVE'S ANSWER.

If that the world and love were young,  
 And truth in every shepherd's tongue,  
 These pretty pleasures might me move  
 To live with thee and be thy love<sup>b</sup>.

<sup>a</sup> These four lines are thus given in Mr. Lysons's manuscript:—

“ Think women love to match with men,  
 And not to live so like a saint :  
 Here is no heaven ; they holy then  
 Begin when age doth them attain.”

The one copy is somewhat more intelligible than the other.

<sup>b</sup> We insert this poem in the order in which it appears in ‘ The Passionate Pilgrim.’ There are several variations in other copies.

## XIX.

As it fell upon a day,  
 In the merry month of May,  
 Sitting in a pleasant shade  
 Which a grove <sup>a</sup> of myrtles made,  
 Beasts did leap, and birds did sing,  
 Trees did grow, and plants did spring :  
 Everything did banish moan,  
 Save the nightingale alone :  
 She, poor bird, as all forlorn,  
 Lean'd her breast up-till <sup>b</sup> a thorn,  
 And there sung the dolefull'st ditty,  
 That to hear it was great pity :  
 Fie, fie, fie, now would she cry,  
 Teru, Teru, by and by :  
 That to hear her so complain,  
 Scarce I could from tears refrain ;  
 For her griefs so lively shown,  
 Made me think upon mine own.  
 Ah! thought I, thou mourn'st in vain ;  
 None take pity on thy pain :  
 Senseless trees, they cannot hear thee ;  
 Ruthless bears <sup>c</sup>, they will not cheer thee.  
 King Pandion, he is dead ;  
 All thy friends are lapp'd in lead :  
 All thy fellow-birds do sing,  
 Careless of thy sorrowing.  
 [Even so, poor bird, like thee,  
 None alive will pity me.<sup>d</sup>]  
 Whilst as fickle Fortune smil'd,  
 Thou and I were both beguil'd.  
 Every one that flatters thee  
 Is no friend in misery.  
 Words are easy like the wind ;  
 Faithful friends are hard to find.  
 Every man will be thy friend  
 Whilst thou hast wherewith to spend ;  
 But if store of crowns be scant,  
 No man will supply thy want.

<sup>a</sup> This poem is also incompletely printed in 'England's Helicon,' where it bears the signature *Ignoto*. There are some variations in the twenty-eight lines there given, as in the case before us, of *grove* in 'The Passionate Pilgrim,' which in 'England's Helicon' is *group*.

<sup>b</sup> *Up-till*. This is given *against* in 'England's Helicon.'

<sup>c</sup> *Bears*. In 'England's Helicon' *beasts*.

<sup>d</sup> The poem in 'England's Helicon' here ends; but the two lines with which it concludes are wanting in 'The Passionate Pilgrim.'

If that one be prodigal,  
 Bountiful they will him call:  
 And with such-like flattering,  
 "Pity but he were a king."  
 If he be addict to vice,  
 Quickly him they will entice;  
 If to women he be bent,  
 They have him at commandement;  
 But if fortune once do frown,  
 Then farewell his great renown:  
 They that fawn'd on him before,  
 Use his company no more.  
 He that is thy friend indeed,  
 He will help thee in thy need;  
 If thou sorrow, he will weep;  
 If thou wake, he cannot sleep:  
 Thus of every grief in heart  
 He with thee doth bear a part.  
 These are certain signs to know  
 Faithful friend from flattering foe.

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## SONG.

TAKE, oh, take those lips away,  
 That so sweetly were forsworn,  
 And those eyes, the break of day,  
 Lights that do mislead the morn:  
 But my kisses bring again,  
 Seals of love, but seal'd in vain.

Hide, oh, hide those hills of snow,  
 Which thy frozen bosom bears,  
 On whose tops the pinks that grow  
 Are of those that April wears.  
 But first set my poor heart free,  
 Bound in those icy chains by thee\*.

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\* The collection entitled 'The Passionate Pilgrim,' &c., ends with the 'Sonnet to Sundry Notes of Music,' which we have numbered XIX. Malone adds to the collection this exquisite song, of which we find the first verse in 'Measure for Measure.'





## VERSES

AMONG THE

ADDITIONAL POEMS TO CHESTER'S 'LOVE'S MARTYR,' 1601.

Let the bird of loudest lay,  
On the sole Arabian tree \*,  
Herald sad and trumpet be,  
To whose sound chaste wings obey.

But thou, shrieking harbinger,  
Foul pre-currer of the fiend,  
Augur of the fever's end,  
To this troop come thou not near.

\* There is a curious coincidence in a passage in 'The Tempest':—

"Now I will believe  
That there are unicorns; that in Arabia  
There is one tree, the phoenix' throne."

From this session interdict  
Every fowl of tyrant wing,  
Save the eagle, feather'd king :  
Keep the obsequy so strict.

Let the priest in surplice white,  
That defunctive music can \*,  
Be the death-divining swan,  
Lest the requiem lack his right.

And thou, treble-dated crow,  
That thy sable gender mak'st  
With the breath thou giv'st and tak'st,  
'Mongst our mourners shalt thou go.

Here the anthem doth commence :  
Love and constancy is dead ;  
Phoenix and the turtle fled  
In a mutual flame from hence.

So they lov'd, as love in twain  
Had the essence but in one ;  
Two distincts, division none :  
Number there in love was slain.

Hearts remote, yet not asunder ;  
Distance, and no space was seen  
Twixt the turtle and his queen :  
But in them it were a wonder.

So between them love did shine,  
That the turtle saw his right  
Flaming in the phoenix' sight :  
Either was the other's mine.

Property was thus appall'd,  
That the self was not the same ;  
Single nature's double name  
Neither two nor one was call'd.

Reason, in itself confounded,  
Saw division grow together ;  
To themselves yet either-neither,  
Simple were so well compounded :

That it cried how true a twain  
Seemeth this concordant one !  
Love hath reason, reason none,  
If what parts can so remain.

\* Can—knows.

Whereupon it made this threne<sup>a</sup>  
To the phoenix and the dove,  
Co-supremes and stars of love ;  
As chorus to their tragic scene.

## THRENOS.

Beauty, truth, and rarity,  
Grace in all simplicity,  
Here enclos'd in cinders lie.

Death is now the phoenix' nest ;  
And the turtle's loyal breast  
To eternity doth rest,

Leaving no posterity :—  
'T was not their infirmity,  
It was married chastity.

Truth may seem, but cannot be :  
Beauty brag, but 't is not she ;  
Truth and beauty buried be.

To this urn let those repair  
That are either true or fair ;  
For these dead birds sigh a prayer.

<sup>a</sup> *Threne*—funereal song.



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*For Illustrations to the Sonnets and the other Poems of Shakspeare, the reader is referred to the volume of 'STUDIES OF SHAKSPERE,' Book x., page 457, et seq.*

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11

12

# INDEXES

TO THE

PLAYS AND POEMS OF SHAKSPERE.

## EXPLANATION.

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It has been found convenient to arrange the references under two heads.

THE FIRST INDEX is for the most part GLOSSARIAL, but it also refers to explanations which are more diffuse in their character. The words which are in *Italic* are those which may be explained briefly, and often by the addition of another word, approaching to a synonyme, which gives the sense. The words in Roman, principally referring to *objects, customs,* and ancient and proverbial *expressions,* require a more lengthened explanation, which will be found under the passages referred to, either in a foot-note (designated by s) or an illustration (designated by i).

THE SECOND INDEX is of the DRAMATIS PERSONÆ, showing the names of the Characters which occur in each Play, and the particular Act and Scene in which each appears.

The references are not made to Volume and Page, but to *PLAY, Act and Scene.* The POEMS are referred to by their titles. All the references are abridged as follows:—

G. V. Two Gentlemen of Verona.  
 L. L. L. Love's Labour's Lost.  
 M. W. Merry Wives of Windsor.  
 C. E. Comedy of Errors.  
 T. S. Taming of the Shrew.  
 M. N. D. A Midsummer Night's Dream.  
 M. V. The Merchant of Venice.  
 A. W. All's Well that Ends Well.  
 M. A. Much Ado about Nothing.  
 T. N. Twelfth Night.  
 A. L. As You Like It.  
 M. M. Measure for Measure.  
 W. T. A Winter's Tale.  
 T. Tempest.  
 J. King John.  
 R. S. King Richard II.  
 H. 4, F. P. King Henry IV., Part I.  
 H. 4, S. P. King Henry IV., Part II.  
 H. F. King Henry V.  
 H. 6, F. P. King Henry VI., Part I.  
 H. 6, S. P. King Henry VI., Part II.  
 H. 6, T. P. King Henry VI., Part III.

R. T. King Richard III.  
 H. E. King Henry VIII.  
 R. J. Romeo and Juliet.  
 H. Hamlet.  
 Cy. Cymbeline.  
 O. Othello.  
 T. Ath. Timon of Athens.  
 L. King Lear.  
 M. Macbeth.  
 T. C. Troilus and Cressida.  
 Cor. Coriolanus.  
 J. C. Julius Cæsar.  
 A. C. Antony and Cleopatra.  
 V. A. Venus and Adonis.  
 Luc. Lucrece.  
 So. Sonnets.  
 L. C. A Lover's Complaint.  
 P. P. The Passionate Pilgrim.  
 T. And. Titus Andronicus.  
 P. Pericles.  
 T. N. K. Two Noble Kinsmen.

These two Indexes comprise all that are properly references to the works of Shakspeare. A *word,* or a *sentence,* is desired to be referred to, when the passage in which it occurs requires explanation. In the *foot-notes,* or the *illustrations,* such explanation is to be found, the Index *citing the passage* to which reference is made; and thus showing, at one view, how words are employed in peculiar *senses,* either varying or alike in distinct plays. In like manner the *name* of a *character* is to be found, in connection with the *act* and *scene* of each play. But it is obvious that a large portion of the *Commentary* of this edition—that which is comprised in the *Introductory and Supplementary Notices,* and in the *Historical Illustrations*—is thus excluded from the Index;—and this exclusion is rendered necessary, partly from the great extent to which the references would run, even if they were confined to names of persons and books; and partly from the extreme difficulty of digesting into the form of an index those matters which are purely critical and speculative.

# INDEX.—I.

## A

*A*—be. M. A. iii. 3, a (and in many other passages).  
How if a will not stand?

Abhor, technical use of the word. H. E. ii. 4, a.  
I utterly *abhor*, yea, from my soul  
Refuse you for my judge.

*Abhorred*—disgusted. H. v. 1, a.  
And now how *abhorred* my imagination is!

*Abide* (v.)—sojourn. W. T. iv. 2, a.  
There's no virtue whipped out of the court; they cherish it to make it stay there; and yet it will no more but *abide*.

Abraham Cupid. R. J. ii. 1, a.  
Young *Abraham Cupid*, he that shot so trim  
When king Cophetua lov'd the beggar-maid.

*Abridgement*—pastime. M. N. D. v. 1, a.  
Say, what *abridgement* have you for this evening?

*Abroad*—not at hand—far off. Cy. iii. 5, a.  
Your means *abroad*,  
You have me rich.

*Absey-book*—A B C book. J. i. 1, a.  
And then comes answer like an *Absey-book*.

Abstract. A. C. iii. 6, a.  
Being an abstract 'tween his lust and him.

*Aby* (v.)—suffer for. M. N. D. iii. 2, a.  
Thou shalt *aby* it.

*Accept*—consent to certain articles of a treaty. H. F. v. 2, a.  
We will, suddenly,  
Pass our *accept* and peremptory answer.

Accommodation. H. 4, S. P. iii. 2, i.  
A soldier-like word.

*According to the trick*—according to the fashion of banter and exaggeration. M. M. v. 1, a.  
I spoke it but *according to the trick*.

Achievement. H. F. iii. 5, a.  
He'll drop his heart into the sink of fear,  
And, for *achievement*, offer us his ransom.

Achieves her goodness. A. W. i. 1, a.  
She derives her honesty, and *achieves her goodness*.

Achilles and Hector. T. C. iii. 3, i.  
I have a woman's longing,  
An appetite that I am sick withal,  
To see great Hector in his weeds of peace.

'Accidence of Armourie,' passage from. H. v. 1, i.  
Was he a gentleman?

Acknow. O. iii. 3, a.  
Be not *acknow* on't.

*Acquaintance*—used in the singular as a noun of multitude. O. ii. 1, a.  
How does my old *acquaintance* of this isle?

*Acquaint you with the perfect spy*—inform yourselves with a most careful inquiry. M. iii. 1, a.  
*Acquaint you with the perfect spy* o' the time,  
The moment on't.

Actson, story of. T. N. i. 1, i.  
And my desires, like fell and cruel hounds,  
E'er since pursue me.

Actors, profits of. H. iii. 2, i.  
A fellowship in a cry of players.

*Active*—action. L. C. a.  
Are errors of the blood, none of the mind;  
Love made them not; with *active* they may be,  
Where neither party is nor true nor kind.

Addition. L. ii. 2, a.  
One whom I will beat into clamorous whining, if thou deniest the least syllable of thy *addition*.

*Address'd*—prepared. A. L. v. 4, a.  
Duke Frederick, hearing how that every day

## AGA

Men of great worth resorted to this forest,  
*Address'd* a mighty power.

*Address'd*—prepared. H. 4, S. P. iv. 4, a.  
Our navy is *address'd*, our power collected.

*Address'd*—prepared. Luc. a.  
At length *address'd* to answer his desire.

*Address'd*—ready. J. C. iii. 1, a.  
He is *address'd*; press near and second him.

*Address*—ready. M. N. D. v. 1, a.  
So please your grace, the prologue is *address*.

Adriatic. T. S. i. 2, i.  
Were she as rough  
As are the swelling *Adriatic* seas.

*Advantage*—used as a verb. H. F. iv. 1, a.  
Whose hours the peasant best *advantages*.

Advertisements. M. A. i. 1, i.  
He set up his bills.

*Advice*—government, municipal or civil. Luc. a.  
*Advice* is sporting while infection breeds.

*Advisedly*—attentively. Luc. a.  
The picture she *advisedly* perus'd.

*As far off*—in a remote degree. W. T. ii. 1, a.  
He who shall speak for her is *as far off* guilty  
But that he speaks.

*Affect* (v.)—incline towards; metaphorically, love. L. L. L. i. 2, a.  
I do *affect* the very ground.

*Affect the letter*—affect alliteration. L. L. L. iv. 2, a.  
I will something *affect the letter*, for it argues facility.

*Affect* a sorrow, than to have. A. W. i. 1, a.  
Let it be rather thought you *affect* a sorrow, than to have.

*Affection*—affection. L. L. L. v. 1, a.  
Witty without *affection*.

*Affection*—imagination. W. T. i. 2, a.  
*Affectiv* thy intention stabs the centre.

*Affection*—master of passion. M. V. iv. 1, a.  
For *affectiv*,  
Master of passion, sways it to the mood  
Of what it likes, or loathes.

*Affectioned*—affected. T. N. ii. 3, a.  
An *affectioned* ass, that cons state without book

*Affeer'd*. M. iv. 3, a.  
Great tyranny, lay thou thy basis sure,  
For goodness dares not check thee! wear thou thy wrongs,  
The title is *affeer'd*.

*Affront*—encounter. Cy. v. 2, a.  
There was a fourth man, in a silly habit,  
That gave the *affront* with them.

*Affront* (v.)—encounter, confront. H. iii. 1, a.  
That he, as 'twere by accident, may here  
*Affront* Ophelia.

*Affy* (v.)—betroth. H. 6, S. P. iv. 1, a.  
For daring to *affy* a mighty lord  
Unto the daughter of a worthless king.

*Against your sacred person*—aught against your sacred person. H. E. ii. 4, a.  
If, in the course  
And process of this time, you can report,  
And prove it too, against mine honour aught,  
My bond to wedlock, or my love and duty,  
*Against your sacred person*, in God's name,  
Turn me away.

Agate. M. A. iii. 1, a.  
An *agate* very vilely cut.



**Agate.** H. 4, S. P. i. 2, s.  
I was never manned with an *agate* till now.

**Age's** sleepy night. So lxiii. s.  
When his youthful morn  
Hath travel'd on to *age's* sleepy night.

**Age**—seniority. T. And. i. 1, s.  
Then let my father's honours live in me,  
Nor wrong mine *age* with this indignity.

**Aglet**—baby. T. S. i. 2, s.  
Marry him to a puppet, or an *aglet*-baby.

**Agnise** (v.)—confess, acknowledge. O. i. 3, s.  
I do *agnise*  
A natural and prompt alacrity  
I find in hardness.

**Aigre**—sharp, sour. H. i. 5, s.  
It doth posset  
And curd, like *aigre* droppings into milk,  
The thin and wholesome blood.

**Aim**—purpose. G. V. iii. 1, s.  
But, fearing lest my jealous *aim* might err.

**Aim**—conjecture. O. i. 3, s.  
As in these cases where the *aim* reports.

**Aimed at**—guessed at. G. V. iii. 1, s.  
But, good my lord, do it so cunningly,  
That my discovery be not *aimed at*.

**Air**—appearance. H. 4, F. P. iv. 1, s.  
The quality and *air* of our attempt  
Brooks no division.

**Alicides' shoes.** J. ii. 1, i.  
As great *Alicides' shoes* upon an ass.

**Alder-leaf**—dearest of all. H. 6, S. P. i. 1, s.  
Will you, mine *alder-leaf* sovereign.

**Ale**—rural festival. G. V. ii. 5, s.  
As go to the *ale* with a Christian.

All the world a stage, parallels with. A. L. ii. 7, i.

**All amurt**—dispirited. T. S. iv. 3, s.  
What, sweeting, *all amurt*?

**All-a-murt**—dispirited. H. 6, F. P. iii. 2, s.  
Now where's the bastard's braves, and Charles his  
gleeks?  
What, *all-a-murt*?

**Aila stocata**—Italian term of art for the thrust with a rapier.  
R. J. iii. 1, s.  
*Aila stocata* carries it away.

**All-hallown summer**—summer in November. H. 4, F. P. i. 2, s.  
Farewell, thou latter spring! Farewell, *All-hallown*  
summer!

**All-to**—entirely, altogether. V. A. s.  
Adonis lives, and Death's not to blame;  
It was not she that call'd him *all-to* naught.

**Allow** (v.)—approve. W. T. iv. 1, s.  
Of this *allow*,  
If ever you have spent time worse ere now.

**Allow** (v.)—approve. Luc. s.  
Who, wondering at him, did his words *allow*.

**Allow** (v.)—approve. So. xlii. s.  
So you o'ergreen my bad, my good *allow*.

**Altar at St. Edmundsbury.** J. v. 4, i.  
Upon the *altar at St. Edmundsbury*.

**Alter thy course for Tyre**—pursue not the course for Tyre.  
P. iii. 1, s.  
Thither, gentle mariner  
*Alter thy course for Tyre*.

**Althea's dream.** H. 4, S. P. ii. 2, s.  
Away, you rascally *Althea's dream*!

**Althea.** H. 6, S. P. i. 1, s.  
The fatal brand *Althea* burn'd,  
Unto the prince's heart of Calydon.

**Am, have, and will be.** H. E. iii. 2, s.  
For your highness' good I ever labour'd  
More than mine own; that *am, have, and will be*.

**Amalson.** H. 4, F. P. ii. 4, i.  
He of Wales, that gave *Amalson* the bastinado.

**Amaze** (v.)—confuse. A. L. i. 2, s.  
You *amaze* me, ladies.

**Ambassadors sent from Antony to Octavius Caesar**,—from  
North's 'Plutarch' A. C. iii. 10, i.  
Let him appear that's come from Antony.

**America, discovery of.** C. E. ii. 2, i.  
Where *America*, the Indies?

**Amus**—fault. So. xxxv. s.  
Myself corrupting, salving thy *amus*

**Amis**—fault. So. cli. s.  
Then, gentle cheater, urge not my *amis*,  
Lest guilty of my faults thy sweet self prove.

**Amurath the Third.** H. 4, S. P. v. 2, i.  
Not Amurath an Amurath succeda.

**Anachronisms in King John.** J. i. 1, i.  
The thunder of my cannon shall be heard.

**Anchor**—Anchoret. H. iii. 2, s.  
An *anchor's* cheer in prison be my scope.

**Ancient**—bearer of the ensign. H. 4, S. P. ii. 4, s.  
Sir, *ancient* Pistol's below.

**Andirons.** Cy. ii. 4, i.  
Her *andirons*  
(I had forgot them) were two winking Cupids.

**Andren**—H. E. i. 1, s.  
Met in the vale of *Andren*.

**Andrew**—name of a ship. M. V. i. 1, s.  
And see my wealthy *Andrew* dock'd in sand.

**Angel** on English coins. M. V. ii. 7, i.  
A coin that bears the figure of an *angel*.

**Angel**—coin. H. 4, S. P. i. 2, s.  
Your ill *angel* is light.

**Angel**—bird. T. N. K. i. 1, s.  
Not an *angel* of the air,  
Bird melodious, or bird fair,  
Be absent there.

**Angerly**—angrily. G. V. i. 2, s.  
How *angerly* I taught my brow to frown.

**Angle**—gull. T. S. iv. 2, s.  
But at last I spied  
An ancient *angle* coming down the hill.

**Answer**—statement of objections to certain articles of a  
treaty. H. F. v. 2, s.  
We will, suddenly,  
Pass our accept and peremptory *answer*.

**Answer me declin'd.** A. C. iii. 11, s.  
I dare him therefore  
To lay his gay comparisons apart,  
And *answer me declin'd*.

**Anthropophagi and headless men.** O. i. 3, i.  
The *Anthropophagi*, and men whose heads  
Do grow beneath their shoulders.

**Antipathies.** M. V. iv. 1, i.  
Some men there are, &c.

**Antony**,—from North's 'Plutarch.' J. C. ii. 1, i.  
Let *Antony* and *Cæsar* fall together.

**Antony, Octavius, and Lepidus, conference of**,—from North's  
'Plutarch.' J. C. iv. 1, i.  
These many then shall die.

**Antony and Cleopatra, amusements of**,—from North's 'Plu-  
tarch.' A. C. i. 1, i.  
To-night we'll wander through the streets, &c.

**Antony and Octavia, marriage of**,—from North's 'Plutarch.'  
A. C. ii. 2, i.  
Thou hast a sister by the mother's side.

**Antony's cook**,—from North's 'Plutarch.' A. C. ii. 2, i.  
Eight wild boars roasted whole at a breakfast.

**Antony and Cleopatra, first meeting of**,—from North's 'Pla-  
tarch.' A. C. ii. 2, i.  
When she first met Mark Antony, &c.

**Antony's angling**,—from North's 'Plutarch.' A. C. ii. 3, i.  
'T was merry when  
You wager'd on your angling, &c.

**Antony, Cæsar, and Pompey, meetings of**,—from North's  
'Plutarch.' A. C. ii. 6, i.  
Your hostages I have, so have you mine, &c.

**Antony and Cleopatra at Alexandria**,—from North's 'Pla-  
tarch.' A. C. iii. 6, i.  
I the market-place, on a tribunal silver'd,  
Cleopatra and himself in chairs of gold  
Were publicly enthron'd.

**Antony's preparations for battle**,—from North's 'Plutarch.'  
A. C. iii. 7, i.  
O noble emperor, do not fight by sea.

**Antony's reception of Cæsar's messenger**,—from North's  
'Plutarch.' A. C. iii. 11, i.  
A messenger from Cæsar.

**Antony's challenge to Cæsar**,—from North's 'Plu-  
tarch.' A. C. iv. 1, i.  
Let the old ruffian know,  
I have many other ways to die, &c.

**Antony's speech** to his servants,—from North's 'Plutarch.' A. C. iv. 2, i.  
 Call forth my household servants.

**Antony, desertion of,** by the god Hercules,—from North's 'Plutarch.' A. C. iv. 3, i.  
 Peace, what noise?

**Antony, defeat of,**—from North's 'Plutarch.' A. C. iv. 10, i.  
 This foul Egyptian hath betrayed me.

**Antony's last speech** to Cleopatra, and death,—from North's 'Plutarch.' A. C. iv. 13, i.  
 O Charmian, I will never go from hence.

**Ape**—expression of kindly familiarity applied to a young man. R. J. ii. 1, a.  
 The *ape* is dead, and I must conjure him.

**Ape-bearer.** W. T. iv. 2, i.  
 An *ape-bearer*

**Apostle-spoons.** H. E. v. 2, i.  
 You'd spare your spoons.

**Apothecary,** Romeo's description of. R. J. v. 1, a.  
 I do remember an apothecary.

**Apparel, fashions of.** M. A. ii. 3, i.  
 Carving the fashion of a new doublet.

**Appay'd**—satisfied, pleased. Luc. a.  
 But sin ne'er gives a fee,  
 He gratis comes; and thou art well *appay'd*  
 As well to hear as grant what he hath said.

**Apperil.** T. Ath. i. 2, a.  
 Let me stay at thine *apperil*, Timon.

**Apprehension**—opinion. H. 6, F. P. ii. 4, a.  
 To scourge you for this *apprehension*.

**Approbation**—probation. M. M. i. 3, a.  
 This day my sister should the cloister enter,  
 And there receive her *approbation*.

**Approbation**—proof. W. T. ii. 1, a.  
 Which was as gross as ever touch'd conjecture,  
 That lack'd sight only, nought for *approbation*.

**Approve our eyes**—confirm what we have seen. H. i. 1, a.  
 That, if again the sparrition come,  
 He may *approve our eyes*, and speak to it.

**Approv'd**—proved. G. V. v. 4, a.  
 O, 'tis the curse in love, and still *approv'd*,  
 When women cannot love, where they're belov'd.

**Apricocks**—apricots. R. S. iii. 4, a.  
 Go, bind thou up yon dangling *apricocks*.

**April-day**—spring-time of life. T. Ath. iv. 3, a.  
 She, whom the spital-house and ulcerous sores  
 Would cast the gorge at, this embalms and spices  
 To the *April-day* again.

**Are arms**—which are arms. P. i. 2, a.  
 From whence an issue I might propagate,  
 Are arms to princes, and bring joys to subjects.

**Argosy**—ship. T. S. ii. 1, a.  
 Besides an *argosy*  
 That now is lying in Marseilles road.

**Argument**—conversation. M. A. iii. 1, a.  
 For shape, for bearing, *argument*, and valour.

**Argument**—subject-matter. A. L. iii. 1, a.  
 I should not seek an absent *argument*  
 Of my revenge, thou present.

**Arm him**—take him in your arms. Cy. iv. 2, a.  
 Come, *arm him*.

**Arm-gaunt.** A. C. i. 5, a.  
 And soberly did mount an *arm-gaunt* steed.

**Arm your prize**—offer your arm to the lady you have won. T. N. K. v. 3, a.  
*Arm your prize*:  
 I know you will not lose her.

**Aroint thee**, explanation of. L. iii. 4, i.  
*Aroint thee*, witch, *aroint thee*.

**Aroint.** M. i. 3, a. See L. iii. 4, i.  
 'Aroint thee, witch!' the rump-fed ronyon cries.

**A-row**—one after the other. C. E. v. 1, a.  
 Beaten the maids *a-row*, and bound the doctor.

**Arras.** H. 4, F. P. ii. 4, i.  
 Go hide thee behind the *arras*.

**Arrest before judgment.** C. E. iv. 2, i.  
 One that, before the *judgment*, carries poor souls to hell.

**Arrive the**—arrive at the. J. C. i. 2, a.  
 But ere we could *arrive* the point propos'd.

**Arthur's show.** H. 4, S. P. iii. 2, i.  
 I remember at Mile-end green (when I lay at Clement's inn), I was then sir Dagonet at *Arthur's show*.

**Articulated**—exhibited in articles. H. 4, F. P. v. 1, a.  
 These things, indeed, you have *articulated*,  
 Proclaim'd at market-crosses.

**Artificial strife**—contest of art with nature. T. Ath. i. 1, a.  
*Artificial strife*  
 Lives in these touches, livelier than life.

**Arundel, escape of** Thomas son of the earl of. R. S. ii. 1, 4.  
 The son of Richard, earl of Arundel,  
 That late broke from the duke of Exeter.

**As bid**—as to bid. J. iv. 2, a.  
 Or turn'd an eye of doubt upon my face,  
*As bid* me tell my tale in express words.

**As how**—with a train of circumstances. A. L. iv. 3, a.  
 Tears our recountments had most kindly bath'd,  
*As how* I came into that desert place.

**As our good wills.** Cor. ii. 1, a.  
 It shall be to him then, as *our good wills*;  
 A sure destruction.

**Ask of**—ask for. M. W. i. 2, a.  
*Ask of* doctor Caius' house.

**Asperion**—sprinkling. J. iv. 1, a.  
 No sweet *asperion* shall the heavens let fall  
 To make this contract grow.

**Assay of the deer.** J. ii. 2, i.  
 And, like a jolly troop of huntsmen, come  
 Our lusty English, all with purpled hands.

**Assinego**—ass. J. C. ii. 1, a.  
 An *assinego* may tutor thee.

**Association of ideas.** Mr. Whiter's theory of. R. J. i. 2, i.  
 Read o'er the volume of young Paris' face.

**Assum'd this age**—put on these appearances of age. Cy. v. 5, a.  
 He it is that hath  
*Assum'd this age*.

**Assured**—affianced. C. E. iii. 2, a.  
 I was *assured* to her.

**Assur'd**—affianced. J. ii. 2, a.  
 That I did so, when I was first *assur'd*.

**Astonish'd him**—stunned him with the blow. H. F. v. 1, a.  
 Enough, captain; you have *astounded* him.

**Astringer**—falconer. A. W. v. 1, i.  
 Enter a gentle *astringer*.

**At each.** L. iv. 6, a.  
 Ten masts at *each* make not the altitude  
 Which thou hast perpendicularly fell.

**At liberty**—of his own unrestrained will. H. 4, F. P. v. 2, a.  
 Never did I hear  
 Of any prince so wild at *liberty*.

**Atone together**—unite. A. L. v. 4, a.  
 Then is there mirth in heaven,  
 When earthly things made even  
*Atone together*.

**Atone you**—make you in concord. R. S. i. 1, a.  
 Since we cannot *atone you*, you shall see  
 Justice design the victor's chivalry.

**Atone (v.)**—to make at one. Cy. i. 5, a.  
 I was glad I did *atone* my countryman and you.

**Atone (v.)**—be reconciled. Cor. iv. 6, a.  
 He and Aufidius can no more *atone*,  
 Than violentest contrariety.

**Attended**—waited for. H. 6, T. P. iv. 6, a.  
 And the lord Hastings, who *attended* him  
 In secret ambush on the forest side.

**Aumerle, duke of.** R. S. i. 3, i.

**Away with me**—like me. H. 4, S. P. iii. 2, a.  
 She never could *away with me*.

**Awful**—in the sense of lawful. G. V. iv. 1, a.  
 Thrust from the company of *awful* men.

**Awful**—reverential. H. 4, S. P. iv. 1, a.  
 We come within our *awful* banks again,  
 And knit our powers to the arm of peace.

**Axhward wind**—epithet used by Marlowe and Drayton. H. 6, S. P. iii. 2, a.  
 And twice by *axhward wind* from England's bank  
 Drove back again unto my native clime.

**Awless**—not inspiring awe. J. i. 1, a.  
 Against whose fiery and unmatched force  
 The *awless* lion could not wage the fight.

*446*—*remaining lamps*—constantly burning lamps. P. iii. 1, n.  
Where, for a monument upon thy bones,  
And *eye-remaining lamps*.

B.

*Become*—go back. T. S. ii. 1, n.  
*Baccare!* you are marvellous forward.  
*Badge of fame to slander's livery.* Luc. n.  
At least I give  
A *badge of fame to slander's livery*;  
A dying life to living infamy.  
*Bagpipes.* M. V. iv. 1, i.  
Bagpipe.  
*Bagpipe.* H. 4, F. P. i. 2, i.  
The drone of a Lincolnshire *bagpipe*.  
*Bailiff, dress of the.* C. E. iv. 2, i.  
A fellow all in buff.  
*Bailiff, dog-like attributes of the.* C. E. iv. 2, i.  
A hound that runs counter, and yet draws dry-foot well.  
*Balconies on the stage.* R. J. iii. 5, i.  
Juliet's chamber.  
*Baldrick*—belt. M. A. i. 1, n.  
Or hang my bugle in an invisible *baldrick*.  
*Bale*—ruin. Cor. i. 1, n.  
Rome and her rats are at the point of battle,  
The one side must have *bale*.  
*Baleful*—baneful. H. 6, F. P. v. 4, n.  
By sight of these our *baleful* enemies.  
*Balk*—pass over. T. S. i. 1, n.  
*Balk* logic with acquaintance that you have.  
*Balk'd*—heaped up. H. 4, F. P. i. 1, n.  
Ten thousand bold Scots, two-and-twenty knights,  
*Balk'd* in their own blood, did sir Walter see  
On Holmedon's plains.  
*Ballad.* H. 4, S. P. iv. 3, i.  
I will have it in a particular *ballad*.  
*Ballow*—pole. L. iv. 6, n.  
Or is thy whether your costard or my *ballow* be the  
harder.  
*Band*—bond. C. E. iv. 2, n. (See R. S. i. 1, n.)  
Tell me, was he arrested on a *band*?  
*Band*—bond. R. S. i. 1, n.  
Hast thou, according to thy oath and *band*,  
Brought hither Henry Hereford, thy bold son?  
*Banishment, law of.* R. S. i. 3, i.  
Our part therein we banish.  
*Bank'd their waves*—sailed along their banks. J. v. 2, n.  
Have I not heard these islanders shout out,  
Vive le roy! as I have *bank'd their waves*?  
*Bans*—curses. L. ii. 3, n.  
Sometime with lunatic *bans*, sometime with prayers.  
*Barbasan*—evil spirit in the 'Dæmonology.' H. F. ii. 2, n.  
I am not *Barbasan*, you cannot conjure me!  
*Barbed*—caparisoned. R. T. i. 1, n.  
And now, instead of mounting *barbed* steeds.  
*Barbers' shops.* A. W. ii. 2, i.  
It is like a barber's chair.  
*Bare the raven's eye.* Cy. ii. 2, n.  
Swift, swift, you dragons of the night, that dawn  
May *bare the raven's eye*!  
*Barm*—yeast. M. N. D. ii. 1, n.  
And sometime make the drink to bear no *barm*.  
*Barn*—child. W. T. iii. 3, n.  
Merry on 's, a *barn*, a very pretty *barn*!  
*Baronets, order of.* O. iii. 4, i.  
The hearts of old gave hands;  
But our new heraldry is—hands, not hearts.  
*Base*—prison-base (the game). G. V. i. 2, n.  
Indeed, I bid the *base* for Proteus.  
*Base court*—lower court. R. S. iii. 3, n.  
My lord, in the *base court* he doth attend.  
*Basilisco-like.* J. i. 1, n.  
Knight, knight, good mother,—*Basilisco-like*.  
*Bestard, whom the oracle*—allusion to the tale of *Œdipus*.  
T. Ath. iv. 3, n.  
Think it a *bestard, whom the oracle*  
Hath doubtfully pronounc'd thy throat shall eat  
And mince it sans remorse.  
*Bat*—*ab.* L. C. n.  
So slides he down upon his grained *bat*.

*Bate*—strife, debate. M. W. i. 4, n.  
And, I warrant you, no tell-tale, nor no bread-bake.  
*Bate.* H. F. iii. 7, n.  
T is a boded valour; and, when it appears, it will  
*bate*.  
*Bate-breeding*—strife-breeding. V. A. n.  
This sour informer, this *bate-breeding* spy.  
*Bated.* H. 4, F. P. iv. 1, n.  
All furnish'd, all in arms:  
All plum'd, like estridges that with the wind  
*Bated*.  
*Batler*—bat used in washing linen in a stream. A. L. E. 4, n.  
I remember the kissing of her *batler*.  
*Battle-knights, creation of.* J. i. 1, i.  
A soldier, by the honour-giving hand  
Of Cœur-de-Lion knighted in the field.  
*Battles upon the stage.* H. F. i. Chorus, i.  
But pardon, gentles all.  
*Bavian*—character in the morris-dance. T. N. K. iii. 1, n.  
Enter Gerrold, four Countrymen (and the *Bavians*).  
*Barin*—brushwood. H. 4, F. P. iii. 2, n.  
He ambled up and down  
With shallow jesters and rash *barin* wins.  
*Baynard's castle.* R. T. iii. 3, i.  
If you thrive well, bring them to *Baynard's castle*.  
*Be moved*—have compassion. G. V. ii. 1, n.  
O be not like your mistress; *be moved, be moved*.  
*Be naught awhile.* A. L. i. 1, n.  
Marry, sir, be better employed, and *be naught awhile*.  
*Be comfortable*—become susceptible of comfort. A. L. ii. 4, n.  
For my sake, *be comfortable*; hold death awhile at the  
arm's end.  
*Be borne*—to be borne. R. J. iv. 1, n.  
In thy best robes uncover'd on the bier,  
*Be borne* to burial in thy kindred's grave,  
Thou shalt be borne to that same ancient vault.  
*Be circumstance'd*—yield to circumstances. O. iii. 4, n.  
'T is very good: I must *be circumstance'd*.  
*Beadsman.* G. V. i. 1, i.  
I will be thy *beadsman*, Valentine.  
*Beacon* to this under globe. L. ii. 2, n.  
Approach, thou *beacon* to this under globe,  
That by thy comfortable beams I may  
Peruse this letter!  
*Bear-baiting.* M. W. i. 1, i.  
I have seen Sackerson loose.  
*Bearing-cloth*—mantle with which a child is covered when  
carried to the church to be baptised. W. T. iii. 2, n.  
Look thee, a *bearing-cloth* for a squire's child!  
*Bear a brain*—have a memory. R. J. i. 3, n.  
My lord and you were then at Mantua:—  
Nay, I do *bear a brain*.  
*Bear-garden* on the Bankside. H. E. v. 3, i.  
Paris-garden.  
*Beards.* H. F. iii. 6, i.  
A *beard* of the general's cut.  
*Bears* (v.)—figures, is seen. M. M. iv. 4, n.  
For my authority *bears* of a credent bulk.  
*Bears* (the Nevills). H. 6, S. P. v. 1, n.  
'Call hither to the stake my two brave *bears*.  
*Beats on a crown*—are intent on a crown. H. 6, S. P. ii. 1, n.  
Thine eyes and thoughts  
*Beat on a crown*.  
*Beated*—participle of the verb to beat. So. i. xii. n.  
But when my glass shows me myself indeed,  
*Beated* and chopp'd with tann'd antiquity.  
*Beauty*—pronounced booty. H. 4, F. P. i. 1, n.  
Let not us that are squires of the night's body be  
called thieves of the day's *beauty*.  
*Beaver*—helmet. H. 4, F. P. iv. 1, n.  
I saw young Harry with his *beaver* on.  
*Beaver.* H. i. 2, n. See H. 4, S. P. iv. 1, i.  
He wore his *beaver* up.  
*Beavers.* H. 4, S. P. iv. 1, i.  
Their *beavers* down.  
*Be-comed*—becoming. R. J. iv. 2, n.  
And gave him what *be-comed* love I might,  
Not stepping o'er the bounds of modesty.  
*Bedded jet*—jet imbedded or set. L. C. n.  
A thousand favours from a maund *as drew*  
Of amber, crystal, and of *bedded jet*.

**Bedfellow.** H. F. ii. 3, i.  
Nay, but the man that was his *bedfellow*.

**Bedlam beggars.** L. ii. 3, i.  
The country gives me proof and precedent  
Of *Bedlam beggars*.

**Beetle.** M. M. iii. 1, i.  
The poor *beetle*, that we tread upon,  
In corporal sufferance finds a pang as great  
As when a giant dies.

**Beggars.** G. V. ii. 1, i.  
*Beggar* at Hallowmas.

**Beggar's nurse and Caesar's—death.** A. C. v. 2, a.  
Which sleeps, and never palates more the dang,  
The *beggar's nurse* and *Caesar's*.

**Beguil'd—masked with fraud.** Luc. n.  
So *beguil'd*  
Withoutward honesty, but yet deil'd  
With inward vice.

**Behaviour—conduct.** J. I. 1, a.  
Thus, after greeting, speaks the king of France,  
In my *behaviour*, to the majesty,  
The borrow'd majesty of England here.

**Beholding—beholden.** H. E. iv. 1, a.  
Had I not known those customs,  
I should have been *beholding*.

**Belee'd and calm'd—terms of navigation.** O. i. 1, a.  
Must be *belee'd* and *calm'd*  
By debtor and creditor.

**Bellona's bridegroom.** M. I. 2, a.  
The thane of Cawdor began a dismal conflict.  
Till that *Bellona's bridegroom*, lapp'd in proof,  
Confronted him with self-comparisons.

**Belly and the members, fable of.** Cor. i. 1, i.  
Make edicts for usury, to support usurers.

**Bemoided—bemired.** T. S. iv. 1, a.  
How she was *bemoided*.

**Benvolio's falsehood.** R. J. iii. 1, i.  
Affection makes him false.

**Bergamo, sailmakers of.** T. S. v. 1, i.  
A sailmaker in *Bergamo*.

**Bergomusk dance—an Italian dance.** M. N. D. v. 1, a.  
Hear a *Bergomusk dance*, between two of our company.

**Besmirch (v.)—sully.** H. i. 3, a.  
And now no soil, nor caute, doth *besmirch*  
The virtue of his will.

**Bestill'd—dissolved.** H. i. 2, a.  
Whilst they, *bestill'd*  
Almost to jelly with the act of fear,  
Stand dumb, and speak not to him.

**Betow'd—stowed, deposited.** C. E. i. 2, a.  
In what safe place you have *betow'd* my money.

**Bestraught—distracted, distracted.** T. S. Induction, 2, a.  
What! I am not *bestraught*.

**Beteem (v.)—pour forth.** M. N. D. i. 1, a.  
*Beteem* them from the tempest of mine eyes.

**Beteem (v.)—allow, suffer.** H. i. 2, a.  
So loving to my mother,  
That he might not *beteem* the winds of heaven  
Visit her face too roughly.

**Better skill—with better skill.** Luc. n.  
For burthen-wise I'll hum on Tarquin still,  
While thou on Tereus descant'st *better skill*.

**Bevel—bent in an angle.** So. cxxi a.  
I may be straight, though they themselves be *bevel*.

**Bevis of Southampton.** H. 6, S. P. ii. 2, i.  
As *Bevis of Southampton* fell upon Ascapart.

**Bevy.** H. E. i. 4, a.  
None here he hopes  
In all this noble *bevy*, has brought with her  
One care abroad.

**Bewray (v.)—discover.** H. 6, T. P. i. 1, a.  
Here comes the queen, whose looks *bewray* her anger.

**Bewray (v.)—reveal.** L. ii. 1, a.  
He did *bewray* his practice.

**Beyond beyond—farther than beyond.** Cy. iii. 2, a.  
O, not like me;  
For mine's *beyond beyond*.

**Bezonians—term of contempt.** H. 6, S. P. iv. 1, a.  
Great men oft die by vile *bezonians*.

**Bias of the world.** J. ii. 2, a.  
Commodity, the *bias of the world*.

**Bid the wind a base—challenge the wind to speed.** V. A. a.  
To *bid the wind a base* he now prepares.

**Bilboes—bar of iron with fetters attached to it.** H. v. 2, a.  
Methought, I lay  
Worse than the mutines in the *bilboes*.

**Bills.** M. A. iii. 3, a.  
We are like to prove a goodly commodity, being taken  
up of these men's *bills*.

**Bills.** H. 6, S. P. iv. 7, a.  
My lord, when shall we go to Cheapside, and take up  
commodities upon our *bills*?

**Bills.** T. Ath. iii. 4, a.  
*Phi.* All our *bills*.  
Tim. Knock me down with 'em.

**Bills on their necks.** A. L. i. 2, a.  
With *bills on their necks*,—He it known unto all men  
by these presents.

**Bills placed on Junius Brutus' statue.** J. C. i. 3, i.  
Good Cinna, take this paper, &c.

**Bird-bolts.** M. A. i. 1, i.  
Challenged Cupid at the flight: and my uncle's fool,  
reading the challenge, subscribed for Cupid, and chal-  
lenged him at the *bird-bolt*.

**Birds of Italy.** M. V. v. 1, i.  
The crow doth sing as sweetly as the lark, &c.

**Birds, deceiv'd with painted grapes.** V. A. a.  
Even as poor *birds, deceiv'd with painted grapes*,  
Do surfeit by the eye.

**Birnam wood.** M. v. 4, i.  
*Sicard.* What wood is this before us?  
*Macbeth.* The wood of *Birnam*.

**Birth-hour's blot—corporal blemish.** Luc. n.  
Worse than a slavish wipe, or *birth-hour's blot*.

**Bishop, costume of.** H. 4, S. P. iv. 1, i.  
Whose white investments figure innocence.

**Bisom—blind.** Cor. ii. 1, a.  
What harm can your *bisom* conspectivities glean out of  
this character?

**Biting the thumb.** R. J. i. 1, i.  
I will *bite my thumb* at them.

**Black—dark.** G. V. iv. 4, a.  
That now she is become as *black* as I.

**Black—swarthy, dark.** M. A. iii. 1, a.  
If fair-faced,  
She would swear the gentleman should be her sister;  
If *black*, why, nature, drawing of an antic,  
Made a foul blot.

**Black Monday, origin of.** M. V. ii. 5, i.  
*Black Monday*.

**Blasts—used as a verb neuter.** Luc. n.  
O rash false heat, wrapp'd in repentant cold,  
Thy hasty spring still *blasts*, and ne'er grows old!

**Blanches—deviations.** So. cx. a.  
These *blanches* gave my heart another youth,  
And worse essays prov'd thee my best of love.

**Blessed thistle, supposed virtues of.** M. A. iii. 4, i.  
*Carduus benedictus*.

**Blessing the marriage-bed.** M. N. D. v. 2, i.  
To the best bride-bed will we.

**Blessing, begging of.** H. iii. 4, a.  
And when you are desirous to be bless'd,  
I'll *blessing beg* of you.

**Block.** L. iv. 6, a.  
This a good *block*!

**Blood-letting.** R. S. i. 1, i.  
Our doctors say, this is no month to bleed.

**Blood will I draw.** H. 6, F. P. i. 5, a.  
*Blood will I draw* on thee, thou art a witch,  
And straightway give thy soul to him thou serv'st.

**Blood—natural disposition.** T. Ath. iv. 2, a. (See Cy. i. 1, a.)  
Strange, unusual *blood*,  
When man's worst sin is, he does too much good!

**Bloodless.** H. 6, S. P. iii. 2, a.  
Oft have I seen a timely-parted ghost,  
Of ashy semblance, meagre, pale, and *bloodless*,  
Being all descended to the labouring heart.

**Blossoms—young men, flower of the nobility.** L. C. n.  
Whose rarest havings made the *blossoms* dote.

**Blows (v.)—swells.** A. C. iv. 6, a.  
This *blows* my heart.

Blue of heaven's own tinct. Cy. ii. 2, a.

The enclosed lights now canopied  
Under these windows, white and azure, lac'd  
*With blue of heaven's own tinct.*

**Board** (v.)—address. T. N. i. 3, a.

Accost, i.e. front her, board her, woo her, assail her.

**Boarded**—accosted. A. W. v. 3, a.

Certain it is I lik'd her,

And boarded her i' the wanton way of youth.

**Boarded**—accosted. M. A. ii. 1, a.

I would he had boarded me.

**Boar's Head Tavern.** H. 4, F. P. ii. 4, i.

Eastcheap; a room in the *Boar's Head Tavern*.

**Bob**—rap. A. L. ii. 7, a.

He that a fool doth very wisely hit  
Doth very foolishly, although he smart,  
Not to seem senseless of the bob.

**Bodg'd.** H. 6, T. P. i. 4, a.

But, out, alas!

We *bodg'd* again.

**Boothia**—small sword. H. iii. 1, a.

When he himself might his quietus make  
With a bare *boothia*.

**Bolingbroke.** R. S. i. 1, i.

Then, *Bolingbroke*.

**Bolt's**—swollen. Luc. a.

Here one being thrond bears back, all *bolt's* and red.

**Bolter'd**—begrim'd, besmeared. M. iv. 1, a.

For the blood-bolter'd Banquo smiles upon me.

**Bombast**—from bombagia; cotton wool used as stuffing. L. L. v. 2, a.

As *bombast*, and as lining to the time.

**Bonneted.** Cor. ii. 2, a. (See O. i. 2, a.)

And his ascent is not by such easy degrees as those  
who, having been supple and courteous to the people,  
*bonneted*, without any further deed to have them at all  
into their estimation and report.

**Book of songs and sonnets.** M. W. i. 1, i.

I had rather than forty shillings, I had my *book of  
songs and sonnets* here.

**Book, sense of the term.** H. 4, F. P. iii. 1, i.

By that time will our book I think be drawn.

**Book uncross'd.** Cy. iii. 3, a.

Such gains the cap of him that makes him fine,  
Yet keeps his *book uncross'd*.

**Boot**—into the bargain. R. T. iv. 4, a.

The other Edward dead, to quit my Edward;  
Young York he is but *boot*, because both they  
Match not the high perfection of my loss.

**Boot**—advantage. M. M. ii. 4, a.

Could I, with *boot*, change for an idle plume.

**Boot**—compensation. R. S. i. 1, a.

Norfolk, throw down, we bid; there is no *boot*.

**Boots.** G. V. i. 1, i.

Nay, give me not the *boots*

**Boord** (v.)—accost. H. ii. 2, a.

I'll *boord* him presently.

**Bores**—wounds, thrusts. H. E. i. 1, a.

At this instant

He *bores* me with some trick.

**Borne in hand**—encouraged by false hopes. M. iii. 1, a.

How you were *borne in hand*; how cross'd.

**Borrower's cap.** H. 4, S. P. ii. 2, a.

The answer is as ready as a *borrower's cap*.

**Bosom**—wish, heart's desire. M. M. iv. 3, a.

And you shall have your *bosom* on this wretch.

**Bosom**—boatswain. T. i. 1, a.

Where is the master, *bosom*?

**Bound**—boundary, obstacle. T. Ath. i. 1, a.

Our gentle flame  
Provokes itself, and, like the current, flies  
Each *bound* it chafes.

**Bourn**—boundary. L. iv. 6, a.

From the dread summit of this chalky *bourn*.

**Bowls.** L. L. L. v. 2, i.

A very good *bowler*.

**Brack**—dog of a particular species. T. S. Induction, 1, a.

Huntsman, I charge thee, tender well my hounds—  
*Brack Merriman*.

**Brack**—female harrier. L. iii. 6, a. (See L. i. 4, a.)

Hound or spaniel, *brack* or *lym*.

**Braid**—crafty. A. W. iv. 2, a.

Since Frenchmen are so *braided*,  
Marry that will, I'll live and die a *maid*.

**Brakes of ice.** M. M. ii. 1, a.

Some run from *brakes of ice*, and answer none.

**Brass.** H. F. iv. 4, a.

Thou damned and luxurious mountain goat,  
Offer'st me *brass*?

**Brave**—bravado. J. v. 2, a.

There end thy *brave*, and turn thy face in peace

**Dressed**—made fine. T. S. iv. 3, a.

Thou hast *dressed* many men.

**Bravery**—finery. A. L. ii. 7, a.

His *bravery* is not on my cost.

**Brawls.** L. L. L. iii. 1, i.

A French *brawl*.

**Break up** (v.)—open. M. V. ii. 4, a.

And it shall please you to *break up* this.

**Break with him**—break the matter to him. G. V. i. 3, a.

Now will we *break with him*.

**Break the parley**—begin the parley. T. And. v. 3, a.

Rome's emperor, and nephew, *break the parley*.

**Breast**—voice. T. N. ii. 3, a.

By my troth, the fool has an excellent *breast*.

**Breath'd.** T. Ath. i. 1, a.

*Breath'd* as it were,

To an untirable and continue goodness.

**Breaths in your watering**—take breath when you are drink-

ing H. 4, F. P. ii. 4, a.

When you *breaths in your watering*, they cry—hem!

**Bribe.** Cy. iii. 3, a.

O this life

Is nobler, than attending for a check;

Richer, than doing nothing for a *bribe*.

**Bride-zup.** T. S. iii. 2, i.

A health, quoth he.

**Brief**—letter. H. 4, F. P. iv. 4, a.

Bear this sealed *brief*,

With winged haste, to the lord marshal

**Bring me out**—put me out. A. L. iii. 2, a.

Ros. Sweet, say on.

Celia. You *bring me out*.

**Bring in**—call to the drawers for more wine. H. 4, F. P. i.

2, a.

Got with swearing—lay by; and spent with crying—

*bring in*.

**Bristol.** R. S. iii. 1, i.

**Brise**—gad-fly. T. C. i. 3, a.

The herd hath more annoyance by the *brise*

Than by the tiger.

**Brise**—gad-fly. A. C. iii. 8, a.

The *brise* upon her, like a cow in June.

**Broch**—badger. T. N. ii. 5, a.

Marry, hang thee, *broch*!

**Brogues**—rude shoes. Cy. iv. 2, a.

And put

My clouted *brogues* from off my feet.

**Broken with**—communicated with. H. E. v. 1, a.

With which they mov'd

Have *broken with* the king.

**Brooch**—an ornament. R. S. v. 3, a.

And love to Richard

Is a strange *brooch* in this all-hating world.

**Brooch'd**—adorned. A. C. iv. 13, a.

Not the imperious show

Of the full-fortun'd Caesar ever shall

Be *brooch'd* with me.

**Brother father.** M. M. iii. 2, a.

And you, good *brother father*.

**Brother Cassius.** J. C. ii. 1, a.

Sir, 'tis your *brother Cassius* at the door.

**Brought you Caesar home?**—did you accompany Caesar home?

J. C. i. 3, a.

Good even, Casca: *brought you Caesar home*?

**Brown bills**—bills for billmen, infantry. L. iv. 6, a.

Bring up the *brown bills*.

**Brownists.** T. N. iii. 2, i.

I had as lief be a *Brownist* as a politician.

**Brwit**—report. H. 6, T. P. iv. 7, a.

Brother, we will proclaim you out of hand;

The *brwit* thereof will bring you many friends

**Brutus and Cassius**.—from North's 'Plutarch.' J. C. i. 2, i.  
Will you go see the order of the course?  
**Brutus and Portia**.—from North's 'Plutarch.' J. C. ii. 1, i.  
Let not our looks, &c.  
**Brutus and Antony**, orations of,—from North's 'Plutarch.' J. C. iii. 2, i.  
Enter Brutus and Cassius, and a throng of citizens.  
**Brutus the night before the battle**.—from North's 'Plutarch.' J. C. v. 1, i.  
Be thou my witness that, against my will, &c.  
**Brutus, death of**.—from North's 'Plutarch.' J. C. v. 3, i.  
Come, poor remains of friends, &c.  
**Buckle** (v.)—bend. H. 4, S. P. i. 1, a.  
And as the wretch, whose fever-weakn'd joints,  
Like strengthless hinges, *buckle* under life.\*  
**Bucklersbury**. M. W. iii. 3, i.  
*Bucklersbury* in simple time.  
**Bugs**—hobgoblins. T. S. i. 2, a.  
Tush! tush! I fear boys with *bugs*.  
**Bugs**—terrors. Cy. v. 3, a.  
Those that would die or ere resist are grown  
The mortal *bugs* of the field.  
**Bulk**. O. v. 1, a.  
Here, stand behind this *bulk*.  
**Bulk**—the whole body. Luc. a.  
May feel her heart, poor citizen, distress'd,  
Wounding itself to death, rise up and fall,  
Beating her *bulk*, that his hand shakes withal.  
**Bully-rook**. M. W. i. 3, a.  
What says my *bully-rook*?  
**Bombards**—ale-barrels. H. E. v. 3, a.  
And here ye lie baiting of *bombards*, when  
Ye should do service.  
**Burgonet**—helmet. A. C. i. 5, a.  
The demi-Atlas of this earth, the arm  
And *burgonet* of men.  
**Burn daylight**—waste time. M. W. ii. 1, a.  
We *burn daylight*—here, read, read.  
**Burnt**—broken. T. S. Induction, 1, a.  
Pay for the glasses you have *burnt*.  
**Barton Heath**. T. S. Induction, 2, i.  
Old Sly's son of *Barton Heath*.  
**Bushy**—bosky, woody. H. 4, F. P. v. 1, a.  
How bloodily the sun begins to peer  
Above yon *bushy* hill.  
**But**—unless. T. S. iii. 1, a.  
For, but I be deceiv'd,  
Our fine musician groweth amorous.  
**But one**, except one. A. W. ii. 3, a.  
To each of you one fair and virtuous mistress  
Fall, when love please,—marry to each—but one.  
**But poor a thousand crowns**. A. L. i. 1, a.  
It was upon this fashion bequeathed me by will, but  
poor a thousand crowns.  
**But justly**—but as justly. A. L. i. 2, a.  
If you do keep your promises in love  
But justly as you have exceeded all promise,  
Your mistress shall be happy.  
**But**—except. J. iii. 1, a.  
But on this day, let seamen fear no wrack.  
**But now**—just now. H. 6, S. P. iv. 9, a.  
But now is Cade driven back, his men dispers'd.  
**But thou love me**—so thou do but love me. R. J. ii. 2, a.  
And, but thou love me, let them find me here.  
**Butt**. T. i. 2, a.  
Where they prepar'd  
A rotten carcase of a *butt*.  
**Batter woman's rank to market**. A. L. iii. 2, a.  
It is the right *batter-woman's* rank to market.  
**Buzzum**—obedient, disciplined. H. F. iii. 6, a.  
Bardolph, a soldier firm and sound of heart,  
Of *buzzum* valour, &c.  
**Buz**—interjection of ridicule. T. S. ii. 1, a.  
Should be? should? *buz*!  
**By nature**—by the impulses of nature. C. E. i. 1, a.  
Witness that my end  
Was wrought by nature, not by vile offence.  
**By day and night**—always, constantly. L. i. 3, a.  
By day and night he wrongs me.  
**By-peeping**—clandestinely peeping. Cy. i. 7, a.  
Then, by *peeping* in an eye,  
Base and unlustrous as the smoky light.

**By him**—by his house. J. C. ii. 1, a.  
Now, good Metellus, go along by *him*.  
**By'r'lakin**—by our ladykin; our little lady. M. N. D. iii. 1, a.  
*By'r'lakin*, a parious fear.  
**Byron's** 'Bride of Abydos,' lines from. A. L. iv. 1, i.  
Good youth, he went but forth to wash him in the  
Hellespont, and, being taken with the cramp, was  
drowned.  
**Byron's** 'Stanzas for Music.' M. M. iii. 1, i.  
For all thy blessed youth, &c.

## C.

**Caddis-garter**—garter of ferret. H. 4, F. P. ii. 4, a.  
Puke-stocking, *caddis-garter*, smooth-tongue, &c.  
**Cade**—cask. H. 6, S. P. iv. 2, a.  
*Cade*. We, John Cade, so termed of our supposed  
father,—  
*Dick*. Or rather, of stealing a *cade* of herrings.  
**Cesar and his fortune**.—passage in 'Plutarch.' H. 6, F. P.  
i. 2, i.  
Now am I like that proud insulting ship  
Which *Cesar* and his fortune bare at once.  
**Cesar's fear of Cassius**.—from North's 'Plutarch.' J. C. i.  
2, i.  
Let me have men about me that are fat, &c.  
**Cesar, offer of the crown to**.—from North's 'Plutarch.' J. C.  
i. 2, i.  
Ay, *Casca*; tell us what hath chanc'd to-day.  
**Cesar, assassination of**.—from North's 'Plutarch.' J. C. iii.  
1, i.  
All the senators rise.  
**Cesar's grief for the death of Antony**.—from North's 'Plu-  
tarch.' A. C., v. 1, i.  
Wherefore is that? and what art thou that dar'st  
Appear thus to us?  
**Cesar's interview with Cleopatra**.—from North's 'Plutarch',  
A. C. v. 2, i.  
Which is the queen of Egypt?  
**Calfiff**. R. S. i. 2, a.  
And throw the rider headlong in the lists,  
A *calfiff* recreant to my cousin Hereford!  
**Calen o Custure me**. H. F. iv. 4, a.  
Quality! *Calen o Custure me*. Art thou a gentleman?  
**Caliceer**—small musket. H. 4, S. P. iii. 2, a.  
Put me a *caliceer* into Wart's hand.  
**Calkins**—hoofs. T. N. K. v. 4, a.  
On this horse is Arcite,  
Trotting the stones of Athens, which the *calkins*  
Did rather tell than trample.  
**Call**. J. iii. 4, a.  
If but a dozen French  
Were there in arms, they would be as a *call*  
To train ten thousand English to their side.  
**Call there**—call it. A. W. ii. 3, a.  
What do you *call there*.  
**Callet**. H. 6, T. P. ii. 2, a.  
A wisp of straw were worth a thousand crowns,  
To make this shameless *callet* know herself.  
**Calling**—name. A. L. i. 2, a.  
I am more proud to be Sir Rowland's son,  
His youngest son;—and would not change that *calling*,  
To be adopted heir to Frederick.  
**Calm**—used by Hostess for qualm. H. 4, S. P. ii. 4, a.  
Sick of a *calm*.  
**Calphurnia's dreams**.—from North's 'Plutarch.' J. C. ii. 2, i.  
Thrice hath Calphurnia in her sleep cried out, &c.  
**Calves'-guts**. Cy. ii. 3, a.  
It is a voice in her ears, which horse-hairs and *calves'-*  
*guts*, nor the voice of unpaved eunuch to boot, can never  
amend.  
**Camelot**. L. ii. 2, i.  
Goose, if I had you upon Sarum plain,  
I'd drive ye cackling home to *Camelot*.  
**Campanella**, passage from,—with parallel references to Mil-  
ton and Coleridge. M. V. v. 1, i.  
Sit, Jessica, &c.  
**Cas**—knows. P. P. a.  
Let the priest in surplice white,  
That defunctive music *cas*.

*Can for additions*—began as additions. L. C. s.  
All *aks*, themselves made fairer by their place,  
*Can for additions*.  
Canary. L. L. i. iii. 1, i.  
*Canary* to it.  
*Candle-wasters*—bookworms. M. A. v. 1, s.  
Make misfortune drunk  
With *candle-wasters*.  
Cane-coloured beard. M. W. i. 4, s.  
A little yellow beard; a *cane-coloured beard*.  
Canker. G. V. i. 1, i.  
In the sweetest bud  
The eating *canker* dwells.  
*Canker*—dog-rose. M. A. i. 3, i.  
I had rather be a *canker* in a hedge than a rose in his  
grace.  
*Canker*—dog-rose. II. 4, F. P. i. 3, s.  
To put down Richard, that sweet lovely rose,  
And plant this thorn, this *canker*, Bolingbroke.  
*Canker-blossoms*—flowers of the canker or dog-rose. So. lix. s.  
The *canker-blossoms* have full as deep a dye  
As the perfumed tincture of the roses.  
Cannibals, imaginary nation of. T. ii. 1, i.  
No kind of traffic, &c.  
*Cannibals*—used by Pistol for Hannibals. H. 4, S. P. ii. 4, s.  
Compare with Cæsars and with *cannibals*.  
Canon. H. i. 2, s.  
His *canon* 'gainst self-slaughter.  
*Castle*—corner. II. 4, F. P. iii. 1, s.  
And cuts me, from the best of all my land,  
A huge half-moon, a monstrous *castle* out.  
*Castle*—portion. A. C. iii. 8, s. (See H. 4, F. P. iii. 1, s.)  
The greater *castle* of the world is lost  
With very ignorance.  
*Cantos*—cantos. T. N. i. 5, s.  
Write loyal *cantos* of condemned love.  
*Capable*—able to receive. A. L. iii. 5, s.  
Lean upon a rush,  
The cicatrice and *capable* impresure,  
Thy palm some moment keeps.  
*Capitulate* (v.)—settle the heads of an agreement. II. 4,  
F. P. iii. 2, s.  
The archbishop's grace of York, Douglas, Mortimer,  
*Capitulate* against us, and are up.  
*Capocchia*—shallow skone, loggerhead. T. C. iv. 2, s.  
Alas, poor wretch! a poor *capocchia*!  
*Captain*—used adjectively for chief. So. liii. s.  
Like stones of worth they thinly placed are,  
Or *captain* jewels in the carcanet.  
*Captious* and *intenable*—capable of receiving, but not of retain-  
ing. A. W. i. 3, s.  
Yet, in this *captious* and *intenable* sieve,  
I still pour in the waters of my love.  
Capulet's feast, season of. R. J. i. 2, i.  
This night I hold an old custom'd feast.  
*Carack*—vessel of heavy burden. O. i. 2, s.  
'Faith, he to-night hath boarded a land *carack*.  
*Carbonado*—rasher on the coals. II. 4, F. P. v. 3, s.  
Let him make a *carbonado* of me.  
*Carcanet*—chain, necklace. C. E. iii. 1, s.  
To see the making of her *carcanet*.  
*Carcanet*—necklace. So. liii. s.  
Or captain jewels in the *carcanet*.  
*Card of ten*—proverbial expression. T. S. ii. 1, s.  
Yet I have fac'd it with a *card of ten*.  
Card. H. v. 1, s.  
We must speak by the *card*, or equivocation will undo  
us.  
Carded. II. 4, F. P. iii. 2, s.  
*Carded* his state;  
Mingled his royalty with carping fools.  
Cards. J. v. 2, i.  
Have I not here the best *cards* for the game?  
*Careers*—a term of the manège. M. W. i. 1, s.  
And so conclusions pass'd the *careers*.  
*Cart*—churl. Cy. v. 2, s.  
Could this *cart*!  
A very drudge of nature's, have subdued me.  
*Cartist*—churl, peasant. A. L. iii. 5, s.  
And he hath bought the cottage, and the bounds  
That the old *cartist* once was master of.

Carpet. P. iv. 1, s.  
The purple violets, and marigolds,  
Shall as a *carpet* hang upon thy grave.  
Carpet knights. T. N. iii. 4, i.  
He is knight, dubbed with unhatched rapier, and a  
*carpet consideration*.  
Carpets laid. T. S. iv. 1, s.  
The *carpets laid*, and everything in order.  
Carping—jesting. II. 4, F. P. iii. 2, s.  
Mingled his royalty with *carping* fools.  
Carriages in the time of Shakspeare. A. W. iv. 4, s.  
Our waggon is prepar'd.  
Carriages. J. v. 7, i.  
Many *carriages*.  
Carrying coals. R. J. i. 1, i.  
Gregory, o' my word, we'll not *carry coals*.  
Case—skin. T. N. v. 1, s.  
When time hath sow'd a grizzle on thy *case*.  
Case—outside. M. M. ii. 4, s.  
O form!  
How often dost thou with thy *case*, thy habit,  
Wrench awe from fools!  
Case of lives—several lives. H. F. iii. 2, s.  
For mine own part, I have not a *case of lives*.  
Case—outward show. L. C. s.  
Accomplish'd in himself, not in his *case*.  
Cassius and Brutus, quarrel between,—from North's 'Plu-  
tarch.' J. C. iv. 2, i.  
Most noble brother, you have done me wrong.  
Cassius, death of,—from North's 'Plutarch.' J. C. v. iii. i.  
Fly further off, my lord.  
Castilian. M. W. ii. 3, s.  
Thou art a *Castilian*.  
Castiliano-vulgo. T. N. i. 3, s.  
What, wench? *Castiliano vulgo*—for here comes d:  
Andrew Ague-face.  
Castle—stronghold, power. T. And. iii. 1, s.  
And rear'd aloft the bloody battle-axe,  
Writing destruction on the enemy's *castle*.  
Cataian. M. W. ii. 1, s.  
I will not believe such a *Cataian*.  
Cat and bottle. M. A. i. 1, i.  
Hang me in a *bottle* like a cat, and shoot at me.  
Cat i' the adage. M. i. 7, s.  
Letting I dare not wait upon I would,  
Like the poor cat i' the adage.  
'Catch that catch can,' notice of the work. A. L. iv. 2, i.  
What shall he have that kill'd the deer?  
Cating—lute-string. R. J. iv. 3, s.  
What say you, Simon *Cating*?  
Caucasus, origin of the name of. R. S. i. 3, i.  
The frosty *Caucasus*.  
Cause you *come*—cause on which you come. R. S. i. 1, s.  
As well appeareth by the *cause you come*.  
Causeless. A. W. ii. 3, s.  
To make modern and familiar things supernatural  
and *causeless*.  
Cautel—crafty way to deceive. H. i. 3, s.  
And now no soil, nor *cautel*, doth besmirch  
The virtue of his will.  
Cautelous—wary, circumspect. J. C. ii. 1, s.  
Swear priests, and cowards, and men *cautelous*.  
Cautels—deceitful purposes. L. C. s.  
In him a plenitude of subtle matter,  
Applied to *cautels*, all strange forms receives.  
Caviarie. H. ii. 2, i.  
T was *caviarie* to the general.  
Cawdor Castle. M. i. 3, i.  
Thane of *Cawdor*.  
Cease (v. used actively)—stop. H. 6, S. P. v. 2, s.  
Now let the general trumpet blow his blast,  
Particularities and petty sounds  
To *cease*.  
Ceilings ornamented. Cy. ii. 4, i.  
The roof o' the chamber  
With golden cherubins is fretted.  
Censure (v.)—give an opinion. G. V. i. 2, s.  
Should *censure* thus on lovely gentlemen.  
Censure—opinion. H. 6, F. P. ii. 3, s.  
To give their *causure* of these rare reports.

*Censure*—opinion. H. 6, S. P. i. 3, s.  
Madam, the king is old enough himself  
To give his *censure*.  
*Censure*—opinion. P. ii. 4, s.  
Whose death's, indeed, the strongest in our *censure*.  
*Censure* (v.)—judge. H. 6, F. P. v. 5, s.  
If you do *censure* me by what you were.  
*Censure*—comparison. H. E. i. 1, s.  
And no discernor  
Durst wag his tongue in *censure*.  
*Censure well*—approve. H. 6, S. P. in. 1, s.  
Say, you consent, and *censure well* the deed.  
*Censor'd*—sentenced. M. M. i. 5, s.  
*Isab.* Doth he so  
Seek his life?  
*Lucio.* Hath *censor'd* him already.  
*Censures*—opinions. R. T. ii. 2, s.  
Will you go  
To give your *censures* in this weighty business?  
*Censures*—judges, estimates. So. cxlviii. s.  
Or, if they have, where is my judgment fled,  
That *censures* falsely what they see aright?  
*Cerns*—concerns. T. S. v. 1, s.  
What *cerns* it you if I wear pearl and gold?  
*Chairs.* J. iv. 1, i.  
Fast to the *chair*.  
Challenge, legal use of the word. H. E. ii. 4, s.  
And make my *challenge*  
You shall not be my judge.  
*Change*—reverse. A. L. i. 3, s.  
And do not seek to take your *change* upon you.  
*Change the cod's head for the salmon's tail*—exchange the more  
delicate fare for the coarser. O. ii. 1, s.  
She that in wisdom never was so frail,  
To *change the cod's head for the salmon's tail*.  
*Change* (v.)—vary, give a different appearance to. A. C.  
i. 2, s.  
O, that I knew this husband, which, you say, must  
*change* his horns with garlands!  
*Changing*—a child changed. W. T. iii. 3, s.  
This is some *changing*.  
*Changing*—child procured in exchange. M. N. D. ii. 1, s.  
She never had so sweet a *changing*.  
*Channel*—kennel. H. 6, T. P. ii. 2, s.  
As if a *channel* should be call'd the sea.  
*Chapman*—a seller. L. L. L. ii. 1, s.  
Base sale of *chapman's* tongues.  
*Character*—description. W. T. iii. 3, s.  
There lie; and there thy *character*.  
*Character*—handwriting. L. ii. 1, s.  
Ay, though thou didst produce  
My very *character*.  
*Characters*—the help of letters. R. T. iii. 1, s.  
I say, without *characters*, fame lives long.  
*Characters*—inscriptions, official designations. M. M. v. 1, s.  
So may Angelo,  
In all his dressings, *characters*, titles, forms,  
Be an arch villain.  
*Char'd.* T. N. K. iii. 2, s.  
How stand I then?  
All's *char'd* when he is gone.  
*Chares*—work. A. C. iv. 13, s.  
By such poor passion as the maid that milks,  
And does the meanest *chares*.  
*Charge*—burthen. P. i. 2, s.  
Let none disturb us: why should this *charge* of  
thoughts,—  
The sad companion, dall-ey'd Melancholy,  
By me so us'd a guest.  
*Chariest*—most cautious. H. i. 3, s.  
The *chariest* maid is prodigal enough,  
If she unmask her beauty to the moon.  
*Charing Cross*.—H. 4, F. P. ii. 1, i.  
Chariot drawn by lion, at the baptism of Henry Prince of  
Scotland. M. N. D. iii. 1, i.  
A lion among ladies is a most dreadful thing.  
Chariot of night. M. N. D. iii. 2, i.  
For night's swift dragons cut the clouds full fast.  
*Charles' wain*—constellation of the Great Bear. H. 4, F. P.  
i. 1, s.  
*Charles' wain* is over the new chimney.

*Charm'd.* Cy. v. 3, s.  
I, in mine own woe *charm'd*,  
Could not find death where I did hear him groan.  
*Charnel-house.* R. J. iv. 3, i.  
As in a vault.  
*Charneco*—name of a wine. H. 6, S. P. ii. 3, s.  
Here's a cup of *charneco*.  
Chaucer's 'Troilus and Cressida.' M. V. v. 1, i.  
Troilus, methinks, mounted the Trojan walls.  
Chaucer's 'Knight's Tale.' M. N. D. i. 1, i.  
Hippolyta, I wou'd thee with my sword.  
Chaucer's 'Knight's Tale.' M. N. D. iii. 2, i.  
Even till the eastern gate.  
Chaucer's 'Knight's Tale.' M. N. D. iv. 2, i.  
Go one of you, find out the forester.  
Chaucer's description of Hector and Troilus. T. C. i. 2, i.  
That's *Hector*, &c.  
Chaucer's description of the parting of Troilus and Cressida.  
T. C. iv. 4, i.  
Be thou but true of heart.  
Chaucer's 'Troilus and Cressida,' extract from. T. C. v. 2,  
Here, Diomed, keep this sleeve.  
*Chaudron*—entrails. M. iv. 1, s.  
Add thereto a tiger's *chaudron*,  
For the ingredients of our caldron.  
*Cheater*—cheater. M. W. i. 3, s.  
I will be *cheater* to them.  
*Cheater.* H. 4, S. P. ii. 4, s. (See M. W. i. 4, s.)  
He's no swaggerer, hostess; a tame *cheater*.  
*Cheer*—face. M. N. D. iii. 2, s.  
All fancy sick, and pale of *cheer*.  
*Cheer*—countenance. H. 6, F. P. i. 2, s.  
Methinks your looks are sad, your *cheer* appall'd.  
Chertsey, monastery of. R. T. i. 2, i.  
Come now, toward *Chertsey* with your holy load.  
*Cheveril glove*—kid glove, easy-fitting glove. T. N. iii. 1, s.  
A sentence is but a *cheveril glove* to a good wit.  
*Cheveril*—kid-skin. H. E. ii. 3, s.  
The capacity  
Of your soft *cheveril* conscience would receive,  
If you might please to stretch it.  
*Cheveril*—kid-skin. R. J. ii. 4, s.  
O, here's a wit of *cheveril*, that stretches from an inch  
narrow to an ell broad.  
*Chewet.* H. 4, F. P. v. 1, s.  
Peace, *chewet*, peace.  
*Chide* (v.)—rebuke, resound. H. F. H. 4, s.  
That caves and womby vaultages of France  
Shall *chide* your trespass, and return your mock.  
*Chief*—eminence, superiority. H. i. 3, s.  
And they in France of the best rank and station  
Are of a most select and generous *chief* in that.  
*Child.* W. T. iii. 3, s.  
A boy, or a *child*, I wonder?  
*Childing*—producing. M. N. D. ii. 2, s.  
The *childing* autumn.  
*China dishes.* M. M. ii. 1, i.  
They are not *China dishes*, but very good dishes.  
*Chiromancy.* M. V. ii. 2, i.  
Go to, here's a simple line of life.  
*Chivalry*, usages of. Luc. s.  
Yea, though I die, the scandal will survive,  
And be an eyesore in my golden coat;  
Some loathsome dash the herald will contrive,  
To cipher me how fondly I did dote.  
*Chippine.* H. ii. 2, i.  
By the altitude of a *chippine*.  
*Chopping French*—French which changes the meaning of  
words. R. S. v. 3, s.  
The *chopping French* we do not understand.  
*Christendom*—christening. J. iv. 1, s.  
By my *christendom*,  
So I were out of prison, and kept sheep,  
I should be as merry as the day is long.  
*Christom child.* H. F. H. 3, s.  
A made a finer end, and went away, an it had been  
any *christom child*.  
*Chuffs*—swollen, pampered gluttons. H. 4, F. P. ii. 2, s.  
Ye fat *chuffs*.  
*Cicero*,—from North's 'Plutarch.' J. C. ii. 1, i.  
But what of *Cicero*?



- 'Cido*—decide. So. xlv. 2.  
To *'cide* this title is impoſſelled  
A 'quest of thoughts.
- Cinna, the poet, death of,—from North's 'Plutarch.' J. C. iii. 3. i.  
Enter *Cinna*, the poet.
- Circummur'd*—walled round. M. M. iv. 1, 2.  
He hath a garden *circummur'd* with brick.
- Circumstance*, in two ſenſes : 1. circumſtantial deduction ; 2. poſition. G. V. i. 1, 2.
- Circumstance*—circumlocution. O. i. 1, 2.  
With a bombast *circumstance*,  
Horribly ſtuff'd with epithets of war,  
Nonsuits my mediators.
- Cittern-head*—head of a cittern or guitar. L. L. L. v. 2, 2.  
*Ho!* What is this?  
*By-gone*. A *cittern-head*.
- Citizens to their dens. A. C. v. 1, 2.  
The round world  
Should have ſhook lions into civil ſtreets,  
And *citizens* to their dens
- City feaſts. A. W. ii. 3, i.  
Like him that leaped into the cuſtard.
- Civil*—grave. T. N. iii. 4, 2.  
He is ſad, and *civil*.
- Civil*—deceitful. L. C. 2.  
Shook off my ſober guards, and *civil* fears.
- Clamour your tongues. W. T. iv. 3, 2.  
*Clamour* your tongues, and not a word more.
- Clap thyſelf my love. W. T. i. 2, 2.  
Ere I could make thee open thy white hand,  
And *clap thyſelf* my love.
- Classical alluſions. T. S. i. 1, i.  
O yes, I ſaw ſweet beauty in her face,  
Such as the daughter of Agenor had.
- Clean ham*—nothing to the purpoſe. Cor. iii. 1, 2.  
This is *clean ham*.
- Clear-ſtories*—clereſtories. T. N. iv. 2, 2.  
And the *clear-ſtories* towards the ſouth-north are as  
lustrous as ebony.
- Clear thy crystals*—dry thine eyes. H. F. ii. 3, 2.  
Go, *clear thy crystals*.
- Cleave to my conſent*—unite yourſelf to my fortunes. M. ii. 1, 2.  
If you ſhall *cleave to my conſent*,—when 't is  
It ſhall make honour for you.
- Cleft the root*—(in archery). See *Cleave the pin*. G. V. v. 4, 2.  
How oft haſt thou with perjury *cleft the root*.
- Cleopatra, flight of,—from North's 'Plutarch.' A. C. iii. 6, i.  
Naught, naught, all naught!
- Cleopatra taken by Proculeius,—from North's 'Plutarch.' A. C. v. 2, i.  
Guard her till Cæſar come.
- Cleopatra, death of,—from North's 'Plutarch.' A. C. v. 2, i.  
Cæſar through Syria  
Intends his journey.
- Clingant*—bright with gling ornaments. H. E. i. 1, 2.  
To-day, the French,  
All *clingant*, all in gold, like heathen gods,  
Shone down the Engliſh.
- Clothier's yard. L. iv. 6, 2.  
That fellow handles his bow like a crow-keeper : draw me a *clothier's yard*.
- Clubs, bills, and partizans. R. J. i. 1, i.  
*Clubs, bills, and partizans*, ſtrike! beat them down.
- Coaches. M. W. ii. 2, i.  
*Coach* after *coach*.
- Coasteth*—advanceth. V. A. 2.  
And all in haſte ſhe *coasteth* to the cry.
- Coats in heraldry. M. N. D. iii. 2, i.  
Two of the firſt, like *coats* in *heraldry*.
- Cock-shut time*—cock-roost time, time at which the cock goes  
to reſt. R. T. v. 3, 2.  
Thomas the earl of Surrey, and himſelf,  
Much about *cock-shut time*, from troop to troop,  
Went through the army.
- Cock and pye, ſwearing by. H. 4, S. P. v. 1, i.  
By *cock* and *pye*.
- Cock-a-hoop. R. J. i. 5, 2.  
You'll make a mutiny among my gueſts!  
You will ſet *cock-a-hoop*.
- Cock—cock-boat. L. iv. 6, 2.  
And you tall anchoring bark,  
Diminiſh'd to her *cock*.
- Cockle*—weed amongſt the corn. Cor. iii. 1, 2.  
We nourish 'gainſt our ſenſes  
The *cockle* of rebellion, inſolence, ſedition.
- Cockney. L. ii. 4, i.  
Cry to it, nuncle, as the *cockney* did to the oaks
- Coffer of Darius. H. 6, F. P. i. 6, 2.  
Her aſhes in an urn more precious  
Than the rich-jewell'd *coffer* of *Darius*.
- Coffin*—crust of a pie. T. S. iv. 3, 2.  
A cuſtard-*coffin*, a bauble, a ſilken pie.
- Coffin*—crust of a pie. T. And. v. 2, 2.  
And with your blood and it I'll make a paſte,  
And of the paſte a *coffin* I will rear.
- Coffin*—coffer. P. iii. 1, 2.  
Bid Neſtor bring me ſpices, ink, and paper,  
My caſket and my jewels; and bid Nicander  
Bring me the ſatin *coffin*.
- Cog (v.)—term applied to dice. L. L. L. v. 2, 2.  
Since you can *cog*, I'll play no more with you.
- Cognizance*—badge. H. 6, F. P. ii. 4, 2.  
This pale and angry roſe,  
As *cognizance* of my blood-drinking hate,  
Will I for ever, and my faction, wear.
- Colbrand and Guy of Warwick, combat of. J. L. i. 1, i.  
*Colbrand* the giant.
- Cold—unmoved. H. F. i. 2, 2.  
All out of work, and *cold* for action.
- Coleridge, paſſage from 'Literary Remains.' A. L. i. 1, 2.  
Of all ſorts enchantingly beloved.
- Coleridge's 'Essay on Method,' paſſage from. H. 4, S. P. ii. 1, i.  
Marry, if thou wert an honeſt man, &c.
- Coleridge, paſſage from. R. J. ii. 2, i.  
Well, do not ſwear, &c.
- Coleridge, extract from. R. J. ii. 4, i.  
Why, is not this better now than groaning for love?
- Coleridge's remarks on Shakspeare's philoſophy of paſſions.  
R. J. iii. 5, i.  
O God! I have an ill-divining ſoul.
- Collection—conſequence deduced from premiſes. Cy. v. 3, 2.  
When I wak'd, I found  
This label on my boſom; whoſe containing  
Is ſo from ſenſe in hardneſs, that I can  
Make no *collection* of it.
- Collid*—black, ſmuted. M. N. D. i. 1, 2.  
Brief as the lightning in the *collid* night.
- Collid*—blackened, diſcoloured. O. ii. 3, 2.  
And paſſion, having my beſt judgment *collid*ed,  
Aſſays to lead the way.
- Collins's dirge to Fidele. Cy. iv. 2, i.  
We have done our obſequies.
- Colour'd hat and cloak. T. S. i. 1, 2.  
Tranio, at once  
Uncase thee, take my *colour'd hat* and *cloak*.
- Colours—deceits. H. 6, F. P. ii. 4, 2.  
I love no *colours*.
- Colt (v.)—trick. H. 4, F. P. ii. 2, 2.  
What a plague mean ye to *colt* me thus?
- Combate—betrotted. M. M. iii. 1, 2.  
Her *combate* husband, this well-ſeeming Angela.
- Combined—wound. M. M. iv. 3, 2.  
I am *combined* by a ſacred vow.
- 'Come o'er the Bourn, a ſong between the Queen's Majest  
and Englaunde.' L. iii. 6, i.  
*Come o'er the bourn*, Beſsy, to me.
- Comforting*—encouraging. W. T. ii. 3, 2.  
Yet that dares  
Less appear ſo, in *comforting* your evils,  
Than ſuch as moſt ſeems yours.
- Comings—meetings in aſſault. H. iv. 7, 2.  
We'll make a ſolemn wager on your *comings*.
- Commodity—interest. J. ii. 2, 2.  
That ſmooth-faced gentleman, tickling *commodity*.
- Common and ſeſeral. L. L. L. ii. 1, 2.  
My lips are no *common*, though ſeveral they be.

- Common**—make common, interchange thoughts. H. iv. 5, n.  
Laertes, I must *common* with your grief.
- Compact of credit**—credulous. C. E. iii. 2, n.  
Being *compact of credit*, that you love us.
- Compact**—compounded, made up of. A. L. ii. 7, n.  
If he, *compact of jars*, grow musical,  
We shall have shortly discord in the spheres.
- Compact**—confederate. L. ii. 2, n.  
When he, *compact*, and flattering his displeasure,  
Tripp'd me behind.
- Companies**—companions. M. N. D. i. 1, n.  
To seek new friends and stranger *companies*.
- Companies**—companions. H. F. i. 1, n.  
His *companies* unletter'd, rude, and shallow.
- Companion**—fellow. Cy. ii. 1, n.  
It is not fit your lordship should undertake every  
*companion* that you give offence to.
- Company**—companion. A. W. iv. 3, n.  
I would gladly have *him* see his *company* anatomized.
- Compass (v.)**—used ambiguously. G. V. iv. 2, n.  
*Sil*. What is your will?  
*Pro*. That I may *compass* yours.
- Compass'd window**—bow-window. T. C. i. 2, n.  
She came to him the other day into the *compass'd window*.
- Compass'd**—arched. V. A. n.  
His braided hanging mane  
Upon his *compass'd* crest now stand on end.
- Compassionate**—complaining. R. S. i. 3, n.  
It boots thee not to be *compassionate*.
- Competitors**—confederates. T. N. iv. 2, n.  
The *competitors* enter.
- Competitors**—associates. R. T. iv. 4, n.  
And every hour more *competitors*  
Flock to the rebels.
- Complain of good breeding**—complain of the want of good breeding. A. L. iii. 2, n.  
That he that hath learned no wit by nature nor art  
may *complain of good breeding*.
- Complain myself**—the French *se plaindre*. R. S. i. 2, n.  
Where then, alas! may I *complain myself*?
- Complain'd**—formerly used without a subjoined preposition.  
Luc. n.  
And by chaste Lucrece's soul that late *complain'd*  
Her wrongs to us.
- Complement externa**—outward completeness. O. i. 1, n.  
For when my outward action doth demonstrate  
The native act and figure of my heart  
In *complement externa*, 'tis not long after  
But I will wear my heart upon my sleeve.
- Complements**—ceremonies. L. L. L. i. 1, n.  
A man of *complements*.
- Compliment**—respect for forms. R. J. ii. 2, n.  
But farewell *compliment*.
- Compose (v.)**—agree, come to agreement. A. C. ii. 2, n.  
If we *compose* well here, to Parthia.
- Composition**—agreement. M. M. v. 1, n.  
Her promised proportions  
Came short of *composition*.
- Comptible**—accountable, ready to submit. T. N. i. 5, n.  
Good beauties, let me sustain no scorn; I am very  
*comptible* even to the least sinister usage.
- Concave** as a covered goblet. A. L. iii. 4, n.  
I do think him as *concave* as a covered goblet.
- Conceited characters**—fanciful figures worked. L. C. n.  
Oft did she heave her napkin to her eye,  
Which on it had *conceited characters*.
- Conceited**—ingenious, imaginative. Luc. n.  
Threat'ning cloud-kissing Ilion with annoy;  
Which the *conceited* painter drew so proud.
- Conclusions** to be as kisses. T. N. v. 1, n.  
So that, *conclusions to be as kisses*, if your four negatives  
make your two affirmatives, why, then the worse for my  
friends and the better for my foes.
- Conclusions**—experiments. Cy. i. 6, n.  
Is't not meet  
That I did amplify my judgment in  
Other *conclusions*?
- Condition**—temper. A. L. i. 2, n.  
Yet such is now the duke's *condition*  
That he misconstrues all that you have done.
- Condition**—temper. H. 4, F. P. i. 3, n.  
I will from henceforth rather be myself,  
Mighty, and to be fear'd, than my *condition*.
- Collision**—art. T. Ath. i. 1, n.  
This throne, this Fortune, and this hill, methinks,  
With one man beckon'd from the rest below,  
Bowing his head against the steepy mount  
To climb his happiness, would be well express'd  
In our *condition*.
- Conduct**—conductor. Luc. n.  
The wind wars with his torch, to make him stay,  
And blows the smoke of it into his face,  
Extinguishing his *conduct* in this case.
- Condulta**. W. T. v. 2, i.  
Weather-bitten *condult*.
- Coney-catching**—thieving. M. W. i. 1, n.  
Your *coney-catching* rascals, Bardolph, Nym, and Pistol.
- Confession's seal**—seal of confession. H. E. i. 2, n.  
Whom after under the *confession's seal*  
He solemnly had sworn.
- Confound (v.)**—destroy. A. C. iii. 2, n.  
What willingly he did *confound* he wail'd.
- Confounded**—destroyed. H. F. iii. 1, n.  
As fearfully as doth a galled rock  
O'erhang and jutting his *confounded* base.
- Confounds**—destroys. Luc. n.  
And one man's lust these many lives *confounds*.
- Consent (v.)**—concur. A. L. v. 1, n.  
All your writers do *consent*, that ipse is he.
- Consented**. H. 6, F. P. i. 1, n.  
But have *consented* unto Henry's death.
- Considerate** stone. A. C. ii. 2, n.  
Go to then; your *considerate* *stone*.
- Consign'd**—confirmed, ratified. H. 4, S. P. iv. 1, n.  
And present execution of our wills  
To us, and to our purposes, *consign'd*.
- Consist**—stands on. P. i. 4, n.  
Welcome is peace, if he on peace *consist*.
- Consula**, elections of,—from North's 'Plutarch.' Cor. iii. 1, i.  
Are these your herd?
- Contain (v.)**—retain. M. V. v. 1, n.  
Or your own honour to *contain* the ring.
- Contemns me this**—contemptuously refuse this favour. V. A. n.  
What am I, that thou shouldst *contemns me this*?
- Content**. A. L. i. 3, n.  
Now go in we *content*  
To liberty, and not to banishment.
- Content with my harm**—resigned to any evil. A. L. iii. 2, n.  
Glad of other men's good, *content with my harm*.
- Content**—acquiescence. V. A. n.  
Forc'd to *content*, but never to obey.
- Continents**—banks. M. N. D. ii. 2, n.  
That they have overborne their *continents*.
- Continue**—uninterrupted. O. iii. 4, n.  
But I shall, in a more *continue* time,  
Strike off this score of absence.
- Contrary feet**. J. iv. 2, n. (See G. V. ii. 3, i.)  
Standing on slippers (which his nimble haste  
Had falsely thrust upon *contrary feet*).
- Contrive**—wear away. T. S. i. 2, n.  
Please ye we may *contrive* this afternoon.
- Convened**—summoned. H. E. v. 1, n.  
To-morrow morning to the council-board  
He be *convened*.
- Convents**—serves, agrees, is convenient. T. N. v. 1, n.  
When that is known, and golden time *convents*,  
A solemn combination shall be made  
Of our dear souls.
- Conversion**—change of condition. J. i. 1, n.  
For new-made honour doth forget men's names;  
'Tis too respective, and too sociable,  
For your *conversion*.
- Convert (v.)**—turn. T. Ath. iv. 1, n.  
To general slights  
Convert o' the instant, green virginity.
- Convertite**—convert. J. v. 1, n.  
But, since you are a gentle *convertite*.
- Convey (v.)**—manage. L. i. 2, n.  
*Convey* the business as I shall find means.
- Conveyance**—theft. H. 6, F. P. i. 3, n.  
Since Henry's death, I fear there is *conveyance*.

- Conveyance*—juggling, artifice. H. 6, T. P. iii. 3, n.  
I make king Lewis behold  
Thy sly *conveyance*.
- Conveyers*—fraudulent appropriators of property, jugglers.  
R. B. iv. 1, n.  
Biding. Go, some of you, convey him to the Tower.  
K. Rich. O good! convey?—*Conveyers* are you all.
- Convicted*—overpowered. J. iii. 4, n.  
A whole armada of *convicted* sail  
Is scatter'd and disjoint'd from fellowship.
- Convince* (v.)—overcome. Cy. i. 5, n.  
Your Italy contains none so accomplished a courtier  
to *convince* the honour of my mistress.
- Convince* (v.)—overpower. M. i. 7, n.  
His two chamberlains  
Will I with wine and wassel so *convince*.
- Convince* (v.)—overcome. P. i. 2, n.  
But in our orbs we 'll live so round and safe,  
That time of both this truth shall ne'er *convince*.
- Cooks*. R. J. iv. 2, i.  
Sirrah, go hire me twenty cunning *cooks*.
- Copatain hat*—high-crowned hat. T. S. v. 1, n.  
A scarlet cloak! and a *copatain hat*!
- Cope* (v.)—encounter. A. L. ii. 1, n.  
I love to *cope* him in these sullen fits.
- Curullary*—surplus number. T. iv. 1, n.  
Bring a *curullary*,  
Rather than want a spirit.
- Cords*, knives', drams' precipitance. T. N. K. i. 1, n.  
None fit for the dead:  
Those that with *cords*, knives', drams' *precipitance*,  
Weary of this world's light, have to themselves  
Been death's most horrid agents.
- Coriolanus, love of, for his mother. Cor. i. 3, i.  
I pray you, daughter, sing.
- Coriolanus standing for the consulship,—from North's 'Plutarch.' Cor. ii. 2, i.  
It then remains,  
That you do speak to the people.
- Coriolanus, condemnation of,—from North's 'Plutarch.' Cor. iii. 3, i.  
First, hear me speak.
- Coriolanus, banishment of,—from North's 'Plutarch.' Cor. iii. 3, i.  
Our enemy is banish'd.
- Coriolanus, departure of, from Rome,—from North's 'Plutarch.' Cor. iv. 1, i.  
Come, leave your tears.
- Coriolanus, reconciliation of, with Aufidius,—from North's 'Plutarch.' Cor. iv. 4, i.  
A goodly city is this Antium.
- Coriolanus, mission of ambassadors to,—from North's 'Plutarch.' Cor. v. 1, i.  
He would not seem to know me.
- Coriolanus, intercession of the mother and wife of,—from North's 'Plutarch.' Cor. v. 3, i.  
My wife comes foremost.
- Coriolanus, death of,—from North's 'Plutarch.' Cor. v. 5, i.  
Hail, lords! I am return'd your soldier.
- Corporal of his field. L. L. L. iii. 1, n.  
Am I to be a *corporal of his field*?
- Corpse, bleeding, superstition respecting. R. T. i. 2, i.  
Dead Henry's wounds  
Open their congeal'd mouths, and bleed afresh!
- Corsive*—corrosive. H. 6, S. P. iii. 2, n.  
Away! though parting be a fretful *corsive*,  
It is applied to a deathful wound.
- Costard*—head. L. L. L. iii. 1, n.  
Here 's a *costard* broken in a shin.
- Costermonger times*—times of petty traffic. H. 4, S. P. i. 2, n.  
Virtue is of so little regard in these *costermonger times*.
- Coted*—quoted. L. L. L. iv. 3, n.  
Her amber hair for foul have amber *coted*.
- Coted*—overtook, went side by side. H. ii. 2, n.  
We *coted* them on the way.
- Cotswold Hills, sports on. M. W. i. 1, t.  
I heard say he was outrun on *Citsall*.
- Coucheth*—causes to couch. Luc. n.  
This said, he shakes aloft his Roman blade,  
Which, like a falcon towering in the skies,  
*Coucheth* the fowl below with his wing's shade.
- Countenance*—behaviour, bearing. A. L. i. 1, n.  
The something that nature gave me, his *countenance*  
seems to take from me.
- Countenance*—false appearance. M. M. v. 1, n.  
Unfold the evil which is here wrapp'd up  
In *countenance*.
- Counter*. A. L. ii. 7, i.  
What, for a *counter*, would I do but good?
- Counter*—upon a wrong scent. H. 4, S. P. i. 2, n.  
You hunt *counter*, hence! avaunt!
- Counterfeit*—likeness or copy. Luc. n.  
The poor *counterfeit* of her complaining.
- Counterfeit*—portrait. So. xvi. n.  
Much liker than your painted *counterfeit*.
- Counterfeit*—portrait. So. iii. n.  
Describe Adonis, and the *counterfeit*  
Is poorly imitated after you.
- Counterpoints*—counterpanes. T. S. ii. 1, n.  
In ivory coffers I have stuff'd my crowns;  
In cypress chests my arras, *counterpoints*.
- Counties*—nobles. J. v. 1, n.  
Our discontented *counties* do revolt.
- Countries in her face. C. E. iii. 2, i.  
I could find out *counties* in her.
- Country-base*—game of prison-bars, or prison-base. Cy. v. 3, n.  
Lads more like to run  
The *country base*, than to commit such slaughter.
- Complement*—union. So. xxi. n.  
Making a *complement* of proud compare,  
With sun and moon, with earth and sea's rich gems.
- Couplets of the dove. H. v. 1, i.  
Anon, as patient as the female *dove*, &c.
- Court of guard*—enclosed space where a guard is held. H. 4, F. P. ii. 1, n.  
Let us have knowledge at the *court of guard*.
- Court cupboard. R. J. i. 5, i.  
Remove the *court cupboard*.
- Courtesies*—makes his courtesy. T. N. ii. 5, n.  
Toby approaches; *courtesies* there to me.
- Courtship*—paying courtesies. O. ii. 1, n.  
Ay, smile upon her, do; I will gyve thee in this  
own *courtship*.
- Cousin*—kinsman. R. J. i. 5, n.  
Nay sit, nay sit, good *cousin* Capulet.
- Cousins*—relations, kinsfolks. R. T. ii. 2, n.  
My pretty *cousins*, you mistake me both.
- Cowl-staff*—used for carrying a basket. M. W. iii. 2, n.  
Where 's the *cowl-staff*?
- Cry* (v.)—caress. M. N. D. iv. 1, n.  
While I thy amiable cheeks do *cry*.
- Cuier*—botcher. T. N. ii. 3, n.  
Ye squeak out your *cuier's* catches without any m<sup>th</sup>  
gation or remorse of voice.
- Cranking*—bending. H. 4, F. P. iii. 1, n.  
See how this river comes me *cranking* in.
- Cranks* (v.)—winds. V. A. n.  
With what care  
He *cranks* and crosses, with a thousand doubles.
- Crave*—small vessel. Cy. iv. 2, n.  
To show what coast thy sluggish *crave*  
Might easiest harbour in.
- Crave our acquaintance. T. N. K. ii. 2, n.  
Envy of ill men  
*Crave our acquaintance*.
- Craven. T. S. ii. 1, n.  
No cock of mine, you crow too like a *craven*.
- Credent*—credible. W. T. i. 2, n.  
Then, 't is very *credent*.
- Credit*—belief, thing believed. T. N. iv. 3, n.  
And there I found this *credit*,  
That he did range the town to seek me out.
- Credit his own lie. T. i. 2, n.  
Like one  
Who having unto truth, by telling of it,  
Made such a sinner of his memory,  
To *credit his own lie*.
- Cresset-light. H. 4, F. P. iii. 1, t.  
Burning cressets.
- Crest. M. M. ii. 4, n.  
Let's write good angel on the devil's horn.  
'T is not the devil's *crest*.

**Crooked age.** R. S. ii. 1, s.  
And thy unkindness be like *crooked age*,  
To crop at once a too long wither'd flower.

**Crosby-house.** R. T. iii. 1, f.  
At *Crosby-house* there shall you find us both.

**Cross—a coin.** L. L. L. i. 2, s.  
He speaks the mere contrary, *crosses* love not him.

**Cross—piece of money stamped with a cross.** A. L. ii. 4, s.  
I should bear no *cross*, if I did bear you; for, I think,  
you have no money in your purse.

**Cross-gartering.** T. N. ii. 5, i.  
Wished to see thee ever *cross-gartered*.

**Cross-keeper—one who keeps crows from corn.** L. iv. 6, s.  
That fellow handles his bow like a *cross-keeper*.

**Crowned swords.** H. F. ii. Chorus, i.  
And hides a sword, from hilts unto the point,  
With crowns imperial, crowns and coronets.

**Crush'd—overpowered.** H. F. i. 2, s.  
It follows then, the cat must stay at home:  
Yet that is but a *crush'd* necessity;  
Since we have locks to safeguard necessities.

**Cruzaodes.** O. iii. 4, i.  
I had rather have lost my purse  
Full of *cruzaodes*.

**Cry aim.** M. W. iii. 2, s. (See Note to G. V. iii. 1.)  
To these violent proceedings all my neighbours shall  
*cry aim*.

**Cry aim.** J. ii. 1, s. (See G. V. iii. 1, i.)  
It ill becomes this presence, to *cry aim*  
To these ill-tuned repetitions.

**Cry of clubs.** H. E. v. 3, i.  
Who cried out, *clubs*!

**Cry sleep to death—destroy sleep.** L. ii. 4, s.  
Or at their chamber door I'll beat the drum,  
Till it *cry sleep to death*.

**Cry'd game.** M. W. ii. 3, s.  
*Cry'd game*? said I well?

**Crystal.** H. 6, F. P. i. 1, s.  
Brandish your *crystal* tresses in the sky.

**Cuckoo and hedge-sparrow.** H. 4, F. P. v. 1, i.  
As that ungentele gull the *cuckoo's* bird  
Useth the *sparrow*.

**Cunning—knowing, learned.** T. S. i. 1, s.  
For to *cunning* men  
I will be very kind, and liberal.

**Cunning—skillful.** H. 4, F. P. ii. 4, s.  
Wherein *cunning*, but in craft?

**Cunning—wisdom.** T. Ath. v. 5, s.  
Shame that they wanted *cunning*, in excess,  
Hath broke their hearts.

**Cunning—knowledge.** P. iii. 2, s.  
Virtue and *cunning* were endowments greater  
Than nobleness and riches.

**Cupid and Vulcan.** M. A. i. 1, s.  
*Cupid* is a good hare-finder, and *Vulcan* a rare carpenter.

**Cupid's bow.** R. J. i. 4, i.  
We'll have no *Cupid* hoodwink'd with a scarf.

**Curb (v.)—bend.** H. iii. 4, s.  
Virtue itself of vice must pardon beg;  
Yes, *curb* and woo, for leave to do him good.

**Curiosity—niceness, delicacy.** T. Ath. iv. 3, s.  
They mocked thee for too much *curiosity*.

**Curiosity—exact scrutiny.** L. i. 1, s.  
For qualities are so weighed, that *curiosity* in neither  
can make choice of either's moiety.

**Curiosity—fastidiousness.** L. i. 2, s.  
Wherefore should I  
Stand in the plague of custom; and permit  
The *curiosity* of nations to deprive me.

**Curious—scrupulous.** T. S. iv. 4, s.  
For *curious* I cannot be with you.

**Curled hair.** Luc. s.  
Let him have time to tear his *curled hair*.

**Current—rush.** H. 4, F. P. ii. 3, s.  
And all the *current* of a heady flight.

**Curry favel.** H. 4, S. P. v. 1, i.  
I would *curry* with master Shallow.

**Curst—shrewish.** L. L. L. iv. 1, s.  
Do not *curst* wives hold that self sovereignty?

**Curst—shrewish.** M. N. D. iii. 2, s.  
I was never *curst*,  
I have no gift at all in shrewishness.

**Curst—crabbed.** T. N. iii. 2, s.  
Be *curst* and brief.

**Curst—mischievous.** W. T. iii. 3, s.  
They are never *curst*, but when they are hungry.

**Curtall-dog.** M. W. ii. 1, s.  
Hope is a *curtall-dog* in some affairs.

**Cust-alorum—abridgment of Custos Rotulorum.** M. W. i. 1, s.  
*Slender*. In the county of Gloster, justice of peace, and  
corum.  
*Shallow*. Ay, cousin *Slender*, and *Cust-alorum*.

**Cut and long-tail.** M. W. iii. 4, s.  
Ay, that I will, come *cut* and *long-tail*.

**Cut—horse.** T. N. ii. 3, s.  
If thou hast her not 't' the end, call me *cut*.

**Cypress.** T. N. ii. 4, s.  
And in *mad cypress* let me be laid.

**Cyprus.** T. N. iii. 1, s. (See T. N. ii. 4, s.)  
A *Cyprus*, not a bosom,  
Hides my heart.

**Cyprus, invasion of, by the Turks in 1570.** O. i. 3, i.  
The Turkish preparation makes for Rhodes.

**Cyprus, notice of.** O. ii. 1, i.  
A sea-port town in *Cyprus*.

## D.

**Daff—to put aside.** M. A. v. 1, s.  
Canst thou so *daff* me?

**Daffs—puts me aside.** O. iv. 2, s.  
Every day thou *daffs* me with some device.

**Dagger of lath.** H. 4, F. P. ii. 4, s.  
If I do not beat thee out of thy kingdom with a *dagger*  
of *lath*.

**Dagger, mode of wearing.** R. J. v. 3, s.  
O, Heaven!—O, wife! look how our daughter bleeds!  
This *dagger* hath mista'en,—for, lo! his house  
Is empty on the back of Montague,—  
And is mis-sheathed in my daughter's bosom.

**Damask coloured.** T. N. i. 3, s.  
A *damask-coloured* stock.

**Dancing horse.** L. L. L. i. 2, i.  
The *dancing horse* will tell you.

**Danger—power.** M. V. iv. 1, s.  
You stand within his *danger*, do you not?

**Danger—power.** V. A. s.  
Come not within his *danger* by thy will.

**Daniel's 'Civil Wars.'** H. 4, S. P. iv. 4, i.  
Hath wrought the mure, &c.

**Danish intemperance.** H. i. 3, i.  
The king doth wake to-night, &c.

**Danskens—Danes.** H. ii. 1, s.  
Inquire me first what *Danskens* are in Paris.

**Dark house—house which is the seat of gloom and discontent.**  
A. W. ii. 3, s. War is no strife  
To the *dark house*, and the detested wife!

**Darraign (v.)—prepare.** H. 6, T. P. ii. 2, s.  
*Darraign* your battle, for they are at hand.

**Datchet-mead.** M. W. iii. 3, i.  
Send him by your two men to *Datchet-mead*.

**Dateless—endless, having no certain time of expiration.**  
So. xxx. s.  
For precious friends hid in death's *dateless* night.

**Day-woman.** L. L. L. i. 2, s.  
She is allowed for the *day-woman*.

**Day of season—seasonable day.** A. W. v. 3, s.  
I am not a *day of season*.

**Dead waste.** H. i. 2, s. (See T. i. 2, s.)  
In the *dead waste* and middle of the night.

**Dealt on lieutenantry—made war by lieutenants.** A. C. iii  
9, s. He alone  
*Dealt on lieutenantry*, and no practice had  
In the brave squares of war.

**Dear.** T. N. v. 1, s. (See R. T. i. 3, s. and H. i. 2, s.)  
Whom thou in terms so bloody, and so *dear*,  
Hast made thine enemies.

**Dear—harmful.** R. S. i. 3, s.  
The sly slow hours shall not determinate  
The *dateless* limit of thy *dear* exile.

- Dear cause*—important business. L. iv. 3, s.  
Some *dear cause*  
Will in concealment wrap me up awhile.
- Dearest merit*—more valued reward. R. S. i. 3, s.  
A *dearest merit*, not so deep a main  
As to be cast forth in the common air,  
Have I deserved at your highness' hands.
- Dearest*—best. L. L. L. ii. 1, s.  
Summon up your *dearest* spirits.
- Dearest*—greatest. H. i. 2, s. (See R. S. i. 3, s.)  
'Would I had met my *dearest* foe in heaven.
- Dearest*. So. xxxvii. s.  
So I, made lame by fortune's *dearest* spite.
- Dearest*—used in a plural sense. O. i. 2, s.  
So opposite to marriage, that she shunn'd  
The wealthy curled *dearest* of our nation.
- Dearest*—extremely. A. L. i. 3, s.  
My father hated his father *dearest*.
- Death and the Fool. M. M. iii. 1, i.  
Merely, thou art death's fool.
- Deck*—pack of cards. H. 6, T. P. v. 1, s.  
But whiles he thought to steal the single ten,  
The king was slyly finger'd from the *deck*.
- Deck'd*. T. i. 2, s.  
When I have *deck'd* the sea with drops full salt.
- Deer, tears of the. A. L. ii. 1, i.  
The big round tears  
Cours'd one another down his innocent nose  
In piteous chase.
- Defeat thy favour*—change thy countenance. O. i. 3, s.  
*Defeat thy favour* with an *deurped* beard.
- Defeatures*—want of beauty. C. E. ii. 1, s.  
Then is be the ground  
Of my *defeatures*.
- Defect of judgment. Cy. iv. 2, s.  
Being scarce made up,  
I mean, to man, he had not apprehension  
Of roaring terrors, for *defect of judgment*,  
As oft the cause of fear.
- Defend*—forbid. M. A. ii. 1, s.  
God *defend* the lute should be like the case.
- Defunct*—functional. O. i. 3, s.  
Nor to comply with heat the young affects,  
In my *defunct* and proper satisfaction.
- Delations*—secret accusations. O. iii. 3, s.  
They're close *delations*, working from the heart,  
That passion cannot rule.
- Delighted. M. M. iii. 1, s.  
And the *delighted* spirit  
To bathe in fiery floods.
- Deliverance, legal. H. 4, S. P. ii. 1, i.  
I do desire *deliverance*, &c.
- Demanded of*—demanded by. H. iv. 2, s.  
Besides, to be *demanded of* a sponge.
- Demerits*—merits. O. i. 2, s.  
And my *demerits*  
May speak, unbosomed, to as proud a fortune  
As this that I have reach'd.
- Demerits*—merits. Cor. i. 1, s.  
Opinion, that so sticks on Marcius, shall  
Of his *demerits* rob Cominius.
- Demoniacs. L. iii. 4, i.  
That hath laid knives under his pillow.
- Denay'd*—denied. H. 6, S. P. i. 3, s.  
Then let him be *denay'd* the regentship.
- Denied you had in him no right*—denied you had in him a right. C. E. iv. 2, s.  
First, he *denied you had in him no right*.
- Departs* (v.)—part. T. N. K. ii. 1, s.  
I may *depart* with little, while I live.
- Derne*—solitary. P. iii. Gower, s.  
By many a *derne* and painful perch.
- Descent* (in music)—variation. G. V. i. 3, s.  
And mar the concord with too harsh a *descent*.
- Desdemona's handkerchief. O. iii. 4, i.  
That *handkerchief*.
- Design* (v.)—designate, point out, exhibit. R. S. i. 1, s.  
Since we cannot attend you, you shall see  
Justice *design* the victor's chivalry.
- Despised arms*—arms which we despise. R. S. ii. 3, s.  
Fighting her pale-fac'd villages with war,  
And ostentation of *despised arms*?
- 'Destruction of Troy,' extract from. T. C. iv. 2, i.  
We must give up to Diomed's hand  
The lady Cressida.
- 'Destruction of Troy,' extract from. T. C. iv. 3, i.  
Thou art, great lord, my father's *sister's* son.
- 'Destruction of Troy,' extract from. T. C. v. 3, i.  
Go, go, my servant, take thou Troilus' home.
- 'Destruction of Troy,' extract from. T. C. v. 9, i.  
Rest, sword, &c.
- Determine*—come to an end. Cor. v. 3, s.  
I purpose not to wait on fortune till  
These wars *determine*.
- Determin'd*—ended. H. 4, S. P. iv. 4, s.  
Now, where is he that will not stay so long  
Till his friend sickness hath *determin'd* me.
- Devil of the old Mysteries. M. N. D. iii. 2, i.  
Ho, ho! ho, ho!
- Dew. Luc. s.  
But as the earth doth weep, the sun being set.
- Di-dapper*—dabchick. V. A. s.  
Like a *di-dapper* peering through a wave.
- Dial. A. L. ii. 7, i.  
And then he drew a *dial* from his poke.
- 'Dialogue on Taste,' specimen of criticism in. H. 4, P. i. 1, s.  
'Who then affrighted.
- Diana's priest. Cy. i. 7, s.  
Should he make me  
Live like *Diana's* priest.
- Did comply*—was complaisant. H. V. 2, s.  
He *did comply* with his dug, before he sucked it.
- Dido. M. V. v. 1, i.  
In such a night  
Stood *Dido* with a willow in her hand.
- Difference*—heraldic distinction. M. A. i. 1, s.  
Let him bear it for a *difference* between him and  
his horse.
- Differing*—discordant. Cy. iii. 6, s.  
Laying by  
That nothing gift of *differing* multitudes.
- Diffused*—wild. M. W. iv. 4, s.  
Let them from forth a saw-pit rush at once  
With some *diffused* song.
- Dig-you-dens*—corruption of 'give you good e'en'. L. L. L. iv. 1, s.  
God *dig-you-dens* all!
- Digges' prognostication. M. N. D. iii. 1, i.  
Look in the almanac; find out moonshine.
- Digression*—transgression. Luc. s.  
Then my *digression* is so vile, so base.
- Dint*—impression. J. C. iii. 2, s.  
And I perceive you feel  
The *dint* of pity.
- Disable* (v.)—detract from. A. L. iv. 1, s.  
*Disable* all the benefits of your own country.
- Disabled*—impeached. A. L. v. 4, s. (See A. L. iv. 1, s.)  
If again, it was not well cut, he *disabled* my judgment.
- Discoandering*—disquandering, squandering. A. C. iii. 1, s.  
Together with my brave Egyptians all,  
By the *discoandering* of this pelleted storm,  
Lie graveless.
- Discourse of reason*—discursion of reason, faculty of reasoning a train of thought. H. i. 2, s.  
O Heaven! a beast, that wants *discourse of reason*,  
Would have mourn'd longer.
- Discourse*. H. iv. 4, s. (See H. i. 2, s.)  
Sure, He, that made us with such large *discourse*.
- Discourse of thought*. O. iv. 2, s.  
If e'er my will did trespass 'gainst his love,  
Either in *discourse of thought*, or actual deed.
- Disease*—uneasiness. H. 6, P. P. ii. 3, s.  
First, lean thine aged back against mine arm;  
And, in that case, I'll tell thee my *disease*.
- Dislike*—displease. R. J. ii. 2, s.  
*Juliet*. Art thou not Romeo, and a Montague?  
*Rom*. Neither, fair maid, if either thee *dislike*.
- Dimes*—tenths. T. C. ii. 2, s.  
Every tithes soul, 'mongst many thousand *dimes*.
- Dispark'd* my parks. R. S. iii. 1, s.  
While you have fed upon my seignories,  
*Dispark'd* my parks, and fill'd my forest woods.
- Dispos'd*—made terms with. A. C. iv. 12, s.  
You did suspect  
She had *dispos'd* with Cæsar.

*Disputable*—disputations. A. L. ii. 5, s.  
He is too *disputable* for my company.

*Dissemble* (v.)—disguise. T. N. iv. 2, s.  
Well, I'll put it on, and I will *dissemble* myself in 't.

*Dista'nd*—unstained. C. E. ii. 2, s.  
I live *dista'nd*, thou, undishonoured.

*Distemper'd*. H. 4, S. P. iii. 1, s.  
It is but as a body yet *distemper'd*,  
Which to his former strength may be restor'd.

*Distractions*—detachments. A. C. iii. 7, s.  
His power went out in such *distractions*,  
As beguill'd all spies.

*Disverted blood*—affections alienated and turned out of their natural course. A. L. ii. 3, s.  
I rather will subject me to the malice  
Of a *disverted blood*, and bloody brother.

*Division* (in music). R. J. iii. 5, s.  
Some say, the lark makes sweet *division*;  
This doth not so, for she divideth us.

*Do without*—help it. M. V. iii. 4, s.  
I could not *do without*.

*Do extend him*—appreciate his good qualities. Cy. i. 1, s.  
I *do extend him*, sir, within himself.

*Does yet depend*—is yet depending. Cy. iv. 3, s.  
But our jealousy  
*Does yet depend*.

*Dogs of war*. H. F. i. Chorus, i.  
Leash'd in like hounds, should famine, sword, and fire.

*Dollars*—pronounced dolours. M. M. i. 2, s.  
*Lucio*. I have purchased as many diseases under her  
roof as come to—  
2 *Gen't*. To what, I pray?  
*Lucio*. Judge.  
3 *Gen't*. To three thousand *dollars* a year.

*Dole*—lot. W. T. i. 2, s.  
Happy man be his *dole*.

*Dolours*. L. ii. 4, s.  
Thou shalt have as many *dolours* for thy daughters, as  
thou canst tell in a year.

*Doits*. A. C. iv. 10, s.  
Most monster-like, be shown  
For poor'st diminutives, for *doits*.

*Domestic fools*. M. V. i. 1, i.  
Let me play the fool.

*Domestic fools*. A. W. i. 3, f.  
What does this knave here, &c.

*Domitian*, coin of. Cy. iv. 2, i.  
I saw Jove's bird, the Roman eagle.

*Dome*—destroyed. V. A. s.  
Are on the sudden wasted, thaw'd, and *dome*.

*Dome*—destroyed. Luc. s.  
O happiness enjoy'd but of a few!  
And, if possess'd, as soon decay'd and *dome*.

*Double*. O. i. 2, s.  
And hath, in his effect, a voice potential,  
As *double* as the duke's.

*Double set*. O. ii. 3, s.  
He'll watch the horologe a *double set*,  
If drink rock not his cradle.

*Doubt* (v.)—awe. H. F. iv. 2, s.  
And *doubt* them with superfluous courage.

*Dues* (v.)—extinguish. H. i. 4, s.  
The dram of ill  
Doth all the noble substance often *dout*,  
To his own scandal.

*Doves*, presents of. M. V. ii. 2, i.  
I have here a dish of *dues*.

*Dower*—gift. O. iv. 1, s.  
Now, if this suit lay in Bianca's *dower*.

*Dowle*—feather, particle of down. T. iii. 3, s.  
As diminish  
One *dowle* that's in my plume.

*Drawers*—waiters. H. 4, F. P. ii. 4, i.  
Tom, Dick, and Francis.

*Drawn*—drawn out into the field. Luc. s.  
Before the which is *drawn* the power of Greece.

*Dream of Andromache*, preasing. T. C. v. 3, i.  
My dreams will, sure, prove ominous to the day.

*Dress* (v.)—set in order, prepare. H. F. iv. 1, s.  
Admonishing  
That we should *dress* us fairly for our end.

*Drew*—I drew. L. ii. 4, s.  
Having more man than wit about me, *drew*.

*Drink the free air*—live, breathe. T. Ath. i. 1, s.  
Make sacred even his stirrup, and through him  
*Drink the free air*.

*Ducat*. G. V. i. 1, i.  
Not so much as a *ducat*.

*Ducdame*. A. L. ii. 5, f.  
*Ducdame, ducdame, ducdame*.

*Dudgeon*—handle of a dagger. M. ii. 1, s.  
And on thy blade, and *dudgeon*, gouts of blood.

*Due*—pay as due. H. 6, F. P. iv. 2, s.  
This is the latest glory of thy praise,  
That I, thy enemy, *due* thee withal.

*Duelling*. R. J. ii. 4, i.  
A duellist, a duellist.

*Duke*. M. N. D. i. 1, s.  
Happy be Theseus, our renowned *duke*

*Duke*—commander. H. F. iii. 2, s.  
Abate thy rage, great *duke*!

*Dumb show*. H. iii. 2, i.  
The *dumb show* enters.

*Dump*—a mournful elegy. G. V. iii. 2, s.  
Tune a deploring *dump*.

*Dump*. R. J. iv. 5, s. (See G. V. iii. 2, s.)  
O play me some merry *dump*, to comfort me.

*Dumps*—melancholy airs. Luc. s.  
Relish your nimble notes to pleasing ears;  
Distress like *dumps* when time is kept with tears

*Dun* is in the mire. R. J. i. 4, i.  
Tut! *dun*'s the mouse.

*Dunsinane Hills*. M. v. 5, i.  
As I did stand my watch upon the hill.

*Dupp'd*—did up. H. iv. 5, s.  
Then up he rose, and donn'd his clothes,  
And *dupp'd* the chamber-door.

*Dure* (v.)—endure. T. N. K. i. 3, s.  
Yet I wish him  
Excess and overflow of power, an't might be,  
To *dure* ill-dealing fortune.

*Dusty death*. M. v. 5, s.  
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools  
The way to *dusty death*.

*Dwell* (v.)—continue. M. V. i. 3, s.  
I'll rather *dwell* in my necessity.

## E.

*Eager*—sour, sharp. H. 6, T. P. ii. 6, s.  
If so thou think'st, vex him with *eager* words.

*Eager*—sour. So. cxviii. s.  
With *eager* compounds we our palate urge.

*Eanlings*—lambs just dropped. M. V. i. 3, s.  
That all the *eanlings* which were streak'd and pied.

*Ear* (v.)—plough. R. S. iii. 2, s.  
And let them go  
To *ear* the land.

*Ear* (v.)—plough. V. A. Dedication.  
Never after *ear* so barren a land.

*Earl Marshal* of England. R. S. i. 3, i.

*Ears*, tingling of. M. A. iii. 1, f.  
What fire is in mine *ears*?

*Earth*—inheritance, possession. R. S. iii. 2, s.  
So, weeping, smiling, greet I thee, my *earth*.

*Earth-treading stars*. R. J. i. 2, s.  
*Earth-treading stars* that make  
Dark heaven light.

*Earthly happier*. M. N. D. i. 1, s.  
But *earthly happier* is the rose distill'd.

*Earthquake*. H. 4, F. P. iii. 1, i.  
The goats ran from the mountains.

*Earthquake of 1580*. R. J. i. 2, i.  
'T is since the *earthquake* now eleven years.

*Easy*—used adverbially. H. 6, S. P. iii. 1, s.  
My lords, these faults are *easy*, quickly answer'd

*Eche*—eke out. P. iii. Gower, s.  
And time, that is so briefly spent,  
With your fine fancies quaintly *eche*.

Education of women. T. S. ii. 1, f.  
And this small packet of Greek and Latin book.

Edward shovel-boards. M. W. i. 1, f.  
Two *Edward shovel-boards*, that cost me two shillings  
and twopence apiece.

Edward III.'s seven sons. R. S. i. 2, i.  
*Edward's seven sons*.

Edward III.'s tomb. R. S. iii. 3, i.  
By the honourable tomb he swears,  
That stands upon your royal grandsire's bones.

*Eftest*—quickest. M. A. iv. 2, a.  
Yea, marry, that's the *eftest* way.

Eggs for money. W. T. i. 2, i.  
Will you take *eggs for money*?

*Egypt*—the queen of Egypt. A. C. i. 3, a.  
I prithee, turn aside, and weep for her;  
Then bid adieu to me, and say the tears  
Belong to *Egypt*.

Egyptian soothsayer,—from North's 'Plutarch.' A. C. ii. 3, i.  
Say to me  
Whose fortunes shall rise higher, *Cæsar's* or mine?

*Eight and six*—alternate verses of eight and six syllables.  
M. N. D. iii. 1, a.  
It shall be written in *eight and six*.

*Eld*—old age, old people. M. M. iii. 1, a.  
And doth beg the alms  
Of palsied *eld*.

*Element*—constituent quality of mind. H. E. i. 1, a.  
One, certes, that promises no *clement*  
In such a business.

Ely Place. R. T. iii. 4, i.  
My lord of Ely, when I was last in Holborn,  
I saw good strawberries in your garden there.

*Embarquements*—embargoes. Cor. i. 10, a.  
The prayers of priests, nor times of sacrifice,  
*Embarquements* all of fury.

*Embossed*—swollen. T. S. Induction, 1, a.  
The poor cur is *embossed*.

*Embossed*—exhausted. A. W. iii. 6, a.  
But we have almost *embossed* him.

*Embossed*—swollen, puffed up. H. 4, F. P. iii. 3, a.  
Why, thou whoreson, impudent, *embossed* rascal.

Empiricistick. Cor. ii. 1, a.  
The most sovereign prescription in Galen is but *empiricistick*.

*Enchantingly beloved*—beloved to a degree that looks like  
enchantment. A. L. i. 1, a.  
Full of noble device; of all sorts *enchantingly beloved*.

*Engag'd*—retained as a hostage. H. 4, F. P. iv. 3, a.  
Suffer'd his kinsman March  
(Who is, if every owner were well plac'd,  
Indeed his king) to be *engag'd* in Wales.

England, defenceless state of. H. F. i. 2, i.  
My great-grandfather  
Never went with his forces into France, &c.

English travellers, ignorance of. M. V. i. 2, i.  
He hath neither Latin, French, nor Italian.

English bottoms. J. ii. 1, f.  
A braver choice of dauntless spirits  
Than now the *English bottoms* have waft o'er,  
Did never float upon the swelling tide.

*Engross* (v.)—make gross. R. T. iii. 7, a.  
Not sleeping, to *engross* his idle body,  
But praying, to enrich his watchful soul.

*Ensnore* (v.)—fortify. So. xlix. a.  
Against that time do I *ensnare* me here.

*Entertainment*—engagement for pay. Cor. iv. 3, a.  
The centurions, and their charges, distinctly billeted,  
already in the *entertainment*.

*Entrance*—mouth, surface. H. 4, F. P. i. 1, a.  
No more the thirsty *entrance* of this soil  
Shall daub her lips with her own children's blood.

*Envious*—malicious. H. 6, S. P. ii. 4, a.  
With *envious* looks still laughing at thy shame.

*Envy*—malice. M. V. iv. 1, a.  
And that no lawful means can carry me  
Out of his *envy's* reach.

Ephesus, unlawful arts of. C. E. ii. 2, i.  
This is the fairy land.

*Ercles*—Hercules. M. N. D. i. 2, a.  
This is *Ercles'* vein, a tyrant's vein.

Ere beauty's dead fleece made another gay. So. lviii. a.  
(See M. V. iii. i.)  
To live a second life on second head,  
*Ere beauty's dead fleece made another gay*.

Eros, death of,—from North's 'Plutarch.' A. C. iv. 12, i.  
My mistress lov'd thee, &c.

*Erring*—wandering. A. L. iii. 2, a.  
Runs his *erring* pilgrimage.

*Erring*—wandering, unsettled. O. i. 3, a.  
Betwixt an *erring* barbarian and superstitious Venetian

*Escoted*—paid. H. ii. 2, a.  
Who maintains them? how are they *escoted*?

*Esil*. H. v. 1, i.  
Wouldn't drink up *Esil*.

*Esperance*—motto of the Percy family. H. 4, F. P. ii. 1, a.  
That roan shall be my throne.  
Well, I will back him straight: *Esperance!*

*Esperance*. H. 4, F. P. v. 2, a. (See H. 4, F. P. ii. 3, a.)  
Now,—*Esperance!*—Percy!—and set on.

*Espials*—spies. H. 6, F. P. i. 4, a.  
The prince's *espials* have informed me.

*Essay*—trial, examination. L. i. 2, a.  
He wrote this but as an *essay* or taste of my virtue.

*Estate* (v.)—settle. A. L. v. 2, a.  
All the revenue that was old sir Rowland's, will I  
estate upon you.

*Estimation*—conjecture. H. 4, F. P. i. 2, a.  
I speak not this in *estimation*,  
As what I think might be.

Eton. M. W. iv. 6, i.  
With him at Eton  
Immediately to marry.

Enridged. L. iv. 6, a.  
Horns wheel'd, and war'd like the *enridged* sea.

*Even*—equal, indifferent. W. T. iii. 1, a.  
Which shall have due course,  
*Even* to the guilt, or the purification.

*Even christian*—fellow christian. H. v. 1, a.  
And the more pity, that great folk should have con-  
tinuance in this world to drown or hang themselves, more  
than their *even christian*.

*Even* (v.)—make even. T. N. K. i. 4, a.  
But those we will dispute which shall invest  
You in your dignities, and *even* each thing  
Our haste does leave imperfect.

*Ever strike*—continue to strike. Cor. i. 2, a.  
'Tis sworn between us we shall *ever strike*  
Till one can do no more.

'Every Man out of his Humour.' A. L. ii. 7, i.  
Let me see wherein  
My tongue hath wrong'd him.

Evils. M. M. ii. 2, a.  
Shall we desire to raze the sanctuary,  
And pitch our *evils* there?

Exchange. G. V. ii. 2, i.  
Why, then, we'll make *exchange*.

Excommunication, ceremony of. J. iii. 3, i.  
Bell, book, and candle shall not drive me back.

*Excrements*—hair, nails, feathers, &c. H. iii. 4, a.  
Your bedded hair, like life in *excrements*,  
Starts up, and stands on end.

*Exempt*—released, acquitted. C. E. ii. 2, a.  
Be it my wrong, you are from me *exempt*.

*Exempt*—excluded. H. 6, F. P. ii. 4, a.  
Corrupted, and *exempt* from ancient gentry.

Exeter, John duke of. R. S. v. 3, i.  
Our trusty brother-in-law

*Exhibition*—stipend. G. V. i. 3, a.  
What maintenance he from his friends receives,  
Like *exhibition* thou shalt have from me

*Exhibition*—allowance. L. i. 2, a.  
And the king gone to-night! prescrib'd his power:  
Confin'd to *exhibition*!

*Exigent*—end. H. 6, F. P. ii. 5, a.  
These eyes, like lamps whose wasting oil is spent  
Wax dim, as drawing to their *exigent*.

Expedient. J. ii. 1, a.  
His marches are *expedient* to this town.

*Expedient*—prompt, suitable. R. S. i. 4, a.  
*Expedient* manage must be made, my liege.

**Expedient**—expeditious. H. 6, S. P. iii. 1, s.  
A breach that craves a quick *expedient* stop.

**Expedient**—expeditious. R. T. i. 2, s.  
I will with all *expedient* duty see you.

**Expeditiously**—promptly. A. L. iii. 1, s.  
Do this *expeditiously*, and turn him going.

**Expense**—expenditure. L. ii. 1, s.  
'T is they have put him on the old man's death,  
To have th' *expense* and waste of his revenues.

**Expense**—passing away. So. xxx. s.  
And moan the *expense* of many a vanish'd sight.

**Expiate**. R. T. iii. 3, s.  
Make haste, the hour of death is *expiate*.

**Express** (v)—make known. T. N. ii. 1, s.  
Therefore it charges me in manners the rather to  
*express* myself.

**Exsufficate**—exaggerated, extravagant. O. iii. 3, s.  
When I shall turn the business of my soul  
To such *exsufficate* and blow'd surmises.

**Extent**—stretch. T. N. iv. 1, s.  
Let thy fair wisdom, not thy passion, away  
In this uncivil and unjust *extent*  
Against thy peace.

**Extent**—legal term. A. L. iii. 1, s.  
Making *extent* upon his house and lands.

**Extended**—seized upon. A. C. i. 2, s.  
Labienus  
(This is stiff news) hath, with his Parthian force,  
*Extended* Asia from Euphrates.

**Extracting**—absorbing. T. N. v. 1, s.  
A most *extracting* frenzy of mine own  
From my remembrance clearly banish'd his.

**Extravagant**—wandering, unsettled. O. i. 1, s.  
Tying her duty, beauty, wit, and fortunes,  
In an *extravagant* and wheeling stranger.

**Eyes-market**—sparrow-hawk. M. W. iii. 3, s.  
How now, my *eyes-market*.

**Eye**—tinge, shade. T. ii. 1, s.  
*Ans.* The ground, indeed, is tawny.  
*Seb.* With an *eye* of green in't.

**Eye**—character. H. i. 3, s.  
Do not believe his vows, for they are brokers;—  
Not of the *eye* which their investments show,  
But mere implorers of unholy suits.

**Eysell**—vinegar. So. cxi. s.  
I will drink  
Potions of *eysell*, 'gainst my strong infection.

## F.

**Fair**—clear. T. N. K. iv. 2, s.  
The circles of his eyes show *fair* within him.

**Fair** vestal—allusion to Elizabeth. M. N. D. ii. 2, i.  
My gentle Puck, come hither: Thou remember'st, &c.

**Faith**—confidence in a friend. M. A. i. 1, s.  
He wears his *faith* but as the fashion of his hat.

**Falconry**. R. J. ii. 2, i.  
O for a falconer's voice,  
To lure this tassel gentle back again!

**Fall**—used as a verb active. C. E. ii. 2, s.  
As easy mayst thou *fall*  
A drop of water in the breaking gulf.

**Fall** (v.). M. N. D. v. 1, s.  
And, as she fled, her mantle she did *fall*.

**Fall** (used as an active verb). T. N. K. i. 1, s.  
Her twinning cherries shall their sweetness *fall*  
Upon thy tasteful lips.

**Fall** (v.)—let fall. M. V. i. 3, s.  
Did in eaning time  
*Fall* particoulour'd lambs.

**Fall** (v. a.)—let fall. M. M. ii. 1, s.  
And rather cut a little,  
Than *fall* and bruise to death.

**Falls**—lets fall. O. iv. 1, s.  
Each drop she *falls* would prove a crocodile.

**Falls**—lets fall. Luc. s.  
For every tear he *falls* a Trojan bleeds.

**Fall**—cadence. T. N. i. 1, i.  
That strain again;—it had a dying *fall*.

**Falls** on the other. M. i. 7, s.  
I have no spur  
To prick the sides of my intent, but only  
Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself,  
And *falls* on the other.

**False** beards and hair. M. N. D. iv. 2, i.  
Good strings to your *boards*.

**False** hair. M. V. iii. 2, i.  
The scull that bred them in the sepulchre.

**False**—used as a verb. Cy. ii. 3, s. (See C. E. ii. 2, s.)  
'T is gold  
Which buys admittance; oft it doth; yea, and maketh  
Diana's rangers *false* themselves.

**Falsing**—participle of the verb to false. C. E. ii. 2, s.  
Nay, not sure, in a thing *falsing*.

**Fan**, fashion of—R. J. ii. 4, i.  
My *fan*, Peter.

**Fancy**—love. M. N. D. i. 1, s.  
Wishes, and tears, poor *fancy's* followers.

**Fancy**—love. W. T. iv. 3, s.  
*Cam.* Be advised.  
*Flo.* I am; and by my *fancy*.

**Fancy**—love. H. 6, F. P. v. 3, s.  
Yet so my *fancy* may be satisfied,  
And peace established between these realms.

**Fancy**—love. P. P. s.  
Let reason rule things worthy blame,  
As well as *fancy* partial might.

**Fancy**—used in two senses: 1, love; 2, humour. M. A. iii.  
s. s.  
*Claud.* Yet, say I, he is in love.  
*D. Pedro.* There is no appearance of *fancy* in him,  
unless it be a *fancy* that he hath to strange disguises.

**Fancy**—one possessed by love. L. C. s.  
Towards this afflicted *fancy* fastly drew.

**Fancy's slave**—love's slave. Luc. s.  
A martial man to be soft *fancy's* slave.

**Fangled**. Cy. v. 4, s.  
Be not, as is our *fangled* world, a garment  
Nobler than that it covers.

**Fantastical**—belonging to fantasy, imaginary. M. i. 3, s.  
Are ye *fantastical*, or that indeed  
Which outwardly ye show?

**Fap**—cant word for drunk. M. W. i. 1, s.  
And being *fap*, sir, was, as they say, cashier'd.

**Farced** title—H. F. iv. 1, s.  
The *farced* title running 'fore the king.

'Farewell, dear heart,' ballad of. T. N. ii. 3, i.  
*Farewell, dear heart*, since I must needs be gone.

Farmer's 'Essay on the Learning of Shakspeare,' extract  
from, H. F. v. 2, i.  
Notre très cher fils, &c.



*Fashions*—farcins, or farcy. T. S. iii. 2, n.  
Infected with the *fashions*.

*Favour*—features, appearance, countenance. M. N. D. i. 1, n.  
Sickness is catching; O, were *favour* so,  
Yours would I catch, fair *Hermia*, ere I go.

*Favour*—countenance. A. W. i. 1, n.  
Of every line and trick of his sweet *favour*.

*Favour*—appearance. H. F. v. 2, n.  
Which to reduce into our former *favour*  
You are assembled.

*Favour*—appearance. J. C. i. 3, n.  
And the complexion of the element  
In *favour* 's like the work we have in hand.

*Favour*—countenance. J. C. ii. 1, n.  
And half their faces buried in their cloaks,  
That by no means I may discover them  
By any mark of *favour*.

*Favour*—countenance. So. cxiii. n.  
For if it see the rud st or gentlest sight,  
The most sweet *favour*, or deformed creature.

*Favours*—features, countenances. R. S. iv. 1, n.  
Yet I well remember  
The *favours* of these men.

*Favours*—features. H. 4, F. P. iii. 2, n.  
And stain my *favours* in a bloody mask.

Fear no colours. T. N. i. 5, n.  
He that is well hang'd in this world needs to *fear* no  
colours.

*Fear* (v. a.)—affright. M. M. ii. 1, n.  
We must not make a scarecrow of the law,  
Setting it up to *fear* the birds of prey.

*Fear* (v.)—affright. H. 6, T. P. iii. 3, n.  
Thou seest what's past, go *fear* thy king withal.

*Fear* me—make me afraid. H. 4, S. P. iv. 4, n.  
The people *fear* me.

*Fear*—matter or occasion of fear. H. 4, S. P. i. 1, n.  
Thou shak'st thy head; and hold'st it *fear*, or sin,  
To speak a truth.

*Fears* (v.)—used in the active sense. T. S. v. 2, n.  
*Pet.* Now, for my life, *Hortensio fears* his widow.  
*Hid.* Then never trust me if I be *afraid*.

*Fearful guard*—guard that is the cause of fear. M. V. i. 3, n.  
See to my house, left in the *fearful guard*  
Of an unthrifty knave.

*Feated*. Cy. i. 1, n.  
A sample to the youngest; to th' more mature  
A glass that *feated* them.

*Feature* (form or fashion)—applied to the body as well as the  
face. G. V. ii. 4, n.  
He is complete in *feature*, and in mind.

*Federary*—confederate. W. T. ii. 1, n.  
*Camillo* is  
A *federary* with her.

*Fee-simple*. M. W. iv. 2, n.  
If the devil have him not in *fee-simple*, with fine and  
recovery.

*Feders*—servants. A. C. iii. 11, n.  
To be abus'd  
By one that looks on *feders*.

*Feeding*—pasture. W. T. iv. 3, n.  
They call him *Doricles*; and boasts himself  
To have a worthy *feeding*.

*Fell*—skin. L. v. 3, n.  
The good years shall devour them, flesh and *fell*,  
Ere they shall make us weep.

*Fellow*—companion. T. N. iii. 4, n.  
*Fellow!* not *Malvolio*, nor after my degree, but *fellow*.

*Fes*—pestilential abuse. Cor. iv. 1, n.  
Though I go alone,  
Like to a lonely dragon, that his *fes*  
Makes *fear'd* and talk'd of more than seen.

*Feodary*. M. M. ii. 4, n.  
*Elæ* let my brother die,  
If not a *feodary*, but only he  
Owe, and succeed thy weakness.

*Feodary*. Cy. iii. 2, n. (See H. 4, F. P. i. i.)  
Senseless bauble,  
Art thou a *feodary* for this act, and look'st  
So virgin-like without?

*Fere*—companion, husband. T. And. iv. 1, n.  
And swear with me,—as with the woful *fere*,  
And father of that chaste dishonour'd dame.

*Feres*. H. 4, F. P. i. 3, n.  
Indent with *feres*,  
When they have lost and forfeited themselves.

*Fern-seed*. H. 4, F. P. ii. 1, i.  
We have the receipt of *fern-seed*.

*Fet*—fetched. H. F. iii. 1, n.  
On, on, you nobles English,  
Whose blood is *fet* from fathers of war-proof!

*Fet*—fetched. H. 6, S. P. ii. 4, n.  
To see my tears, and hear my deep-*fet* groans.

*Fetter*—low. H. F. iv. 1, n.  
So! in the name of *Cheshu* Christ, speak *fetter*.

*Fierce*—violent, excessive. T. Ath. iv. 2, n.  
O, the *fierce* wretchedness that glory brings us!

*Fife*. M. V. ii. 5, i.  
The wry-neck'd *fife*.

*Fife*. O. iii. 3, i.  
The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing *fife*.

*Fights*—short sails, fighting sails. M. W. ii. 2, n.  
Clap on more sails; pursue, up with your *fights*.

*Figo*. H. F. iii. 6, n. (See R. J. i. 1, i.)  
And *figo* for thy friendship.

*File*—number. M. M. iii. 2, n.  
The greater *file* of the subject held the duke to be wise.

*File*. M. iii. 1, n.  
Now if you have a station in the *file*,  
Not in the worst rank of manhood, say it.

*Filed*—polished. L. L. L. v. 1, n.  
His discourse peremptory, his tongue *filed*.

*Filed*—defiled. M. iii. 1, n.  
For *Banquo's* issue have I *filed* my mind.

*File'd up*—gave the last polish to. So. lxxvi. n.  
But when your countenance *file'd up* his line,  
Then lack'd I matter.

*Fills*—thills, shafts. T. C. iii. 2, n.  
An you draw backward, we'll put you i' the *fills*.

*Find his title*—deduce a title. H. F. i. 2, n.  
*Hugh* Capet also,—who usurp'd the crown  
Of Charles the duke of Lorraine, sole heir male  
Of the true line and stock of Charles the great,—  
To find his title with some shows of truth, &c.

*Find him not*—find him not out. H. iii. 1, n.  
If *he find him not*,  
To England send him.

*Find*—conclusion. M. A. i. 1, n.  
And the *find* is (for the which I may go the *finder*) I will  
live a bachelor.

*Fine* (v.)—sentence. M. M. ii. 2, n.  
Mine were the very cipher of a function,  
To *fine* the faults whose *fine* stands in record,  
And let go by the actor.

*Fine* (v.)—to bring to an end. Luc. n.  
Time's office is to *fine* the hate of foes.

*Fineless*—endless. O. iii. 3, n.  
But riches, *fineless*, is as poor as winter,  
To him that ever fears he shall be poor.

*Fire-new*—bran-new. L. L. L. i. 1, n.  
A man of *fire-new* words.

*Fire-drake*. H. E. v. 3, n.  
That *fire-drake* did I hit three times on the head.

*First and second cause*.—L. L. L. i. 2, i. (See R. J. ii. 4.)  
The *first* and *second cause* will not serve my turn.

*First-born* of Egypt. A. L. ii. 5, n.  
I'll rail against all the *first-born* of Egypt.

*First*—noblest. Cor. iv. 1, n.  
My *first* son,  
Whither wilt thou go?

*Fitted*—subjected to fits. So. cxix. n.  
How have mine eyes out of their spheres been *fitted*!

*Fixed candlesticks*. H. F. iv. 2, i.  
The horsemen sit like *fixed candlesticks*,  
With torch-staves in their hands.

*Fixed figure* for the time of scorn. O. iv. 2, n.  
But, alas! to make me  
The *fixed figure* for the time of scorn  
To point his slow and moving finger at.

*Flap*—dragged it. W. T. iii. 3, n.  
To see how the sea *flap* dragg'd it.

*Flash*—soldier's powder-horn. L. L. L. v. 2, n.  
The carv'd bone face on a *flash*.

*Flashed*—sudden gust of wind. H. 6, S. P. iii. 1, n.  
Calm the fury of this mad-bred *flaw*.  
*Flaw*—M. M. ii. 3, n.  
A gentlewoman of mine,  
Who, falling in the *flaws* of her own youth,  
Hath blister'd her report.  
*Flaws*—crystallisations upon the ground moist with the  
morning dew. H. 4, S. P. iv. 4, n.  
As humorous as winter, and as sudden  
As *flaws* congealed in the spring of day.  
*Flaws*—fragments. L. ii. 4, n.  
But this heart  
Shall break into a hundred thousand *flaws*.  
*Flaws*—violent blasts. V. A. n.  
Sorrow to shepherds, woe unto the birds,  
Gusts and foul *flaws* to herdsmen and to herds.  
*Flaws*—dappled. R. J. ii. 3, n.  
And *flashed* darkness like a drunkard reels  
From forth day's path.  
*Flaws*—float. A. C. iii. 11, n.  
Our sever'd navy too  
Have knit again, and *fleet*, threat'ning most sealike.  
*Flaws*—fish drunkard. M. W. ii. 1, i.  
This *Flemish drunkard*.  
*Flower*'s 'Faithful Shepherdess.' M. N. D. ii. 2, i.  
You spotted snakes.  
*Flowers*' love. T. S. i. 2, i.  
Be she as foul as was *Florientius' love*.  
*Flores* (v.)—bestow propriety and ornament. M. M. iv.  
The justice of your title to him  
Doth *flourish* the deceit.  
*Flying* at the brook—hawking at waterfowl. H. 6, S. P. ii. 1, n.  
Believe me, lords, for *flying at the brook*,  
I saw not better sport these seven years' day.  
*Fly*—leaf of metal used in setting jewellery. R. S. i. 3, n.  
The sullen passage of thy weary steps  
Esteem a *fly*, wherein thou art to set  
The precious jewel of thy home-return.  
*Flying*—thrusting. M. A. v. 1, n.  
Sir boy, I'll whip you from your *flying* fence.  
*Fly*—plenty. T. ii. 1, n.  
All *foisons*, all abundance,  
To feed my innocent people.  
*Fly*—of the year—autumn, or plentiful season. So. iii. n.  
Speak of the spring, and *foison* of the year.  
*Fly*—driven. A. C. v. 1, n.  
O Antony!  
I have *follow'd* thee to this.  
—wickedness. Luc. n.  
Or *fly*, not *fully* lurk in gentle breasts.  
*Fly*—indulge. M. V. iii. 3, n.  
I do wonder,  
Thou naughty gaoler, that thou art so *fund*  
To come abroad with him at his request.  
*Fund*—foolish. Luc. n.  
True *fund* is *fund* and testy as a child.  
*Fund*—fool'n. So. iii. n.  
Or who is he so *fund* will be the tomb  
Of his self-love.  
*Fool*—egg'd patience. C. E. ii. 1, n. (See L. L. L. v. 2, i.)  
This *fool-begg'd patience* in thee will be left.  
*Fools* (court). L. i. 4, i.  
Here's my coxcomb.  
*Fools*. L. L. L. v. 2, i.  
You cannot beg us.  
*For catching cold*—lest they should catch cold. G. . 2, n.  
Yet here they shall not lie *for catching cold*.  
*For*, O, for, O, the hobby-horse is forgot. H. iii. 2, n. (See  
L. L. L. iii. 1, i.)  
Whose epitaph is, 'For, O, for, O, the hobby-horse is  
forgot.'  
*For the heavens*—a petty oath. M. V. ii. 2, n.  
Away! says the fend, *for the heavens*.  
*For two ordinaries*—during two ordinaries at the same table.  
A. W. ii. 3, n.  
I did think thee, *for two ordinaries*, to be a pretty wise  
fellow.  
*For*—because. A. W. iii. 5, n.  
He stole from France,  
As 't is reported, *for* the king had married him  
Against his liking.

*For*—because. M. M. ii. 1, n.  
You may not so extenuate his offence,  
*For* I have had such faults.  
*For*—on account of. T. i. 1, n.  
I'll warrant him *for* 'rowning.  
*For*—in consequence of. H. 6, S. P. iv. 7, n.  
These cheeks are pale *for* watching for your good.  
*For*—because. Cy. iv. 3, n.  
Play judge and executioner, all himself,  
*For* we do fear the law.  
*For*—on account of, because of. M. iii. 1, n.  
Yet I must not.  
*For* certain friends that are both his and mine.  
*For*—because. So. xi. n.  
I cannot blame thee *for* my love thou usest.  
*For* inequality. M. M. v. 1, n.  
Do not banish reason  
*For inequality*.  
*For* coining. L. iv. 6, n.  
No, they cannot touch me *for* coining.  
*For*—instead of. H. v. 1, n.  
*For* charitable prayers,  
Shards, flints, and pebbles, should be thrown on her.  
*Force* (v.)—enforce. H. E. iii. 2, n.  
If you will now unite in your complaints  
And *force* them with a constancy, the cardinal  
Cannot stand under them.  
*Force* (v.)—value, regard. Luc. n.  
For me, I *force* not argument a straw.  
*Fore-slow*—delay, loiter. H. 6, T. P. ii. 3, n.  
*Fore-slow* no longer, make we hence again.  
*Fore-done*—destroyed. L. v. 3, n.  
Your eldest daughters have *fore-done* themselves,  
And desperately are dead.  
*Fore-does*—destroys, undoes. H. ii. 1, n.  
This is the very ecstasy of love;  
Whose violent property *foredoes* itself.  
Foreign commercial laws. C. E. i. 1, i.  
It hath in solemn synods been decreed,  
Both by the Syracusans and ourselves,  
To admit no traffic to our adverse towns:  
Nay, more, if any, born at Ephesus,  
Be seen at any Syracusan marts and fairs,  
Again, if any Syracusan born,  
Come to the bay of Ephesus, he dies,  
His goods confiscate to the duke's dispose,  
Unless a thousand marks be levied,  
To quit the penalty, and to ransom him.  
*Forefall'd remission*—pardon supplicated, not offered freely.  
H. 4, S. P. v. 2, n.  
And never shall you see that I will beg  
A ragged and *forefall'd remission*.  
*Forfeit* (v.)—transgress. M. M. iii. 2, n.  
Double and treble admonition, and still *forfeit* in the  
same kind.  
*Forfeitters*. Cy. iii. 2, n.  
Though *forfeitters* you cast in prison, yet  
You clasp young Cupid's tables.  
*Forgetive*—inventive. H. 4, S. P. iv. 3, n.  
Makes it apprehensive, quick, *forgetive*.  
*Forked heads*—the heads of barbed arrows. A. L. ii. 1, n.  
Should, in their own confines, with *forked heads*  
Have their round haunches gor'd.  
*Formal*—reasonable. T. N. ii. 5, n.  
Why, this is evident to any *formal* capacity.  
*Form'd* as marble will. Luc. n.  
For men have marble, women waxen minds,  
And therefore are they *form'd* as marble will.  
*Former ensign*—ensign in the van. J. C. v. 1, n.  
Coming from Sardis, on our *former ensign*  
Two mighty eagles fell.  
*Forres*, moors near. M. i. 2, i.  
Camp near *Forres*.  
*Forres*, town of. M. i. 4, i.  
*Forres*. A room in the Palace.  
*Forspent*—wearied out. H. 4, S. P. i. 1, n.  
After him, came spurring hard,  
A gentleman almost *forspent* with speed.  
*Forspent*—wearied. H. 6, T. P. ii. 3, n.  
*Forspent* with toil, as runners with a race.  
*Forspoke*—spoken against. A. C. iii. 7, n.  
Thou hast *forspoke* my being in these wars.

*Fortune*—chance. T. N. K. ii. 2, s.  
 Arcite shall have a *fortune*.  
 If he dare make himself a worthy lover.  
*Forty pence*—I lay forty pence. H. E. ii. 3, s.  
 How tastes it? Is it bitter? *forty pence*, no.  
*Forewinded*—winded. J. ii. 1, s.  
 Your king, whose labour'd spirits  
*Forewinded* in this action of swift speed,  
 Craves harbourage within your city walls.  
*Foul*—homely. A. L. iii. 3, s.  
 I am not a slut, though I thank the gods I am *foul*.  
*Fouler*. Cor. iv. 7, s.  
 One fire drives out one fire; one nail, one nail;  
 Rights by rights *fouler*.  
*Fountains*. T. S. v. 2, i.  
 A woman mov'd is like a *fountain* troubled.  
*Fourteen years' purchase*. T. N. iv. 1, s.  
 These wise men that give fools money get themselves  
 a good report after *fourteen years' purchase*.  
*Fox, Mr.*, strange tale of. M. A. i. 1, i.  
 Like the old tale, my lord: 'it is not so, nor 't was not  
 so; but indeed, God forbid it should be so.'  
*Fox*—sword. H. F. iv. 4, s.  
 Thou diest on point of *fox*.  
*Foysons*—abundant provision. M. iv. 3, s.  
 Scotland hath *foysons* to fill up your will.  
*Frame*—ordinance, arrangement. M. A. iv. 1, s.  
 Child I for that at frugal nature's *frame*?  
*Frampold*—fretful, uneasy. M. W. ii. 2, s.  
 She leads a very *frampold* life with him.  
*Franciscan order of friars*. R. J. v. 2, i.  
 Going to find a barefoot brother out.  
*Frank*—sty. H. 4, S. P. ii. 2, s.  
 Doth the old boar feed in the old *frank*.  
*Franklin*. Cy. iii. 2, i.  
 A *franklin*'s housewife.  
*Freighting*—constituting the freight, or freight. T. i. 2, s.  
 The *freighting* souls within her.  
*Free maids*. T. N. ii. 4, s.  
 And the *free maids*, that weave their thread with bones,  
 Do use to chant it.  
*Free expressions*, old mode of. R. J. i. 4, i.  
 Of this sir reverence, love.  
*Free*—free from offence. H. ii. 2, s.  
 Make mad the guilty, and appal the *free*.  
*Frescoes* at Grove House. H. 4, S. P. ii. 1, i.  
 The German hunting in water-work.  
*Freta*. T. S. ii. 1, s. (See Hamlet, iii. 2, s.)  
 I did but tell her she mistook her *freta*.  
*Frets*—wires fixed across the finger-board of a lute or guitar.  
 H. ii. 2, s.  
 Call me what instrument you will, though you can *fret*  
 me, you cannot play upon me.  
*Friar Tuck*. G. V. iv. 1, i.  
 Robin Hood's *fut friar*.  
 'Friar of Orders Grey.' T. S. iv. 1, s.  
 It was the *friar of orders grey*.  
*Frogmore*. Duel of Dr. Caius and Sir H. Evans, place of.  
 M. W. ii. 3, i.  
 Go about the fields with me through *Frogmore*.  
*From sun to sun*—from the rising to the setting of the sun.  
 R. S. iv. 1, s.  
 And spur thee on with full as many lies  
 As may be hoild' in thy treacherous ear  
*From sun to sun*.  
*From*—before, a short distance off. P. iii. Gower, s.  
 The cat, with eyne of burning coal,  
 Now couches *from* the mouse's hole.  
*Front* (v.)—face. H. E. i. 2, s.  
 And *front* but in that file  
 Where others tell steps with me.  
*Frontier*. H. 4, F. P. i. 3, s.  
 And majesty might never yet endure  
 The moody *frontier* of a servant brow.  
*Frontiers*—forts. H. 4, F. P. ii. 3, s.  
 Of palimades, *frontiers*, parapets.  
*Froth and live*. M. W. i. 3, s.  
 Let me see thee *froth and live*.  
*Fruit* to that great feast. H. ii. 2, s.  
 My news shall be the *fruit* to that great *feast*.

*Frush* (v.)—break to pieces. T. C. v. 6, s.  
 I like thy armour well;  
 I'll *frush* it and unlock the rivets ail.  
*Fulfil'd*—completely filled. Luc. s.  
 O, let it not be held  
 Poor women's faults that they are so *fulfil'd*  
 With men's abuses.  
*Fulfilling bolts*—bolts filling full. T. C. Prologue, s.  
 With massy staples  
 And correspon'dive and *fulfilling bolts*.  
*Full of knight*. M. W. iv. 2, s.  
 Pray Heaven it be not *full of knight* again.  
*Full*—quite. W. T. i. 2, s.  
 Thou want'st a rough pash, and the shoots that I ha:  
 To be *full* like me.  
*Full of bread*. H. iii. 3, s.  
 He took my father grossly, *full of bread*;  
 With all his crimes broad blown, as fresh as May.  
*Fulvia*, death of,—from North's 'Plutarch.' A. C. i. 2, i.  
*Fulvia* thy wife first came into the field.  
*Furbish* (v.)—polish. R. S. i. 3, s.  
 And *furbish* new the name of John of Gaunt.  
*Fust* (v.)—become mouldy. H. iv. 4, s.  
 Gave us not  
 That capability and godlike reason  
 To *fust* in us unus'd.

## G.

*Godshill*. H. 4, F. P. i. 2, i.  
 But, my lads, my lads, to-morrow morning, by six  
 o'clock, early at *Godshill*.  
*Gait*—progress, the act of going. H. i. 2, s.  
 To suppress  
 His further *gait* herein.  
*Galliard*, coranto, sink-a-pace. T. N. i. 3, i.  
 Why dost thou not go to church in a *galliard*, and  
 come home in a *coranto*? . . . sink-a-pace.  
*Galliard*—ancient dance. H. F. i. 2, s.  
 There's nought in France  
 That can be with a nimble *galliard* won.  
*Galliassees*—vessels of burthen. T. S. ii. 1, s.  
 Besides two *galliassees*  
 And twelve tight galleys.  
*Gallimaufry*—confused heap. W. T. iv. 3, s.  
 And they have a dance which the wenches say is  
*gallimaufry* of gambols.  
*Gallows* (v.)—scare. L. iii. 2, s.  
*Gallows* the very wanderers of the dark.  
*Gamester*—adventurer at a game. A. L. i. 1, s.  
 Now will I stir this *gamester*.  
*Gamut*. T. S. iii. 1, i.  
*Gamut* I am, the ground of all accord.  
*Gaping pig*. M. V. iv. 1, s.  
 Some men there are love not a *gaping pig*.  
*Gaping*—shouting. H. E. v. 3, s.  
 Ye rude slaves, leave your *gaping*.  
*Garbolls*—disorders, commotions. A. C. i. 3, s.  
 Look here, and at thy sovereign leisure read  
 The *garbolls* she awak'd.  
*Gardon*—guerdon. L. L. L. iii. 1, s.  
*Gardon*—remuneration.  
*Garters*. G. V. ii. 1, i.  
 He, being in love, could not see to *garter* his hose.  
*Gate*—got, procured. L. C. s.  
 Who, glaz'd with crystal, *gate* the glowing roses  
 That flame through water which their hue enliven.  
*Gaudy night*—night of rejoicing. A. C. iii. 11, s.  
 Let's have one other *gaudy night*.  
*Gauntlet*. H. 4, S. P. i. 1, i.  
 Scaly *gauntlet*.  
*Gave*—was inclined to, made a movement towards. L. C. s.  
 These often bath'd she in her fluxive eyes,  
 And often kiss'd, and often *gave* to tear.  
*Gear*—matter. M. V. i. 1, s.  
 I'll grow a talker for this *gear*.  
*Geck*—person derided. T. N. v. 1, s.  
 And made the most notorious *geck* and gull,  
 That e'er invention play'd on.  
*General*—people. M. M. ii. 4, s.  
 The *general*, subject to a well-wish'd king,  
 Ouit their own part.

*Generous*—used in its Latin sense. M. M. iv. 6, a.  
The *generous* and gravest citizens.

*Gentle*—high-born, noble. T. i. 2, a.  
He's *gentle*, and not fearful.

*Gentle*—well-born. Luc. a.  
Or tyrant folly lurk in *gentle* breasts.

German clocks. L. L. L. iii. 1, i.  
Like a *German* clock.

*Germins*—seeds of matter. L. iii. 2, a.  
Crack nature's mould, all *germins* spill at once.

*Germins*—seeds of matter. M. iv. 1, a.  
Though the treasure  
Of nature's *germins* tumble all together.

*Gest*. W. T. i. 2, a.  
To let him there a month, behind the *gest*  
Prefix'd for's parting.

*Get* within *him*—close with him. C. E. v. 1, a.  
Some *get* within *him*, take his sword away.

*Get her love to part*—prevail upon her love that we may part.  
A. C. i. 2, a.  
I shall break  
The cause of our experience to the queen,  
And *get* her love to part.

Ghebers. L. L. L. iv. 3, i.  
That, like a rude and savage man of Inde.

Ghost of Banquo. M. iii. 4, i.  
Enter the *ghost* of *Banquo*, and sits in Macbeth's place.

*Ghosts* they have *depos'd*—ghosts of those whom they have  
depos'd. R. S. iii. 2, a.  
Some haunted by the *ghosts* they have *depos'd*.

*Gib*—cat. H. iii. 4, a.  
For who, that's but a queen, fair, sober, wise,  
Would from a paddock, from a bat, a *gib*,  
Such dear concernings hide?

*Gibcat*—male cat. H. 4, F. P. i. 2, a.  
I am as melancholy as a *gibcat*, or a lugged bear.

Giglot. Cy. iii. 1, a.  
O *giglot* fortune!

*Giglots*—wantons. M. M. v. 1, a.  
Away with those *giglots* too.

Gilded loam. R. S. i. 1, a.  
Men are but *gilded loam* or painted clay.

*Gillyvors*—gillyflowers. W. T. iv. 3, a.  
The fairest flowers of the season  
Are our carnations, and streak'd *gillyvors*.

*Gimball-bit*—double-bit. H. F. iv. 2, a.  
And in their pale dull mouths the *gimball-bit*  
Lies foul with chaw'd grass.

Gimmers. H. 6, F. P. i. 2, a.  
I think, by some odd *gimmers* or device,  
Their arms are set like *clocks*, still to strike on.

*Ging*—gang. M. W. iv. 2, a.  
There's a knot, a *ging*, a pack, a conspiracy against me.

*Gird* (v.)—scoff, jeer. H. 4, S. P. i. 2, a.  
Men of all sorts take a pride to *gird* at me.

*Gird*. Cor. i. 1, a.  
Being mov'd, he will not spare to *gird* the gods.

*Give you good nights*—God give you good night. H. i. 1, a.  
*Give you good nights*.

*Give away thyself in paper*—be ruined by the securities you  
give. T. Ath. i. 2, a.  
Thou *giv'st* so long, Timon, I fear me, thou wilt *give*  
*away thyself in paper*.

Glamis Castle. M. i. 3, i.  
Thane of *Glamis*.

Glasses. H. 4, S. P. ii. 1, i.  
*Glasses, glasses*.

Glassy margins of such books. Luc. a. (See R. J. i. i.)  
Nor read the subtle-shining secrecies  
Writ in the *glassy margins* of such books.

*Gleek* (v.)—joke. M. N. D. iii. 1, a.  
Nay, I can *gleek* upon occasion.

Gloster, Eleanor Bohun, duchess of. R. S. i. 2, i.  
Duchess of *Gloster*.

Gloves. G. V. H. i. 1, i.  
Sir, your *glove*.

Gloves, perfumed. W. T. iv. 3, i.  
A pair of sweet *gloves*.

Glow-worm. M. N. D. iii. 1, i.  
And light them at the fiery *glow-worm's* eyes.

*Glance* (v.)—explain, expound. H. F. i. 2, s.  
Which Salicque land the French unjustly *glance*  
To be the realm of France.

*Glist* (v.)—swallow. T. i. 1, s.  
Though every drop of water swear against it,  
And gape at wid'st to *glist* him.

*Go to the world*—marry. A. W. i. 2, s.  
If I may have your ladyship's good will to *go to the world*.

God of Love, old song of. M. A. v. 2, s.  
The *god of love*.

*God 'ild you*—God yield you, give you recompense. A. L. iii. 3, s.  
*God 'ild you* for your last company.

*God 'ield you*—God requite you. H. iv. 5, s.  
Well, *God 'ield you*.

*God before*—God being my guide. H. F. iii. 6, s.  
Yet, *God before*, tell him we will come on.

God-syld. M. i. 6, s.  
Herein I teach you,  
How you shall bid *God-syld* us for your pains,  
And thank us for your trouble.

*Godfathers*—jurymen so called. M. V. iv. 1, s.  
In christening, thou shalt have two *godfathers*;  
Had I been judge, thou shouldst have had ten more.

*Goes every one to the world*—every one has been married. M. A. ii. 1, s.  
Thus *goes every one to the world* but I, and I am sun-burned.

Goitres. T. iii. 3, i, Mountaineers  
Dew-lapp'd like bulls.

Gold noble of Richard II. R. S. i. 1, i.  
Eight thousand nobles.

Golding's Translation of Ovid's 'Metamorphoses,' passage in. Cy. i. 4, i.  
I would have broke mine eye-strings.

Good. Cor. i. 1, s.  
We are accounted poor citizens; the patricians, *good*.

*Good deed*—indeed. W. T. i. 2, s.  
Yet, *good deed*, Leontes,  
I love thee not a jar o' the clock behind  
What lady she her lord.

*Good den*—good evening. J. i. 1, s.  
*Good den*, sir Richard.

Good kissing carrion.—H. ii. 2, s.  
For if the sun breed maggots in a dead dog, being a *good kissing carrion*.

*Good life*—alacrity, energy, spirit. T. iii. 3, s.  
So, with *good life*,  
And observation strange.

*Good my glass*—used metaphorically. L. L. L. iv. 1, s.  
Here, *good my glass*, take this for telling true.

*Good my complexion*—small oath. A. L. iii. 2, s.  
*Good my complexion*! dost thou think, though I am caparisoned like a man, &c.

Good old Mantuan. I. L. L. iv. 2, s.  
Ah, *good old Mantuan*!

Good year. M. A. i. 3, s. (See L. v. 3, s.)  
What, the *good year*, my lord!

Good years. L. v. 3, s.  
The *good years* shall devour them, flesh and fell,  
Ere they shall make us weep.

Goodwin Sands. M. V. iii. 1, i.  
The *Goodwins*, I think they call the place.

Gondola. M. V. ii. 8, i.  
That in a *gondola* were seen together.

Gondolier. O. i. 1, i.  
Transported with no worse,  
. . . . . a *gondolier*.

*Got'd* wounded. So. ex. s.  
*Got'd* mine own thoughts, sold cheap what is most dear.

Gormandize, origin of the word. M. V. ii. 5, i.  
Thou shalt not *gormandize*.

Gossamer. I. iv. 6, i.  
Hadst thou been aught but *gossamer*.

Gower's 'Confessio Amantia.' M. V. v. 1, i.  
In such a night  
Medea gather'd the enchanted herbs.

Gower's 'Confessio Amantia,' extracts from. P. i. 4.  
Gower's 'Confessio Amantia,' extracts from. P. ii. 4.

Gower's 'Confessio Amantis,' extracts from. P. iii. i.  
 Gower's 'Confessio Amantis,' extracts from. P. iv. i.  
 Gower's 'Confessio Amantis,' extracts from. P. v. i.  
*Goard, fullam, high, low*—cant terms for false dice. M. W. i. 3, a.  
 Let vultures gripe thy guts! for *goard* and *fullam* holds,  
 And *high* and *low* beguile the rich and poor.  
*Graces*, metrical. M. M. i. 2, i.  
*Lucio*. I think thou never wast where grace was said.  
 2 *Gent*. No? a dozen times at least.  
 1 *Gent*. What? in metre?  
*Gracious*—beautiful. So. lxii. a.  
 Methinks no face so *gracious* is as mine.  
 Grain, high price of. H. 4, F. P. ii. 1, i.  
 Never joyed since the price of oats rose.  
*Grand-guard*—armour for equestrians. T. N. K. iii. 6, a.  
*Are*. You care not for a *grand guard*.  
*Pal*. No, no; we'll use no horses.  
*Grange*—lone farm-house. O. i. 1, a.  
 What tell'st thou me of robbing? this is Venice;  
 My house is not a *grange*.  
*Grates*—offends. A. C. i. 1, a.  
*Att*. News, my good lord, from Rome—  
*Ant*. *Grates* me.  
 Gravedigger's song. H. v. 1, i.  
 In youth, when I did love, did love.  
*Grass* (v.)—engrave. V. A. a.  
 And being steel'd, soft sighs can never *graze* it.  
*Graymalkin*—cat. M. i. 1, a.  
 I come, *Graymalkin*.  
 'Green Sleeves.' M. W. ii. 1, i.  
*Green sleeves*.  
 Green-ey'd monster. O. iii. 3, a.  
 O, beware, my lord, of jealousy;  
 It is the *green-ey'd monster*, which doth mock  
 The meat it feeds on.  
*Greenly*—unwisely. H. iv. 5, a.  
 And we have done but *greenly*,  
 In hugger-mugger to inter him.  
 Gregory Nazianzen's poem. M. N. D. iii. 2, i.  
 O, and is all forgot?  
*Grey*—used as blue. V. A. a.  
 Mine eyes are *grey*, and bright, and quick in turning.  
*Grief*, in two senses: 1. bodily pain; 2. mental sorrow.  
 H. 4, S. P. i. 1, a.  
 Even so my limbs,  
 Weaken'd with *grief*, being now enrag'd with *grief*.  
*Griefs*—grievances. H. 4, F. P. iv. 3, a.  
 He bids you name your *griefs*.  
*Griefs*—grievances. H. 4, S. P. iv. 1, a.  
 And find our *griefs* heavier than our offences.  
*Griefs*—grievances. J. C. iv. 2, a.  
 Speak your *griefs* softly.  
*Grise*—step. T. N. iii. 1, a.  
*Viola*. I pity you.  
*Olivia*. That's a degree to love.  
*Vio*. No, not a *grise*.  
*Grise*—step, degree. T. Ath. iv. 3, a.  
 For every *grise* of fortune  
 Is smooch'd by that below.  
 Groat of Richard II. R. S. v. 5, i.  
 The cheapest of us is ten *groats* too dear.  
*Growing to me*—accruing to me. C. E. iv. 1, a.  
 Even just the sum that I do owe to you  
 Is *growing to me* by Antipholus.  
*Grunt*—loud lament. H. iii. 1, a.  
 To *grunt* and sweat under a weary life.  
*Grype*—bird of prey. Luc. a.  
 Like a white hind under the *grype's* sharp claws.  
 Gualtree forest. H. 4, S. P. iv. 1, i.  
 'Tis *Gualtree forest*, an't shall please your grace.  
*Guard* (v.)—border, ornament. J. iv. 2, a.  
 Therefore, to be possess'd with double pomp,  
 To *guard* a title that was rich before.  
*Guarded*—ornamented, fringed. M. V. ii. 8, a.  
 Give him a livery  
 More *guarded* than his fellows.  
*Guarded*—trimmed. M. A. i. 1, a.  
 The body of your discourse is sometime *guarded* with  
 fragments.

*Guarded*—faced, bordered. H. 4, S. P. iv. 1, a.  
 Led on by bloody youth, *guarded* with rage.  
*Guards*—hem of a garment. L. L. i. iv. 2, a.  
 O, rhymes are *guards* on wanton Cupid's hose  
 Guarini's 'Pastor Fido.' A. L. i. 1, i.  
 Fleet the time carelessly, as they did in the golden  
 world.  
*Guiled*—deceiving. M. V. iii. 2, a.  
 Thus ornament is but the *guiled* shroud  
 To a most dangerous sea.  
*Guileless blood-shedding*—shedding guileless blood. H. 4, S.  
 P. iv. 7, a.  
 These hands are free from *guileless blood-shedding*.  
*Guilty to*—guilty of. C. E. iii. 2, a.  
 But, lest myself be *guilty* to self-wrong.  
*Gules*—red, in the language of heraldry. H. ii. 2, a.  
 Head to foot  
 Now is he total *gules*.  
 Gull. H. 4, F. P. v. 1, a.  
 As that ungentele *gull*, the cuckoo's bird.

## II.

*Hack*—be common. M. W. ii. 1, a.  
 These knights will *hack*.  
*Haggard*—term of falconry; wild. O. iii. 3, a.  
 If I do prove her *haggard*,  
 Though that her jesses were my dear heartstrings,  
 I'd whistle her off.  
*Haggards of the rock*. M. A. iii. 1, i.  
 Coy and wild  
 As *haggards of the rock*.  
*Halcyon* beaks. L. ii. 2, a.  
 Turn their *halcyon* beaks  
 With every gale and vary of their masters.  
*Halfpence*—used for small particles, or divisions. M. A. i.  
 3, a.  
 O, she tore the letter into a thousand *halfpences*.  
*Half-faced* groats. J. i. 1, i.  
 A *half-faced* groat.  
*Half-faced* sun—device of Edward III. H. 6, S. P. iv. ., a.  
 Whose hopeful colours  
 Advance our *half-faced* sun, striving to shine.  
*Halidom*—holiness. G. V. iv. 2, a.  
 By my *halidom*, I was fast asleep.  
*Hallowmas*—first of November. R. S. v. 1, a.  
 She came adorned hither like sweet May,  
 Sent back like *Hallowmas*, or short ut of day.  
*Hang hog*. M. W. iv. 1, a.  
*Hang hog* is Latin for bacon.  
*Hang'd* by the walls. Cy. iii. 4, i.  
 And, for I am richer than to be *hang'd* by the walls,  
 I must be ripp'd.  
*Hand fire-arms*. A. W. iii. 2, i.  
 Smoky muskets.  
*Handkercher*—handkerchief. J. iv. 1, a.  
 I knit my *handkercher* about your brows.  
*Handlest* in thy discourse. T. C. i. 1, a.  
*Handlest* is thy discourse, O that her hand,  
 In whose comparison all whites are ink,  
 Writing their own reproach.  
*Handsome*—heron. H. ii. 2, a.  
 I know a hawk from a *handsaw*.  
*Hannibal*. H. 6, F. P. i. 5, a.  
 A witch, by fear, not force, like *Hannibal*,  
 Drives back our troops, and conquers as she lists.  
*Happies*—makes happy. So. vi. a.  
 That use is not forbidden usury,  
 Which *happies* those that pay the willing loan.  
*Harlot*—hireling. C. E. v. 1, a.  
 While she with *harlots* feasted in my house.  
*Harmuir*. M. i. 3, i.  
 A beast.  
*Harold*, outrage committed on the body of. H. 4, F. P. v. 4, i.  
 With a new wound in your thigh.  
*Harpy*. T. iii. 3, i.  
 Enter Ariel, like a *harpy*.  
*Harried*—vexed, tormented. A. C. iii. 2, a.  
 I repent me much  
 That so I *harried* him.

- Harrows.** H. i. 1, a.  
It *harrows* me with fear and wonder.
- Hat,** penthouse-like. L. L. iii. 1, 1.  
With your *hat*, penthouse-like.
- Hath put himself**—he hath put himself. L. ii. 4, a.  
'T is his own blame; *hath put himself* from rest.
- Hats.** M. A. i. 1, i.  
He wears his faith but as the fashion of his *hat*; it ever changes with the next block.
- Haughmond Hill.** H. 4, F. P. v. 1, i.  
How bloodily the sun begins to peer  
Above yon busky hill.
- Haughty**—lofty, spirited. H. 6, F. P. iii. 4, a.  
These *haughty* words of hers  
Have batter'd me like roaring cannon-shot.
- Hautboy.** H. 4, S. P. iii. 2, i.  
The case of a treble *hautboy* was a mansion to him.
- Have done**—we, his successors, have done. M. W. i. 1, a.  
Ay, that I do; and *have done* any time these three hundred years.
- Have I**—if I have. H. 6, S. P. v. 1, a.  
A sceptre shall it have, *have I* a soul,  
On which I 'll toss the fleur-de-luce of France.
- Have their free voices**—have sent their free voices. H. E. ii. 2, a.  
All the clerks,  
I mean the learned ones, in christian kingdoms  
Have their *free voices*.
- Have uncheck'd theft**—have their theft unchecked. T. Ath. iv. 3, a.  
The laws, your curb and whip, in their rough power  
Have *uncheck'd theft*.
- Have what shall have no end.** So. ex. a.  
Now all is done, *have what shall have no end*.
- Having**—possession. A. L. iii. 2, a.  
Your *having* in beard is a younger brother's revenue.
- Having**—estate. W. T. iv. 3, a.  
Of what *having*, breeding?
- Having.** L. C. a.  
Whose rarest *havings* made the blossoms dote.
- Havock**—no quarter. J. C. iii. 1, a.  
Cry 'Havock,' and let slip the dogs of war.
- Hawks' bells.** A. L. iii. 3, i.  
The falcon her bells.
- He not look'd.** A. C. iii. 4, a.  
Most narrow measure lent me,  
When the best hint was given him: *he not look'd*,  
Or did it from his teeth.
- Headly**—headstrong, rash, passionate. H. F. iii. 3, a.  
The cool and temperate wind of grace  
O'erblows the filthy and contagious clouds  
Of *headly* murder, spoil, and villainy.
- Heart's attorney.** V. A. a.  
But when the *heart's attorney* once is mute,  
The client breaks, as desperate in his suit.
- Heat**—brated. T. N. i. 1, a.  
The element itself, till seven years *heat*,  
Shall not behold her face at ample view.
- Heat**—heated. J. iv. 1, a.  
The iron of itself, though *heat* red-hot.
- Heavy**—dark. O. v. 1, a.  
'T is *heavy* night.
- Hector's challenge** in Chapman's 'Homer.' T. C. i. 3, i.  
Kings, princes, lords, &c.
- Hector, death of**,—from Chapman's 'Homer.' T. C. iv. 5, i.  
Tell me, you heavens, in which part of his body  
Shall I destroy him?
- Hector's horse.** T. C. v. 5, i.  
Now here he fights on Galathea his horse.
- Hector, death of.** T. C. v. 9, i.  
Strike, fellows, strike.
- Heers.** M. W. ii. 1, a.  
Will you go on, *heers*?
- Hefts**—heavings. W. T. ii. 1, a.  
He cracks his gorge, his sides,  
With violent *hefts*.
- Helm'd**—steered through. M. M. iii. 2, a.  
And the business he hath *helm'd*, must, upon a war-  
ranted need, give him a better proclamation.
- Helpless**—that afford no help. V. A. a.  
As those poor birds that *helpless* berries saw.
- Hemp.** C. E. iv. 4, i.  
Here 's that, I warrant you, will pay them all.
- Henbane.** H. i. 5, i.  
With juice of cursed henbane.
- Henchman**—page. M. N. D. ii. 2, a.  
I do but beg a little changeling boy,  
To be my *henchman*.
- Henry of Monmouth.** R. S. v. 3, i.  
Can no man tell of my unthrifty son?
- Henry V., character of.** H. F. i. 1, i.  
Hear him but reason in divinity.
- Hent** (v.)—take hold of. W. T. iv. 2, a.  
And merrily *hent* the stile-a.
- Hent**—grasp. H. iii. 3, a.  
Up, sword; and know thou a more horrid *hent*.
- Her affections**—what she affected, liked. T. N. K. i. 3, a.  
*Her affections* (pretty  
Though happily her careless wear) I follow'd  
For my most serious decking.
- Her need**—the need we have of her. W. T. iv. 3, a.  
And most opportune to *her need*, I have  
A vessel rides fast by.
- Her noble suit in court**—noble suit made to her in court  
L. C. a.  
Lo! this device was sent me from a nun,  
Or sister sanctified of holiest note;  
Which late *her noble suit in court* did shun.
- Her sweet perfections.** T. N. i. 1, a.  
When liver, brain, and heart,  
Those sovereign thrones, are all supplied, and fill'd,  
(*Her sweet perfections*.) with one self king!
- Heralds.** H. F. iii. 6, i.  
There 's for thy labour, Montjoy.
- Herb-grace.** H. iv. 5, a.  
There 's rue for you; and here 's some for me: we may  
call it *herb-grace* o' Sundays.
- Here**—used as a noun. L. i. 1, a.  
Thou lovest *here*, a better where to find.
- Heretby**—as it may happen. L. L. L. i. 2, a.  
That 's *heretby*.
- Hermits**—beadsmen, bound to pray for a benefactor. M. i. 6, a.  
And the late dignities heap'd up to them,  
We rest your *hermits*.
- Herne's Oak.** M. W. v. 1, i.  
Be you in the park about midnight, at *Herne's oak*.
- Hide the false seems true.** M. M. v. 1, a.  
But let your reason serve  
To make the truth appear where it seems hid;  
And *hide the false seems true*.
- Hide fow**—name of a boyish sport. H. iv. 2, a.  
*Hide fow*, and all after.
- Higher**—upper. A. W. ii. 1, a.  
Let *higher* Italy  
(Those hated, that inherit but the fall  
Of the last monarchy) see that you come,  
Not to woo honour, but to wed it.
- Hild**—held. Luc. a.  
O, let it not be *hild*  
Poor women's faults that they are so full'd.
- Hilding**—mean-spirited person. T. S. ii. 1, a. (See H. 4, S. P. i. 1, a.)  
For shame, thou *hilding*, of a devilish spirit.
- Hilding**—cowardly, spiritless. H. 4, S. P. i. 1, a.  
He was some *hilding* fellow, that had stolen  
The horse he rode on.
- His**—its. V. A. a.  
And all this dumb play had *his* acts made plain  
With tears, which, chorus-like, her eyes did rain.
- His**—its. V. A. a.  
And hearing him, thy power had lost *his* power.
- His grand sea**—the grand sea that he (the dew-drop) arose  
from. A. C. iii. 10, a.  
I was of late as petty to his ends  
As is the morn-dew on the myrtle-leaf  
To *his grand sea*.
- His honesty rewards him in itself.** T. Ath. i. 1, a.  
Tim. The man is honest.  
*Old Ath.* Therefore he will be, Timon:  
*His honesty rewards him in itself*.
- His subject**—those subject to him. H. i. 2, a.  
The lists, and full proportions, are all made  
Out of *his subject*.
- His the white**—term in archery. T. S. v. 2, a.  
'T was I won the wager, though you *his the white*.
- Ho**—stop. A. C. iv. 2, a.  
*Ho, ho, ho!*

*Hob, nob*—at random, come what will. T. N. iii. 4, s.  
*Hob, nob*, is his word.  
*Hobby-horse*. L. L. L. iii. 1, i.  
 The *hobby-horse* is forgot.  
*Hoist with his own petar*—blown up with his own engine.  
 H. iii. 4, s.  
 For 't is the sport, to have the engineer  
*Hoist with his own petar*.  
*Hold a goodly manor*. A. W. iii. 2, s.  
 I know a man that had this trick of melancholy *hold a goodly manor* for a song.  
*Hold, or cut bow-strings*. M. N. D. i. 2, s.  
 Enough. *Hold, or cut bow-strings*.  
*Hold, therefore—hold*, therefore, our power. M. M. i. 1, s.  
*Hold, therefore*, Angelo;  
 In our remove, be thou at full yourself.  
*Holding*—burden of the song. A. C. ii. 7, s.  
 Then the boy shall sing;  
 The *holding* every man shall bear, as loud  
 As his strong sides can volley.  
*Holla*—enough, soft, no more of that. V. A. s.  
 What recketh he his rider's angry stir,  
 His flattering '*holla*,' or his '*Stand, I say*'?  
*Holy wells*. G. V. iv. 2, i.  
 At saint Gregory's well.  
*Holy crosses* in Italy. M. V. v. 1, i.  
 She doth stray about  
 By *holy crosses*.  
*Honesty*—liberality. T. Ath. iii. 1, s.  
 Every man has his fault, and *honesty* is his.  
*Honey-seed*—used by Hostess for homicide. H. 4, S. P. ii. 1, s.  
 O thou *honey-seed* rogue! thou art a *honey seed*.  
*Honey-suckle*—used by Hostess for homicidal. H. 4, S. P. ii. 1, s.  
 O thou *honey-suckle* villain! wilt thou kill God's officers,  
 and the king's?  
*Honorificabilitudinitatibus*. L. L. L. v. 1, i.  
 Not so long by the head as *honorificabilitudinitatibus*.  
*Honour*—a style of nobility. V. A. Dedication.  
 I leave it to your honourable survey and your *honour*.  
*Hoodman comes*—allusion to the game of blindman's buff,  
 formerly called hoodman blind. A. W. iv. 3, s.  
*Hoodman-blind*—blindman's buff. H. iii. 4, s.  
 What devil was 't  
 That thus hath cozen'd you at *hoodman-blind*?  
*Hops* (v.)—expect. A. C. ii. 1, s.  
 I cannot *hope*  
 Cæsar and Antony shall well greet together.  
*Hopes*—expectations. H. 4, P. P. i. 2, s.  
 By how much better than my word I am,  
 By so much shall I falsify men's *hopes*.  
*Hopes* not surfeited to death. O. ii. 1, s.  
 Therefore my *hopes*, not surfeited to death,  
 Stand in bold cure.  
*Horse*—used in the plural. T. S. iii. 2, s.  
*Petrucio*. Grumio, my *horse*.  
*Grumio*. Ay, sir, they be ready.  
*Horse*, qualities of the. T. S. iii. 2, i.  
 His *horse* hipped.  
*House*—representative of the family. L. ii. 4, s.  
 Ask her forgiveness?  
 Do you but mark how this becomes the *house*?  
*Household's grave*. T. N. K. i. 5, s.  
 This funeral path brings to your *household's grave*.  
*Houses* in 1577. H. v. 1, i.  
 Imperial Cæsar.  
*How the wheel becomes it*—how well is this ditty adapted to  
 be sung by spinners at the wheel. H. iv. 5, s.  
 You must sing, Down-a-down, as you call him a-  
 down-a. O *how the wheel becomes it*!  
*However*—in whatsoever way. G. V. i. 1, s.  
*However*, but a folly bought with wit.  
*Hoves*—hamstrings. W. T. i. 2, s.  
 Which *hoves* honesty behind, restraining  
 From course requir'd.  
*Hugger-mugger*—a confused state, disorderly. H. iv. 5, s.  
 And we have done but greenly,  
 In *hugger-mugger* to inter him.  
*Human mortals*. M. N. D. ii. 2, s.  
 The *human mortals* want.

*Humour of forty fancies*—a collection of ballads. T. S. iii. 2, s.  
 An old hat, and The *humour of forty fancies* priced  
 in 't for a feather.  
*Humorous*—capricious. A. L. i. 2, s.  
 The duke is *humorous*.  
*Humorous*—full of humours. H. 4, S. P. iv. 4, s.  
 As *humorous* as winter, and as sudden  
 As flaws congealed in the spring of day.  
*Humorous*—dewy, vaporous. R. J. ii. 1, s.  
 Come, he hath hid himself among these trees,  
 To be consorted with the *humorous* night.  
*Humphrey Hower*. R. T. iv. 4, s.  
*Duchess*. What comfortable hour canst thou name,  
 That ever grac'd me in thy company?  
*K. Rich.* 'Faith, none, but *Humphrey Hower*, that  
 call'd your grace  
 To breakfast once, forth of my company.  
*Hundred Merry Tales*. M. A. ii. 1, i.  
 That I had my good wit out of the '*Hundred Merry Tales*'.  
*Hungarian*. M. W. i. 3, s.  
 O base *Hungarian* wight!  
*Hunts-up*, song of. R. J. iii. 5, i.  
 Hunting thee hence with *hunts-up* to the day.  
*Hurly*—loud noise. H. 4, S. P. iii. 1, s.  
 That, with the *hurly*, death itself awakes.  
*Hurly-burly*—uproar, tumultuous stir. M. i. 1, s.  
 When the *hurly-burly's* done,  
 When the battle's lost and won.  
*Husband*. M. M. iii. 2, s.  
 You will turn good *husband* now, Pompey; you will  
 keep the house.  
*Husbandry*—frugality. M. ii. 1, s.  
 There's *husbandry* in heaven,  
 Their candles are all out.  
*Hurled*—clashed. J. C. ii. 2, s.  
 The noise of battles *hurled* in the air.  
*Hymn* attributed to St. Ambrose, passage from. H. i. 1, s.  
 The cock that is the trumpet to the morn.  
*Hyperion*. H. i. 2, i.  
*Hyperion* to a satyr.

## I.

*I will*—I shall. C. E. iv. 1, s.  
 Perchance, *I will* be there as soon as you.  
*I care no more for*—I care as much for. A. W. i. 3, s.  
 O, were you both our mothers,  
 I care no more for than I do for heaven,  
 So I were not his sister.  
*Ice-brook's temper*. O. v. 2, s.  
 It is a sword of Spain, the *ice-brook's temper*.  
*Iceland dog*. H. F. ii. 1, i.  
 Thou prick-eard cur of *Iceland*.  
*Idea of March*,—from North's '*Plutarch*'. J. C. i. 2, i.  
 Beware the *idea of March*.  
*Idle*—useless, fruitless. C. E. ii. 2, s.  
 Usurping ivy, briar, or *idle moss*.  
*Idle*—sterile, barren. O. i. 3, s.  
 Antres vast, and deserts *idle*.  
*Idle talk*. A. C. v. 2, s.  
 Sir, I will eat no meat, I'll not drink, sir;  
 If *idle talk* will once be necessary,  
 I'll not sleep neither.  
*If I were a woman*—allusion to men acting female parts.  
 A. L. v. 4, s.  
 If I were a woman, I would kiss as many of you as  
 had beads that pleased me.  
*If*—virtues of. A. L. v. 4, s. (See R. J. ii. 4, i.)  
 Your *if* is the only peace-maker, much virtue in *if*.  
*If not denounc'd against us*—if there be no especial denunci-  
 ation against us. A. C. iii. 7, s.  
 If not denounc'd against us, why should not we  
 Be there in person?  
*Ilum*. T. C. i. 2, i.  
 When were you at *Ilum*?  
*Ill-inhabited*—ill-lodged. A. L. iii. 3, s.  
 O, knowledge *ill-inhabited*! worse than Jove in a  
 thatched house!  
*Ill-erected*—erected for evil. R. S. v. 1, s.  
 Julius Cæsar's *ill-erected* tower.  
*Ill-usage*. H. 6, P. P. ii. 5, s.  
 Either to be restored to my blood,  
 Or make my *ill* the advantage of my good.

*Images*. H. 4, F. P. iv. 1, s.  
Glittering in golden coats, like *images*.  
*'Imagines mortes'*. R. S. iii. 2, i.  
There the antic sits,  
Scoffing his state, and grinning at his pomp.  
*Imbar*. H. F. i. 2, s.  
And rather choose to hide them in a net,  
Than amply to *imbar* their crooked titles.  
*Immanity*—barbarity. H. 6, F. P. v. 1, s.  
It was both impious and unnatural,  
That such *immanity* and bloody strife  
Should reign among professors of one faith.  
*Imogen's cookery*, Mrs. Lenox's remarks on. Cy. iv. 2, i.  
He cut our roots in characters  
And sanced our broth as Juno had been sick.  
*Imp*—a shoot, a graft, applied to a child. L. L. L. i. 2, s.  
The self-same thing, dear *imp*.  
*Imp* (v.)—engraft, insert. R. S. ii. 1, s.  
*Imp* out our drooping country's broken wing.  
*Impartial*—very partial. M. M. v. 1, s.  
Come, cousin Angelo,  
In this I'll be *impartial*; be you judge  
Of your own cause.  
*Impawn* (v.)—engage. H. F. i. 2, s.  
Therefore take heed how you *impawn* our person.  
*Impervious*—most perseverant. Cy. iv. 1, s.  
Yet this *impervious* thing loves him in my despite.  
*Impertinent*—used by Launcelot for pertinent. M. V. ii. 2, s.  
The suit is *impertinent* to myself.  
*Impetuous* thy gratuity. T. N. ii. 3, s.  
I did *impetuous* thy gratuity; for Malvolio's nose is no  
whipstock.  
*Impious*—unpitying. H. iv. 5, s.  
The ocean, overpeering of his list,  
Eats not the flats with more *impious* haste,  
Than young Laertes.  
*Impleach'd*—interwoven. L. C. s.  
And lo! behold these talents of their hair,  
With twisted metal amorously *impleach'd*.  
*Importance*—importunity. T. N. v. 1, s.  
Maria writ  
The letter, at Sir Toby's great *importance*.  
*Importance*—importunity. J. ii. 1, s.  
At our *importance* hither is he come.  
*Importance*—import. W. T. v. 2, s.  
The wisest beholder, that knew no more but seeing,  
could not say if the *importance* were joy or sorrow.  
*Importance*—import. Cy. i. 5, s.  
Upon *importance* of so slight and trivial a nature.  
*Important*—importunate. M. A. ii. 1, s.  
If the prince be too *important*, tell him there is mea-  
sure in everything.  
*Impose*—command. G. V. iv. 3, s.  
According to your ladyship's *impose*.  
Impossible slanders. M. A. ii. 1, s.  
His gift is in devising *impossible* slanders.  
*Is*—into. R. T. i. 2, s.  
But first I'll turn you fellow in his grave.  
*Is*—during. P. i. Gower, s.  
And lords and ladies, in their lives  
Have read it for restoratives.  
*In* at the window. J. f. 1, s.  
Something about, a little from the right,  
*in* at the window, or else o'er the hatch.  
*In blood*—term of the forest. H. 6, F. P. iv. 2, s.  
If we be English deer, be then in *blood*.  
*In good time*—very well. M. M. iii. 1, s.  
*Duke*. Leave me a while with the maid; my mind  
promises with my habit no loss shall touch her by my  
company.  
*Prus*. In good time.  
*In great measure*—abundantly. M. A. i. 1, s.  
*Leam*. Did he break out into tears?  
*Mess*. In great measure.  
*In lieu*—in consideration of, in exchange for. T. i. 2, s.  
Which was, that he, in *lieu* of the premises  
Of homage, and I know not how much tribute,  
Should presently extirpate me and mine.  
*In place*—there present. H. 6, T. P. iv. 1, s.  
But what said Henry's queen?  
For I have heard that she was there in place.

*In print*—with exactness. G. V. ii. 1, s.  
All this I speak in *print*.  
*In that*—because. M. A. v. 4, s.  
But in *that* thou art like to be my kinsman, live un-  
bruised, and love my cousin.  
*In their poor praise he humbled*—in their poor praise he being  
humbled. A. W. i. 2, s.  
Making them proud of his humility,  
*In their poor praise he humbled*.  
*In use*—lent on interest. M. V. iv. 1, s.  
He will let me have  
The other half in *use*.  
*In your books*—in your favour. M. A. i. 1, s.  
I see, lady, the gentleman is not in *your books*.  
*Incensed*—incited. R. T. iii. 1, s.  
Think you, my lord, this little prating York  
Was not *incensed* by his subtle mother,  
To taunt and scorn you thus opprobriously?  
*Incontinent*—immediately. A. L. v. 2, s.  
They have made a pair of stairs to marriage, which  
they will climb *incontinent*.  
*Incomy*—knowing. L. L. L. iii. 1, s.  
My sweet ounce of man's flesh! my *incomy* Jew.  
*Increase*—produce. M. N. D. ii. 2, s.  
The mazed world,  
By their *increase*, now knows not which is which.  
*Index*. H. iii. 4, s.  
Ah me, what act,  
That roars so loud, and thunders in the *index*?  
*Indies*, Linschoten's map of. T. N. iii. 2, i.  
He does smile his face into more lines than are in the  
new map with the augmentation of the *Indies*.  
*Indifferent knit*—particoloured knitting. T. S. iv. 1, s.  
Their garters of an *indifferent knit*.  
*Indifferently*—tolerably well. H. iii. 2, s.  
We have reformed that *indifferently* with us, sir.  
*Indigest*—disordered, indigested state of affairs. J. v. 7, s.  
You are born  
To set a form upon that *indigest*.  
*Induction*. H. 4, F. P. iii. 1, s.  
These promises are fair, the parties sure,  
And our *induction* full of prosperous hope.  
*Inseparable*—most execrable. M. V. iv. 1, s.  
O, be thou damn'd, *inseparable* dog!  
*Infection*. V. A. s.  
And as they last, their verdure still endure,  
To drive *infection* from the dangerous year.  
*Infection*. R. S. ii. 1, s.  
This fortress, built by Nature for herself,  
Against *infection* and the hand of war.  
*Infinite*—infinity. G. V. ii. 7, s.  
And instances of *infinite* of love.  
*Inform on that*—give information on that point. A. W. iv. 1, s.  
*Inform on that*.  
*Informal*—without sense. M. M. v. 1, s.  
These poor *informal* women are no more  
But instruments of some more mighty member.  
*Inag'd*—pledged. A. W. v. 3, s.  
I stood *inag'd*.  
*Ingenue*—contriver, designer. O. ii. 1, s.  
One that excels the quirks of blazoning pens,  
And in the essential vesture of creation  
Does tire the *ingenue*.  
*Inhabit then*. M. iii. 4, s.  
And dare me to the desert with thy sword;  
If trembling I *inhabit then*, protest me  
The baby of a girl.  
*Inhabitable*—uninhabitable. R. S. i. 1, s.  
Even to the frozen ridges of the Alps,  
Or any other ground *inhabitable*.  
*Inherit* (v.)—obtain possession. G. V. iii. 2, s.  
This, or else nothing, will *inherit* her.  
*Inherit us*—cause us to receive. R. S. i. 1, s.  
It must be great, that can *inherit* us  
So much as of a thought of ill in him.  
*Inkhorn mate*. H. 6, F. P. iii. 1, s.  
So kind a father of the commonweal,  
To be disgraced by an *inkhorn* mate.  
*Inn*—dwelling. R. S. v. 1, s.  
Thou most besetuous *inn*,  
Why should hard-favour'd grief be lodg'd in thee?



*Insane root*—benbane. M. i. 3, a.  
Or have we eaten on the *insane root*,  
That takes the reason prisoner?  
*Insouciance*—defend it, fortify it. C. E. ii. 2, a.  
I must get a scone for my head, and *insouciance* is too.  
*Instance*—example, corroboration. R. T. iii. 2, a.  
Tell him, his fears are shallow, without *instance*.  
*Instances*—solicitations, inducements. H. iii. 2, a.  
The *instances* that second marriage move  
Are base respects of thrift, but none of love.  
*Instruction*. O. iv. 1, a.  
Nature would not invest herself in such shadowing  
passion, without some *instruction*.  
*Insurrection* of the Roman plebeians against the patricians,  
Plutarch's account of. Cor. i. 1, i.  
Suffer us to famish, and their storehouses crammed  
with grain.  
*Intend* (v.)—direct. M. N. D. iii. 2, a.  
For if thou dost *intend*  
Never so little show of love to her.  
*Intend* to sell. T. C. iv. 1, a.  
We'll not commend what we *intend* to sell.  
*Intending*—pretending. R. T. iii. 5, a.  
Tremble and start at wagging of a straw,  
*Intending* deep suspicion.  
*Intending*—pretending. Luc. a.  
*Intending* weariness with heavy spright.  
*Intentments*—intentions. V. A. a.  
And now her sobs do her *intentments* break.  
*Intention*—eagerness of attention. W. T. i. 2, a.  
Affection! thy *intention* stabs the centre.  
*Interest*'d. L. i. 1, a.  
To whose young love  
The vines of France and milk of Burgundy  
Strive to be *interest*'d.  
*Intituled*—having a title to, or in. Luc. a.  
But beauty, in that white *intituled*,  
From Venus' doves doth challenge that fair field.  
*Intrigue*—closely tied. L. ii. 2, a.  
Which are too *intrigue* 't unloose.  
*Invention*—imagination. M. M. ii. 4, a.  
Whilst my *invention*, hearing not my tongue,  
Anchors on Isabel.  
*Invis'd*—invisible. L. C. a.  
The diamond, why 't was beautiful and hard,  
Whereto his *invis'd* properties did tend.  
*Invisible*—unlooked at, disregarded. J. v. 7, a.  
Death, having prey'd upon the outward parts,  
Leaves them *invisible*.  
*Inward*—intimate. M. M. iii. 2, a.  
Sir, I was an *inward* of his.  
*Inward*—intimate, in confidence. R. T. iii. 4, a.  
Who is most *inward* with the noble duke.  
Iona, cathedral at. M. ii. 4, i.  
*Ross*. Where is Duncan's body?  
*Macduff*. Carried to *Culmick*.  
Irish rhyme. A. L. iii. 2, i.  
I was never so be-rhymed since Pythagoras' time, that  
I was an Irish rat.  
*Irks*—is irksome to. A. L. ii. 1, a.  
And yet it *irks* me the poor dappled fools,—  
Being native burghers of this desert city,—  
Should, in their own confines, with forked heads  
Have their round haunches gor'd.  
*Irregular*—irregular, disorderly. Cy. iv. 2, a.  
Conspir'd with that *irregular* devil, Cloten.  
'It was a lover,' song of. A. L. v. 3, i.  
*It was a lover* and his lam.  
*Italian gardens*. M. V. v. 1, i.  
How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!  
*Italian nights*. M. V. v. 1, i.  
The night, methinks, is but the daylight sick.  
*Italian division of time*. R. J. ii. 4, i.  
Is it good den?  
*Italian mode of interment*. R. J. iv. 1, i.  
In thy best robes uncover'd on the bier.  
*Iteration*—repetition. H. 4, F. P. i. 2, a.  
O thou hast damnable *iteration*.  
'Ivanhoe,' reference to. R. S. i. 2, i.  
Be Mowbray's sins so heavy in his bosom.

## J.

*Jack-a-Lent*—puppet thrown at in Lent. M. W. II. 1, a.  
You little *Jack-a-Lent*.  
'Jack Drum's entertainment.' A. W. III. 6, i.  
*Jack o' the clock*—automaton that strikes the hour. R. i.  
v. 5, a.  
While I stand fooling here, his *Jack o' the clock*.  
*Jack*. R. T. iv. 2, a.  
Because that, like a jack, thou keep'st the stroke  
Betwixt thy begging and my meditation.  
*Jack* (at bowls). Cy. ii. 1, a.  
When I kissed the jack, upon an up-cast to be he  
away!  
*Jacks*—leathern drinking-vessels. T. S. iv. 1, a.  
Be the jacks fair within, the jills fair without.  
*Jacks*—small hammers, moved by the keys, which strike the  
strings of a virginal. So. exxviii. a.  
Do I envy those jacks, that nimble leap  
To kiss the tender inward of thy hand.  
*Jades*. H. F. iii. 7, a.  
He is, indeed, a horse; and all other jades you may  
call beasts.  
*Jades*. H. 6, M. P. iv. 1, a.  
And now loud-bowling wolves arouse the jades  
That drag the tragic melancholy night.  
*Janus*, two-headed. M. V. i. 1, i.  
Now, by two-headed *Janus*.  
*Jape*—belonging to a buffoon, a japer. T. N. E. iii. 3, a.  
Ye most coarse these capacities, ye *jape* judgments.  
*Jar o' the clock*—tick of the pendulum. W. T. i. 2, a.  
I love thee not a jar o' the clock behind  
What lady she her lord.  
*Jawing*—jaunting, hurriedly moving. R. S. v. 3, a.  
Spar gall'd, and tir'd by *jaunting* Bolingbroke.  
*Jay* of Italy. Cy. iii. 4, a.  
Some *jay* of Italy,  
Whose mother was her painting, hath betray'd him.  
'Jephthah, Judge of Israel,' passage from the ballad of  
H. ii. 2, i.  
One fair daughter, and no more.  
*Jerkins*. G. V. ii. 4, i.  
My *jerkins* is a doublet.  
*Jerusalem chamber*. H. 4, S. P. iv. 4, i.  
In that *Jerusalem* shall Harry die.  
*Jesses*—term of falconry, footstraps. O. iii. 3, a.  
If I do prove her haggard,  
Though that her *jesses* were my dear heartstrings,  
I'd whistle her off, and let her down the wind  
To prey at fortune.  
*Jest*—a mask, or pageant. R. S. i. 3, a.  
As gentle, and as jocund, as to *jest*,  
Go I to fight.  
*Jews*, toleration of, in Venice, and practice of usury by  
M. V. i. 3, i.  
He lends out money gratis, and brings down  
The rate of usance here with us in Venice.  
*Jews in Venice*. M. V. ii. 2, i.  
Which is the way to master Jew's?  
*Jig*—ludicrous interlude. H. ii. 2, a.  
He's for a *jig*, or a tale of bawdry, or he sleeps.  
*Jills*—cups of metal. T. S. iv. 1, a.  
Be the jacks fair within, the *jills* fair without.  
'Jog on, jog on.' W. T. iv. 2, i.  
*Jog on, jog on*, the foot-path way.  
*John-a-dreams*—heavy, lethargic fellows. H. ii. 2, a.  
Like *John-a-dreams*, unpregnant of my cause,  
And can say nothing.  
*Johnson's criticism on Edgar's description of the cliff*. L. i.  
6, i.  
How fearful  
And dizzy 't is to cast one's eyes so low!  
*Joint ring*, Dryden's description of. O. iv. 2, i.  
A *joint ring*.  
*Joy*—used as a verb. R. S. ii. 3, a.  
The present benefit which I possess:  
And hope to *joy*, is little less in *joy*,  
Than hope enjoy'd.  
*Judicious*—judicial. Cor. v. 3, a.  
His last offences to us  
Shall have *judicious* hearing.

**Jump** (v.)—risk. Cor. iii. 1, n.  
 To jump a body with a dangerous physis  
 That's sure of death without it.

**Jump**—just, exactly. T. N. K. i. 2, n.  
 Where not to be even jump  
 As they are.

**Just**—merely. T. And. iv. 2, n.  
 Ay, just a verse in Horace; I know it well.

**Just occasion**. A. L. iv. 3, n.  
 And nature, stronger than his just occasion,  
 Made him give battle to the lioness.

**Justicer**. Cy. v. 5, n.  
 Some upright justicer.

**Jutty** (v.)—jut over. H. F. iii. 1, n.  
 As fearfully as doth a galled rock  
 O'erhang and jutty his confounded base.

K.

**Katherine of France**. H. F. iii. 4, i.  
 Alice, tu es esté, &c.

**Keach**. H. E. i. 1, n.  
 I wonder  
 That such a keach can with his very bulk  
 Take up the rays o' the beneficial sun.

**Keel** (v.)—scum. L. L. v. 2, n.  
 While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

**Keep** (v.)—restrain. G. V. iv. 4, n.  
 A cur cannot keep himself in all companies.

**Keep** (v.)—care for. M. M. iii. 1, n.  
 Reason thus with life:  
 If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing  
 That none but fools would keep.

**Keep** (v.)—dwell. V. A. n.  
 And sometime where earth-delving conies keep.

**Keeps**—dwells. M. M. i. 4, n.  
 And held in idle price to haunt assemblies,  
 Where youth, and cost, and witless bravery keeps.

**Kendal green**—livery of Robin Hood. H. 4, F. P. ii. 4, n.  
 Three misbegotten knaves in Kendal green came at my back.

**Kenilworth**, pageants at. M. N. D. iii. 1, i.  
 Let him name his name; and tell them plainly he is  
 Snug the joiner.

**Kerne**. H. F. iii. 7, i.  
 A kerne of Ireland.

**Kernes**. H. 6, S. P. iv. 9, n. (See M. i. 2, n.)  
 Of gallowglases, and stout kernes.

**Kernes and gallowglases**. M. i. 2, i. (See H. 6, S. P. iv. 9, n.)  
 Of kernes and gallowglases is supplied.

**Ketch**—cask. H. 4, F. P. ii. 4, n.  
 Thou whoreson, obscene, greasy tallow-ketch.

**Key-cold**—cold as a key. Luc. n.  
 And then in key-cold Lucrece' bleeding stream

**Kill**—ancient word of onset in the English army. L. iv. 6, n.  
 And when I have stolen upon these sons-in-law,  
 Then kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill.

**Killingworth**—Kenilworth. H. 6, S. P. iv. 4, n.  
 My gracious lord, retire to Killingworth.

**Kind**—kindly affections. A. L. iv. 3, n.  
 Whether that thy youth and kind  
 Will the faithful offer take  
 Of me, and all that I can make.

**Kind**—natural. Luc. n.  
 Conceit, deceitful, so compact, so kind.

**Kindle** (v.)—instigate. A. L. i. 1, n.  
 Nothing remains but that I kindle the boy thither.

**Kindly**—naturally. T. S. Induction 1, n.  
 This do, and do it kindly, gentle sirs.

**Kindly gird**—reproof meant in kindness. H. 6, F. P. iii. 1, n.  
 Sweet king! the bishop hath a kindly gird.

**King Cophetua**, ballad of. R. J. ii. 1, i.  
 When King Cophetua lov'd the beggar-maid.

**King's wards**. A. W. i. 1, i.  
 To whom I am now in ward.

**Kings**, of our fear. J. ii. 2, n.  
 We do lock  
 Our former scruple in our strong-barr'd gates,  
 Kings, of our fear.

**King's chamber**. R. T. iii. 1, i.  
 Welcome, sweet prince, to London, to your chamber.

**King's evil**, cure of. M. iv. 3, i.  
 Hanging a golden stamp about their necks.

**Kiss**, as a form of affiancing. R. S. v. 1, n. (See G. v. ii. 2, i.)  
 Let me unkins the oath 'twixt thee and me;  
 And yet not so, for with a kiss 't was made.

**Kissing cherries**. M. N. D. iii. 2, i.  
 Thy lips, those kissing cherries.

**Knee**—used as a verb. Cor. v. 1, n.  
 A mile before his tent fall down, and knee  
 The way into his mercy.

**Knight**, use of the term. Cy. iii. 1, i.  
 Thy Cæsar knighted me.

**Knight of the Sun**. H. 4, F. P. i. 2, i.  
 Phœbus,—he, that wandering knight so fair.

**Knot-grass**—a low repentant herb. M. N. D. iii. 2, n.  
 You minimus, of hind ring knot-grass made.

**Knots**—beds. R. S. iii. 4, n.  
 Her fruit-trees all unprun'd, her hedges ruin'd.  
 Her knots disorder'd.

**Knotted gardens**. L. L. i. 1, i.  
 Curious knotted garden.

## L.

**Labras**—lips. M. W. i. 1, n.  
 Word of denial in thy labras here.

**Lace** (v.)—embellish, ornament. So. lxvii. n.  
 That sin by him advantage should achieve,  
 And lace itself with his society.

**Laced mutton**. G. V. i. 1, n.  
 I, a lost mutton, gave your letter to her, a laced mutton

**Lad of the castle**. H. 4, F. P. i. 2, n.  
 My old lad of the castle.

**Lady of the Strachy**. T. N. ii. 5, n.  
 The lady of the Strachy married the yeoman of the  
 wardrobe.

**Lady of my earth**. R. J. i. 2, n.  
 She is the hopeful lady of my earth.

**Lady brach**—female harrier. L. i. 4, n.  
 Truth's a dog must to kennel; he must be whipp'd  
 out, when the lady brach may stand by the fire and stink.

**Laid on with a trowel**—coarsely. A. L. i. 2, n.  
 Well said; that was laid on with a trowel.

**Lamentation of the French**. H. F. v. Chorus. i.  
 As yet the lamentation of the French, &c.

**Land damn**. W. T. ii. 1, n.  
 Would I knew the villain,  
 I would land-damn him.

**Lanterns**, ancient. M. A. iii. 3, i.  
 Bear you the lantern.

**Lapwing**. C. E. iv. 2, i.  
 Far from her nest, the lapwing cries away.

**Lash'd with woe**. C. E. ii. 1, n.  
 Why, headstrong liberty is lash'd with woe.

**Latch them**—lay hold of them. M. iv. 3, n.  
 But I have words  
 That would be howl'd out in the desert air,  
 Where hearing should not latch them.

**Latch** (v.)—lay hold of. So. cxlii. n.  
 For it no form delivers to the heart  
 Of bird, of flower, or shape, which it doth latch.

**Latch'd**—licked o'er. M. N. D. iii. 2, n.  
 But hast thou yet latch'd the Athenian's eyes  
 With the love juice.

**Late**—lately. R. T. iii. 1, n.  
 Too late he died, that might have kept that title.

**Late**, five thousand. T. Ath. ii. 1, n.  
 And late, five thousand.

**Late**—recently. Luc. n.  
 I did give that life  
 Which she too early and too late hath spill'd.

**Lated**—obstructed, hindered. A. C. iii. 9, n.  
 I am so lated in the world, that I  
 Have lost my way for ever.

**Latin**. T. S. i. 2, i.  
 Nay, 't is no matter what he leges in Latin.

**Latten bilbo**—sword of thin latten plate. M. W. i. 1, n.  
 I combat challenge of this latten bilbo.

**Laugh mortal**. M. M. ii. 2, n.  
 Like an angry ape,  
 Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven,  
 As make the angels weep; who, with our spleens  
 Would all themselves laugh mortal.

*Launch*—lanced. L. H. 1, a.  
With his prepared sword, he charges home  
My unprovided body, *launch'd* mine arm.

*Laud*—lawn, plain among trees. H. 6, T. P. III. 1, a.  
For through this *laud* anon the deer will come.

*Laud*—lawn. V. A. 2, a.  
And homeward through the dark *laud* runs apace.

*Laudring*—washing. L. C. 2, a.  
*Laudring* the silken figures in the brine  
That season'd woe had pelleted in tears.

*Laundry*—launder or laundress. M. W. I. 2, a.  
His cook, or his *laundry*.

*Laurel*, used adjectively. A. C. I. 3, a.  
Upon your sword  
Sit *laurel* victory.

*Lavoltas*. H. F. III. 5, i.  
They bid us—to the English dancing-schools,  
And teach *lavoltas* high.

*Law* and heraldry. H. I. 1, a.  
Who, by a seal'd compact,  
Well ratified by *law* and *heraldry*.

*Lay by*—stop. H. 4, F. P. I. 2, a.  
Got with swearing—*lay by*.

*Lead apes in hell*—die unmarried. T. S. II. 1, a.  
I must dance barefoot on her wedding-day,  
And, for your love to her, *lead apes in hell*.

*League*, war of the. C. E. III. 2, i.  
Making war against her heir.

*Leasing*—falsehood. T. N. I. 5, a.  
Now, Mercury endure thee with *leasing*, for thou  
speakest well of fools!

*Leave* (v.)—part with. G. V. IV. 4, a.  
It seems you lov'd her not to *leave* her token.

*Leave*—licence. V. A. 2, a.  
Chiefly in love, whose *leave* exceeds commission.

*Leaven'd*. M. M. I. 1, a.  
We have with a *leaven'd* and prepared choice  
Proceeded to you.

*Leek*, custom of wearing the. H. F. V. 1, i.  
Why wear your *leek* to day? St. Davy's day is past.

*Leer*—feature. A. L. IV. 1, a.  
But he hath a Rosalind of a better *leer* than you.

*Leer*—complexion hue. T. And. IV. 2, a.  
Here's a young lad fram'd of another *leer*.

*Leese* (v.)—lose. So. V. 2, a.  
But flowers distill'd, though they with winter meet,  
*Leese* but their show; their substance still lives sweet.

*Left on your right hand*—being, as you pass, left. A. L. IV. 3, a.  
The rank of osiers, by the murmuring stream,  
*Left on your right hand*.

*'Leges*—alleges. T. S. I. 2, a.  
Nay, 'tis no matter what he '*leges* in Latin.

*Leiger*—resident\* ambassador. M. M. III. 1, a.  
Intends you for his swift ambassador,  
Where you shall be an everlasting *leiger*.

*Lenten*—sparing. H. II. 2, a.  
What *lenten* entertainment the players shall receive  
from you.

*L'envoy*. L. L. L. III. 1, a.  
No *l'envoy*, no *l'envoy*, no salve, sir, but a plantain.

*Less* than kind. H. I. 2, a.  
*King*. But now, my cousin Hamlet, and my son,—  
*Ham*. A little more than kin, and *less than kind*.

*Lesser* linen. W. T. IV. 2, a.  
My traffic is sheets; when the kite builds, look to  
*lesser* linen.

*Let* them work. M. M. I. 1, a.  
Then, no more remains:  
But that, to your sufficiency as your worth, is able;  
And *let* them work.

*Let* (v.)—stay. W. T. I. 2, a.  
I'll give him my commission,  
To *let* him there a month.

*Let* (v.)—forbear. Luc. 2, a.  
When Collatine unwisely did not *let*  
To praise the clear unmatched red and white.

*Let* (v.)—obstruct. Luc. 2, a.  
Who with a lingering stay his course doth *let*.

*Lets*—hinders. G. V. III. 1, a.  
What *lets*, but one may enter at her window?

*Lets*—obstructs. H. I. 4, a.  
Unhand me, gentlemen;  
By Heaven, I'll make a ghost of him that *lets* me.

*Let's* slip. H. 4, F. P. I. 3, a.  
Before the game's a-foot thou still *let's* slip.

*Letter*—syllable. Cy. IV. 3, a.  
I heard no *letter* from my master.

*Letters*, formal conclusions of. M. A. I. 1, i.  
Ere you stout old ends any further.

*Letters*, ancient forms of conclusions to. Luc. 2, a.  
So I commend me from our house in *grief*.

*Level*—aim. W. T. III. 2, a.  
My life stands in the *level* of your dreams,  
Which I lay down.

*Levy*. H. 4, F. P. I. 1, a.  
Forthwith a power of English shall we *levy*.

*Lewd*—wicked. R. S. I. 1, a.  
The which he hath detain'd for *lewd* employment.

*Lewdly*—wickedly. H. 6, S. P. II. 1, a.  
A sort of naughty persons, *lewdly* bent.

*Libbard*—leopard. L. L. L. V. 2, a.  
With *libbard*'s head on knee.

*Liberal*—licentious free. M. A. IV. 1, a.  
Who hath, indeed, most like a *liberal* villain.

*Liberal*—licentious. O. II. 1, a.  
Is he not a most profane and *liberal* counsellor?

*Liberal*—unrestrained, uncontrolled. O. V. 2, a.  
No, I will speak as *liberal* as the north.

*Licence* to kill (beasts during Lent). H. 4, S. P. IV. 2, a.  
The Lent shall be as long again as it is; and thou shalt  
have a *licence* to kill for a hundred lacking one.

*Lie* (v.)—reside. L. L. L. I. 1, a.  
She must *lie* here on mere necessity.

*Lie for you*—be imprisoned in your stead. R. T. I. 1, a.  
I will deliver you or else *lie* for you.

*Lieft*—dearest. H. 6, S. P. III. 1, a.  
And, with your best endeavour, have stir'd up  
My *lieft* liege to be mine enemy.

*Lies*—sojourns, dwells. T. N. III. 1, a.  
The king *lies* by a beggar, if a beggar dwell near him.

*Lies*—dwells. H. 6, F. P. II. 2, a.  
To visit her poor castle where she *lies*.

*Lifter*—thief. T. C. I. 2, a.  
Is he so young a man, and so old a *lifter*?

*Ligarius*—from North's 'Plutarch.' J. C. II. 1, i.  
Here is a sick man, &c.

*Light o' love*. G. V. I. 2, i.  
Best sing it to the tune of *Light o' love*.

*'Light o' love'*. M. A. III. 4, i.  
Clap us into '*Light o' love*.'

*Lightly*—commonly. R. T. III. 1, a.  
Short summers *lightly* have a forward spring.

*Like*—probable. M. M. V. 1, a.  
O, that it were as *like* as it is true!

*Likeness*—comeliness. M. M. III. 2, a.  
How may *likeness*, made in crimes,  
Making practice on the times.

*Likes*—pleases. G. V. IV. 2, a.  
How do you, man? the music *likes* you not.

*Liking*—substance. H. 4, F. P. III. 3, a.  
Well, I'll repent, and that suddenly, while I am it  
some *liking*.

*Limbeck*—alembic, part of a vessel through which distilled  
liquor passes. M. I. 7, a.  
And the receipt of reason  
A *limbeck* only.

*Limited*—legalized. T. Ath. IV. 3, a.  
For there is boundless theft  
In *limited* professions.

*Limited*—appointed. M. II. 3, a.  
I'll make so bold to call,  
For 't is my *limited* service.

*Limits*—calculations, estimates. H. 4, F. P. I. 1, a.  
And many *limits* of the charge set down  
But yesternight.

*Lin'd*—delineated. A. L. III. 2, a.  
All the pictures, fairest *lin'd*,  
Are but black to Rosalind.

*Lin*. T. IV. 1, i.  
Come, hang them on this *line*.

*Line*—genealogy. H. F. ii. 4, n.  
He sends you this most memorable *line*,  
In every branch truly demonstrative;  
Willing you overlook this pedigree.

*Linen*, price of. H. 4, F. P. iii. 3, i.  
Holland of eight shillings an ell.

*Lines*—courses, humours. M. W. iv. 2, n.  
Your husband is in his old *lines* again.

*Liastock*—match. H. F. iii. Chorus, n.  
And the nimble gunner  
With *liastock* now the devilish cannon touches.

*Lion* in Book of Job. M. M. i. 4, i.  
Even like an o'ergrown lion in a cave  
That goes not out to prey.

*Lions* make leopards tame. R. S. i. 1, n.  
Give me his gage:—*Lions* make leopards tame.

*List*—limit bound. T. N. iii. 1, n.  
I am bound to your niece, sir: I mean, she is the *list* of  
my voyage.

*List*—bound, barrier. O. iv. 1, n.  
Confine yourself but in a patient *list*.

*Lists*—limits. M. M. i. 1, n.  
Your own science  
Exceeds, in that, the *lists* of all advice.

*Litters*. J. v. 3, i.  
To my *litter*, straight.

*Little*—miniature. A. L. iii. 2, n.  
The quintessence of every sprite  
Heaven would in *little* show.

*Little world*. R. S. v. 5, n.  
And these same thoughts people this *little world*.

*Live* in thy tongue and heart. M. M. i. 1, n.  
Mortality and mercy in Vienna  
*Live* in thy tongue and heart.

*Liveliness*—liveliness, cheerfulness. R. T. iii. 4, n.  
What of his heart perceive you in his face,  
By any *liveliness* he show'd to-day?

*Livery*—suing out of, the nature of. R. S. ii. 1, i.  
Call in the letters-patent that he hath  
By his attorneys-general to sue  
His *livery*.

*Livery*. H. 4, F. P. iv. 3, n. (See R. S. ii. 1, i.)  
He came but to be duke of Lancaster,  
To sue his *livery*.

*Livery coats*. H. 6, F. P. i. 3, i.  
Blue-coats to tawny coats.

*Living*—actual, positive. A. L. iii. 2, n.  
I drave my suitor from his mad humour of love, to a  
*living* humour of madness.

*Living*—estate, means of living. L. i. 4, n.  
If I gave them all my *living*, I'd keep my coxcombs  
myself.

*Load-star*. M. N. D. i. 1, i.  
Your eyes are *load-stars*.

*Lob*—looby, lubber. M. N. D. ii. 1, n.  
Farewell, thou *lob* of spirits, I'll be gone.

*Lockram*—coarse linen. Cor. ii. 1, n.  
The kitchen malkin pins  
Her richest *lockram* 'bout her reechy neck.

*Loggats*. H. v. 1, i.  
To play at *loggats* with them.

*Lombardy*. T. S. i. 1, i.  
Fruitful *Lombardy*,  
The pleasant garden of great Italy.

*Long of you*—through you. L. L. ii. 1, n.  
T is *long of you*, that spur me with such questions.

*Long one*—long reckoning. H. 4, S. P. ii. 1, n.  
A hundred mark is a *long one* of a poor lone woman to  
bear.

*Longing* (used as a substantive). M. M. ii. 4, n.  
As to a bed  
That *longing* had been sick for.

*Lord have mercy on us*—inscription on houses visited with the  
plague. L. L. v. 2, n.  
Write 'Lord have mercy on us' on those three;  
They are infected, in their hearts it lies.

*Lord's sake*. M. M. iv. 3, n.  
And I think forty more; all doers in our trade, and  
are now for the *Lord's sake*.

*Lordship*—authority. M. N. D. i. 1, n.  
Ere I will yield my virgin patent up  
Unto his *lordship*.

*Loss*—exposure. W. T. ii. 3, n.  
Poor thing, condemn'd to *loss*!

*Lost*—caused to be lost. T. N. ii. 2, n.  
That, methought, her eyes had *lost* her tongue.

*Lots to blanks*—the whole number to a proportion. Cor. v. 2, n.  
It is *lots to blanks*  
My name hath touch'd your ears.

*Louvre*. H. F. ii. 4, i.  
He'll make your Paris *Louvre* shake for it.

*Love*—used as the queen of love. C. E. iii. 2, n.  
Let *love*, being light, be drowned if she sink.

*Lover*—mistress. M. M. i. 5, n.  
Your brother and his *lover* have embrac'd.

'Lover's Complaint,' ballad of. O. iv. 3, i.  
She had a song of willow.

*Lovers*—companions, friends. T. N. K. v. 4, n.  
Lead your lady off;  
And call your *lovers* from the stage of death,  
Whom I adopt my friends!

*Louted*—treated with contempt. H. 6, F. P. iv. 3, n.  
And I am *louted* by a traitor villain.

*Lozel*—one that has cast off his own good and wellwre. W.  
T. ii. 3, n.  
*Lozel*, thou art worthy to be hang'd,  
That wilt not stay her tongue.

*Lucilius*, capture of,—from North's 'Plutarch.' J. C. v. 4, i.  
Kill Brutus, and be honour'd in his death.

*Lucrece*, seal of. T. N. ii. 5, i.  
The impressure her *Lucrece*.

*Lucrece*, Shakspeare's. Cy. ii. 2, i.  
Our Tarquin thus  
Did softly press the rushes.

*Lucy* family, arms of. M. W. i. 1, i.  
The *lucy* is the fresh fish; the salt fish is an old coat.

*Ludlow Castle*. R. T. ii. 2, i.  
Me seemeth good, that, with some little train,  
Forthwith from *Ludlow* the young prince be fet.

*Lud's town*. Cy. iii. 1, i.  
The fam'd Cassibelan, who was once at point  
(O giglot fortune!) to master Caesar's sword,  
Made *Lud's town* with rejoicing fires bright.

*Luke's iron crown*. R. T. iv. 1, i.  
Were red-hot steel, to sear me to the brain.

*Lunatics*, treatment of. T. N. iii. 4, i.  
We'll have him in a dark-room, and bound.

*Lupercalian feast*,—from North's 'Plutarch.' J. C. i. 2, i.  
Our elders say, &c.

*Lurch'd*. Cor. ii. 2, n.  
And, in the brunt of seventeen battles since,  
He *lurch'd* all swords of the garland.

*Lush*. T. ii. 1, n.  
How *lush* and lusty the grass looks!

*Lustick*—lusty. A. W. ii. 3, n.  
*Par*. Here comes the king.  
*Lafex*. *Lustick*, as the Dutchman says.

*Lutestring*. M. A. iii. 2, i.  
His jesting spirit, which is now crept into a *lutestring*.

*Lydgate's* description of Priam's palace. Luc. n.  
And little stars shot from their fixed places, &c.

*Lyly's* 'Euphues and his England,' passage from. H. F. i.  
2, i.  
So work the honey-bees.

*Lyly's* 'Alexander and Campaspe,' passage from. Cy. ii. 3, i.  
Hark, hark, the lark.

*Lym*—limmer, hunting-dog. L. iii. 6, n.  
Hound or spaniel, brach or *lym*.

## M.

*Macbeth's* castle at Inverness. M. i. 5, i.  
*Macduff's* castle at Fife. M. iv. 2, i.

*Maculate*—stained. L. L. i. 2, n.  
Most *maculate* thoughts.

*Mad*—wild. H. 6, F. P. v. 3, n.  
*Mad*, natural graces that extinguish art.

*Made against you*—closed against you. C. E. iii. 1, n.  
Why at this time the doors are *made against you*.

*Magnificoes*—nobles of Venice. M. V. iv. 1, n.  
Enter Duke, with *magnificoes*.

*Mahomet*. H. 6, F. P. i. 2, i.  
Was *Mahomet* inspired with a dove?

- Main**—mainland. *L. iii. 1, a.*  
Or swell the curled waters 'bove the main.
- Main of light**—mass, flood of light. *So. ix. a.*  
Nativity, once in the main of light,  
Crawls to maturity.
- Make the doors**—make fast the doors. *A. L. iv. 1, a.*  
*Make the doors* upon a woman's wit.
- Make** (v.)—make up. *A. L. iv. 3, a.*  
Will the faithful offer take  
Of me, and all that I can make
- Make**—invent. *M. M. i. 5, a.*  
*Isab.* Sir, make me not your story.
- Make it.** *H. iii. 2, a.*  
And there is much music, excellent voice, in this little organ; yet cannot you make it.
- Makeless**—mateless. *So. ix. a.*  
The world will wait thee, like a *makeless* wife.
- Makes us up**—does not conclude, decide. *L. i. 1, a.*  
Election makes us up in such conditions.
- Malkin.** *Cor. ii. 1, a.*  
The kitchen *malkin* pins  
Her richest lockram 'bout her reechy neck.
- Mallet**—mallard. *H. 4, S. P. ii. 4, a.*  
There is no more conceit in him than in a *mallet*.
- Malt-worms**—drunkards. *H. 4, F. P. ii. 1, a.*  
None of these mad, mustachio, purple-hued *malt-worms*.
- Mammering**—doubting, hesitating. *O. iii. 3, a.*  
I wonder in my soul,  
What you would ask me that I should deny,  
Or stand so *ammering* on.
- Mammets**—puppets. *H. 4, F. P. ii. 3, a.*  
This is no world  
To play with *mammets*, and to tilt with lips.
- Man my haggard**—tame my wild hawk. *T. S. iv. 1, a.*  
Another way I have to *man my haggard*.
- Man in the moon.** *M. N. D. v. 1, i.*  
Myself the *man in the moon* do seem to be.
- Manacle.** *T. i. 2, i.*  
I'll *manacle* thy neck and feet together.
- Manage**—management, government. *J. i. 1, a.*  
Which now the *manage* of two kingdoms must  
With fearful bloody issue arbitrate.
- Mandrags**—mandrake, a powerful opiate. *O. iii. 3, a.*  
Not poppy, nor *mandrags*,  
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world.
- Mane.** *O. ii. 1, a.*  
The chidden billow seems to pelt the clouds;  
The wind-shak'd surge, with high and monstrous *mane*.
- Mane**, used as a plural noun. *V. A. a.*  
His braided hanging *mane*  
Upon his compass'd crest now stand on end.
- Manes of horses**, superstition respecting. *R. J. i. 4, i.*  
This is that very *Mab*  
That platts the *manes of horses* in the night.
- Masking**—masculine. *W. T. ii. 3, a.*  
A *masking* witch!
- Masking**—woman with the roughness of a man. *Cor. iv. 2, a.*  
*Sic.* Are you *masking*?  
*Vol.* Ay, fool: is that a shame?
- Manner.** *L. L. L. i. 1, a.*  
The manner of it is, I was taken with the *manner*.
- Manner, taken with**—taken with a stolen thing in hand. *H. 4, F. P. ii. 4, a.* (See *L. L. L. i. 1, a.*)  
Thou stolest a cup of sack eighteen years ago, and wert taken with the *manner*.
- Manners**—morals. *A. L. iii. 2, a.*  
If thou never saw'st good *manners*, then thy manners must be wicked.
- Mansions**, old mode of building. *H. E. v. 2, i.*  
At a window above.
- Mantua**, notice of. *R. J. v. i.*
- March-pase**—almond-cake. *R. J. i. 5, a.*  
Good thou, save me a piece of *mark-pase*.
- Marches**—boundaries, borders. *H. F. i. 2, a.*  
They of those *markes*, gracious sovereign,  
Shall be a wall sufficient to defend  
Our inland from the pilfering borderers.
- Mark**—cross. *R. J. iii. 2, i.*  
God save the *mark*!
- Mark**—used as an interjection. *O. ii. 2, a.*  
He hath devoted and given up himself to the contemplation, *mark*,—and devotement of her parts and graces.
- Marlowe's** 'Pamionate Shepherd.' *M. W. iii. 1, i.*  
To shallow rivers, to whose falls  
Marlowe's 'Hero and Leander' lines from. *A. L. iii. 2, i.*  
Dead shepherd! now I find thy saw of might;  
'Who ever lov'd, that lov'd not at first sight?'
- Marseilles**—pronounced as a trisyllable. *A. W. iv. 4, a.*  
His grace is at *Marseilles*; to which place  
We have convenient convoy.
- Martians**, house of the, from Putarch. *Cor. ii. 3, i.*  
What stock he springs of.
- Martlemas**—11th of November. *H. 4, S. P. ii. 2, a.*  
And how doth the *martlemas*, your master?
- Masks.** *G. V. iv. 4, i.*  
Sun-exPELLING *mask*.
- Masks.** *R. J. i. 1, i.*  
These happy *masks*, that kiss fair ladies' brows,  
Being black, put us in mind they hide the fair.
- Master person.** *L. L. L. iv. 2, a.*  
Good morrow, *master person*.
- Master of fence.** *M. W. i. 1, i.*  
At sword and dagger with a *master of fence*.
- Mastick.** *T. C. i. 3, a.*  
When rank Thersites opens his *mastick* jaws.
- Mated**—made senseless. *C. E. iii. 2, a.*  
Not mad, but *mated*; how, I do not know.
- Mated**—amated, dismayed. *M. V. i. a.*  
My mind she has *mated*, and amas'd my sight.
- Mated**—confounded. *V. A. a.*  
Her more than haste is *mated* with delays.
- Material fool**—fool with matter in him. *A. L. iii. 2, a.*  
A *material fool*!
- Mates**—destroys, confounds. *H. 6, S. P. iii. 1, a.*  
For that is good *deceit*  
Which *mates* him first that first intends *deceit*.
- Maw'd**—basket. *L. C. a.*  
A thousand favours from a *maw'd* she drew.
- May-day.** *M. N. D. i. 1, i.*  
To do observance to a *may* of *May*.
- Mazes.** *T. iii. 3, i.*  
Here 's a *maze* trod, indeed,  
Through forthrights and meanders.
- Meal'd**—compounded. *M. M. iv. 2, a.*  
Were he *meal'd*  
With that which he corrects, then were he tymannous.
- Meas** (in music)—tenor. *G. V. i. 2, a.*  
There wanteth but a *meas* to fill your song.
- Meas** (in music)—an intermediate part. *L. L. L. v. 2, a.*  
Nay, he can sing  
A *meas* most meanly.
- Means**—tenors, intermediate voices. *W. T. iv. 2, i.*  
*Means* and basses.
- Means**—resources, powers, capacities. *L. iv. 1, a.*  
Full oft 't is seen  
Our *means* secure us; and our mere defects  
Prove our commodities.
- Meant love**—meant as love. *R. J. iii. 3, a.*  
But thankful even for hate, that is *meant* *love*.
- Measure**—grave dance. *L. L. L. v. 2, a.*  
To tread a *measure* with you on this grass.
- Measure.** *R. J. i. 4, i.*  
We'll measure them a *measure*.
- Measures**—solemn dances. *J. iii. 1, a.*  
Clamours of hell, be *measures* to our pomp.
- Measures**—grave dances. *V. A. a.*  
Teaching decrepit age to tread the *measures*.
- Med'cine potable.** *H. 4, S. P. iv. 4, a.*  
Other less fine in carat is more precious,  
Preserving life in *med'cine potable*.
- Medea**, Ovid's invocation of. *T. v. 1, i.*  
Ye elves of hills.
- Meeds**—merits. *H. 6, T. P. ii. 1, a.*  
Each one already blazing by our *meeds*.
- Meet**—even. *M. A. i. 1, a.*  
He'll be *meet* with you, I doubt it not.
- Meiny**—retinue, attendants. *L. ii. 4, a.*  
They summon'd up their *meiny*, straight took haw

- Mendicancy**, laws for the suppression of. L. iii. 4, i.  
Whipped from tything to tything, and stocked, punished, and imprisoned.
- Menial** servants and porters of Italy. R. J. iv. 4, i.  
Enter servants with spits, logs, and baskets.
- Merchant**—merchant-vessel. T. ii. 1, s.  
The masters of some *merchant*, and the merchant,  
Have just our theme of woe.
- Merchant**, used in opposition to gentleman. R. J. ii. 4, t.  
What saucy *merchant* was this?
- Mercy**—reference to Ecclesiastical. M. V. iv. 1, s.  
The quality of *mercy* is not strain'd.
- Mere**—sole, unmixed, absolute. M. M. v. 1, s.  
Upon his *mere* request.
- Mere**—absolute. H. E. iii. 2, s.  
To the *mere* undoing  
Of all the kingdom.
- Mere**—entire. O. ii. 2, s.  
Certain tidings now arrived, importing the *mere* perdition of the Turkish fleet.
- Mere**—absolute, certain. P. iv. 3, s.  
Seldom but that pity begets you a good opinion, and that opinion a *mere* profit.
- Mere**—absolute. T. N. K. ii. 2, s.  
I see two comforts rising, two *mere* blessings.
- Mered**—marked, limited. A. C. iii. 11, s.  
At such a point,  
When half to half the world oppos'd, he being  
The *mered* question.
- Merely**—absolutely. T. i. 1, s.  
We are *merely* cheated of our lives by drunkards.
- Merely**—entirely. A. C. iii. 7, s.  
The horse were *merely* lost.
- Merman**, synonymous with syren. V. A. s.  
Thy *mermaid's* voice hath done me double wrong.
- Messes**. W. T. i. 2, i.  
*Lower messes*.
- Metal** of India. T. N. ii. 5, s.  
How now, my *metal* of India.
- Metaphysical**—supernatural. M. i. 5, s.  
All that impedes thee from the golden round,  
Which fate and *metaphysical* aid doth seem  
To have thee crown'd withal.
- Methinks**, already. W. T. v. 3, s.  
Would I were dead, but that, *methinks*, already—  
What was he that did make it?
- Mettle**—temper, disposition. T. N. v. 1, s.  
So much against the *mettle* of your sex.
- Mew'd**—term of falconry. R. J. iii. 4, s.  
To-night she's *mew'd* up to her heaviness.
- Micher**—truant. H. 4, F. P. ii. 4, s.  
Shall the blessed sun of heaven prove a *micher*?
- Miching mallecho**. H. iii. 2, s.  
Marry, this is *Miching mallecho*; it means mischief.
- Middleton's** 'Witch'. M. iv. 1, i.  
Black spirits, &c.
- Night**. M. N. D. v. 1, s.  
Noble respect takes it in *night*, not merit.
- Night**—power. P. P. s.  
Let reason rule things worthy blame,  
As well as fancy, partial *night*.
- Mile-end**. A. W. iv. 3, s. (See H. 4, S. P. iii. i.)  
He had the honour to be the officer at a place there called *Mile-end*.
- Mill sixpences**. M. W. i. 1, i.  
Seven groats in *mill sixpences*.
- Milton**, notice of a passage in. R. J. ii. 3, i.  
The earth, that's nature's mother, is her tomb.
- Mimic**—actor. M. N. D. iii. 2, s.  
And forth my *mimic* comes.
- Mine** enemy. R. S. i. 3, s.  
Norfolk,—so far as to *mine* enemy.
- Mineral**—mine, compound mass of metals. H. iv. 1, s.  
Like some ore,  
Among a *mineral* of metals base,  
Shows itself pure.
- Mine**—undermines, seeks to destroy. A. L. i. 1, s.  
And, as much as in him lies, *mines* my gentility with my education.
- Mingled** damask. A. L. iii. 5, s.  
Betwixt the constant red, and *mingled* damask.
- Misconster**—misconstrue. H. 6, F. P. ii. 3, s.  
Be not dismay'd, fair lady; nor *misconster*  
The mind of Talbot.
- Miser**—wretch, miserable creature. H. 6, F. P. v. 4, s.  
Decrepit *miser*! base, ignoble wretch!
- Miscreate**—spurious. H. F. i. 2, s.  
With opening titles *miscreate*, whose right  
Suits not in native colours with the truth.
- Misprising**—undervaluing. M. A. iii. 1, s.  
Disdain and scorn ride sparkling in her eyes,  
*Misprising* what they look on.
- Miss**—amiss, fault. V. A. s.  
He says she is immodest, blames her *miss*.
- Missingly**—missing him. W. T. iv. 1, s.  
But I have, *missingly*, noted he is of late much retired from court.
- Mistaken**—misapprehended. H. E. i. 1, s.  
I am sorry  
To hear this of him; and could wish he were  
Something *mistaken* in 't.
- Mo**—more. Luc. s.  
Why should the private pleasure of some one  
Become the public plague of many *mo*?
- Mo**—more. L. C. s.  
Found yet *mo* letters sadly penn'd in blood.
- Mobbed**—muffled up. H. ii. 2, s.  
The *mobbed* queen.
- Mock-water**. M. W. ii. 3, s.  
Ah, monsieur *Mock-water*.
- Model**—thing formed, or fashioned. R. S. iii. 2, s.  
And that small *model* of the barren earth,  
Which serves as paste and cover to our bones.
- Modena**, battle near,—from North's 'Plutarch'. A. C. i. 1, i.  
When thou once  
Wast beaten from *Modena*, &c.
- Modern**—common. A. C. v. 2, s.  
As we greet *modern* friends withal.
- Modern**—trite, common. So. lxxxiii. s.  
That you yourself, being extant, well might show  
How far a *modern* quill doth come too short.
- Modo** and Mahu. L. iii. 4, i.  
The prince of darkness is a gentleman;  
*Modo* he's called, and *Mahu*.
- Moiety**. H. 4, F. P. iii. 1, s.  
*Methinks*, my *moiety*, north from Burton here,  
In quantity equals not one of yours.
- Moiety**—small portion, share. L. i. 1, s. (See H. 4, F. P. iii. 1, s.)  
Curiosity in neither can make choice of either's *moiety*.
- Moiety**—portion. Luc. Dedication.  
But a superfluous *moiety*.
- Moiety**—portion. So. xlii. s.  
And by their verdict is determined  
The clear eye's *moiety*, and the dear heart's part.
- Moist star**—moon. H. i. 1, s.  
And the *moist star*,  
Under whose influence Neptune's empire stands,  
Was sick almost to doomsday with eclipse.
- Moll Cutpurse**. T. N. i. 3, i.  
Like mistress Mall's picture.
- Mome**—blockhead. C. E. iii. 1, s.  
*Mome*, malt-horse, capon, coxcomb, idiot, patch!
- Monarch**. A. W. i. 1, s. (See L. L. L. iv. 1, s.)  
And you, *monarch*.
- Monarch** of the north. H. 6, F. P. v. 3, s.  
You speedy helpers, that are substitutes  
Under the lordly *monarch* of the north,  
Appear.
- Monarcho**. L. L. L. iv. 1, i.  
A *Monarcho*.
- Monopolies** in the reign of Elizabeth. L. i. 4, i.  
If I had a *monopoly* out, they would have part on 't.
- Montagues** and Capulets, badges of. R. J. i. 1, i.  
Here comes of the house of the Montagues.
- Montanto**—term of the fencing-school. M. A. i. 1, s.  
Is signior *Montanto* returned from the wars?
- Month's** mind. G. V. i. 2, s.  
I see you have a *month's* mind to them.
- Monument** of the victory. H. 6, S. P. iv. 3, s.  
This *monument* of the victory will I bear.

**Mood**—caprice. A. W. v. 2, a.  
I am now, sir, mud-died in fortune's mood.

**Moods**—manner. H. i. 2, a.  
Together with all forms, moods, shows of grief.

**Moon**—used in the sense of month. P. P. a.  
To spite me now, each minute seems a moon.

**Moor-ditch**. H. 4, P. P. i. 2, i.  
The melancholy of *Moor-ditch*.

**Moors in Venice**. O. i. 1, i.  
The thick-lips.

**Moralize**—comment. V. A. a.  
Unlike myself thou hear'st me *moralize*.

**Moralize** (v.)—interpret. Luc. a.  
Nor could she *moralize* his wanton sight.

**More** *gratulate*—more to be rejoiced in. M. M. v. 1, a.  
There's more behind that is *more gratefully*.

**More and less**—great and small. H. 4, S. P. i. 1, a.  
And *more and less* do flock to follow him.

**More and less**—greater and less. M. v. 4, a.  
Both *more and less* have given him the revolt.

**Morisco**. H. 6, S. P. iii. 1, a.  
I have seen him  
Caper upright like a wild *morisco*.

**Morning's love**. M. N. D. iii. 2, i.  
I with the *morning's love* have oft made sport.

**Morning**, description of, in 'Venus and Adonis.' R. J. iii. 5, i.  
It was the lark, the herald of the morn.

**Morris-dance**. A. W. ii. 2, i.  
A *morris* for May-day.

**Morris-pike**—pike of the Moors. C. E. iv. 3, a.  
He that sets up his rest to do more exploits with his  
mace than a *morris-pike*.

**Mort o' the deer**—note of the hunter's horn at the death of  
the deer. W. T. i. 2, a.  
And then to sigh, as 't were  
The *mort o' the deer*.

**Mortal in folly**—extremely foolish. A. L. ii. 4, a.  
As all is mortal in nature, so is all nature in love  
*mortal in folly*.

**Mortal**—deadly. O. ii. 1, a.  
As having sense of beauty do omit  
Their *mortal* natures, letting go safely by  
The divine Desdemona.

**Mortal**—deadly. V. A. a.  
Like to a mortal butcher, bent to kill.

**Mortified man**—hermit, one indifferent to the concerns of  
the world. M. v. 2, a.  
For their dear causes  
Would, to the bleeding and the grim alarm,  
Excite the *mortified man*.

**Mortise**—hole of one piece of timber fitted to receive the  
tenon of another. O. ii. 1, a.  
What ribs of oak, when mountains melt on them,  
Can hold the *mortise*?

**Mot**—motto. Luc. a.  
And Tarquin's eye may read the *mot* afar.

**Motion**—puppet-show. G. V. ii. 1, a.  
O, excellent *motion*! O, exceeding puppet!

**Motion**—puppet-show. W. T. iv. 2, i.  
A *motion* of the prodigal son.

**Motion**—dumb show. Luc. a.  
For then the eye interprets to the ear  
The heavy *motion* that it doth behold.

**Motions**—impulses. H. E. i. 1, a.  
(Whom from the flow of gall I name not, but  
From sincere *motions*.)

**Motions**. H. iii. 2, a. (See G. V. ii. 1, a.)  
I could interpret between you and your love, if I  
could see the puppets dallying.

**Mudley**—fool. So. ex. a.  
Alas, 't is true, I have gone here and there,  
And made myself a *mudley* to the view.

**Mount**—Mount Misenum. A. C. ii. 4, a.  
We shall,  
As I conceive the journey, be at the *Mount*  
Before you, Lepidus.

**Mounted**—term of falconry. H. F. iv. 1, a.  
His affections are higher *mounted* than ours.

**Munes**—mouths. H. ii. 2, a.  
Those that would make *munes* at him.

**Moya**. H. F. iv. 4, a.  
*Fr. Sal.* O, pardon me *moy*.  
*Pist.* Say'st thou me so? is that a *town of moya*?

**Much Orlando**—a great deal of Orlando. A. L. iv. 3, a.  
Is it not past two o'clock? and here *much Orlando*.

**Much**—expression of contempt. H. 4, S. P. ii. 4, a.  
What with two points on your shoulder? *much*!

**Much**—ironical and contemptuous expression. T. Ath. i. 2, a.  
3 *Lord*. I promise you, my lord, you *mor'd* me *much*.  
*Apem. Much!*

**Mufflers**. M. W. iv. 2, i.  
I spy a great peard under her *muffler*.

**Mulmutius**. Cy. iii. 1, i.  
*Mulmutius* made our laws, &c.

**Murdering piece**—cannon. H. iv. 5, a.  
This,  
Like to a *murdering piece*, in many places  
Gives me superfluous death.

**Mure**—wall. H. 4, S. P. iv. 4, a.  
The incessant care and labour of his mind  
Hath wrought the *mure*, that should confine it in.

**Muscovites**, costume of. L. L. v. 2, i.  
And are apparell'd thus,—  
Like *Muscovites*, or Russians.

**Muse** (v.)—wonder. H. 6, S. P. iii. 1, a.  
I *muse* my lord of Gloster is not come.

**Music**—a source of discord amongst the commentators upon  
Shakspeare. M. V. v. 1, i.  
The man that hath no *music* in himself.

**Music to hear**. So. viii. a.  
*Music to hear*, why hear'st thou *music* sadly?

**Musicians**. R. J. iv. 4, i.  
*Musicians!* O, *musicians*!

**Musit**. T. N. K. iii. 1, a. (See V. A. a.)  
You hear the horns:  
Enter your *musit*, lest this match between us  
Be cross'd ere we meet.

**Musits**. V. A. a.  
The many *musits* through the which he goes  
Are like a labyrinth to amaze his foes.

**Muss**—scramble. A. C. iii. 11, a.  
Like boys into a *muss*, kings would start forth,  
And cry 'Your will?'

**Mutineers**. H. v. 2, a.  
Methought, I lay  
Worse than the *mutineers* in the bilboes.

**My cake is dough**—proverbial expression. T. S. v. 1.  
*My cake is dough*; but I'll in among the rest.

**My some rich jewel**—some rich jewel of my own. T. N. ii. 5, a.  
Or play with my *some rich jewel*.

**My part in him advertise**. M. M. i. 1, a.  
But I do bend my speech  
To one that can my *part in him advertise*.

**Mysteries**—artificial fashions. H. E. i. 3, a.  
Is't possible the spells of France should juggle  
Men into such strange *mysteries*?

## N.

**Naphin**—handkerchief. O. iii. 3, a.  
*Des.* Let me but bind it hard, within this hour  
It will be well.  
*OTH.* Your *naphin* is too little.

**Naphin**—handkerchief. L. C. a.  
Oft did she heave her *naphin* to her eyne.

**Napless**—threadbare. Cor. ii. 1, a.  
Nor on him put  
The *napless* vesture of humility.

**Nasbe's** 'Life of Jacke Wilton.' H. E. i. 3, a.  
Of fool, and feather.

**Nature's productions**, philosophy of the use or abuse of  
Cy. i. 6, i.  
Whiles yet the dew's on ground, gather those *flowers*  
Nature's copy. M. iii. 2, a.  
But in them *nature's copy*'s not *eterne*.

**Nautical knowledge** of Shakspeare. T. i. 1, i.  
Boatswain, &c.

**Needless**—needing not. A. L. ii. 1, a.  
First, for his weeping into the *needless stream*

*Needle*—needles. M. N. D. iii. 2, n.  
Have with our *needles* created both one flower.

*Needle*—needle. Luc. n.  
And gripping it, the *needle* his finger pricks.

*Ne'er the near*—never the nearer. R. S. v. 1, n.  
Weep thou for me in France, I for thee here;  
Better far off, than near, be *ne'er the near*.

*Neif*—flat. M. N. D. iv. 1, n.  
Give me your *neif*.

*Neif*—flat. H. 4, S. P. ii. 4, n. (See M. N. D. iv. 1, n.)  
Sweet knight, I kiss thy *neif*.

*Nephew*—term used generally for a relative. H. 6, P. P. ii. 5, n.  
*Plan*. Declare the cause  
My father, earl of Cambridge, lost his head.  
*Mor*. That cause, fair *nephew*, that imprison'd me.

*Nephews*—grandsons. O. i. 1, n. (See R. T. iv. 1, n.)  
You'll have your *nephews* neigh to you.

*Nether-stocks*—stockings. L. ii. 4, n.  
When a man is over-lusty at legs, then he wears  
wooden *nether-stocks*.

*New made*—regenerate. M. M. ii. 2, n.  
And mercy then will breathe within your lips.  
Like man *new made*.

'News from Scotland,' passage from. M. i. 3, i.  
But in a sieve I'll thither sail.

*Nest*—nearest. A. W. i. 2, n.  
And I speak the truth the *nest* way.

*Nice*—affected. A. L. iv. 1, n.  
Nor the lady's [melancholy], which is *nice*.

*Nice*—weak. H. 4, S. P. i. 1, n.  
Hence therefore, thou *nice* crutch.

*Nice*—alight. R. J. iii. 1, n.  
Bade him bethink  
How *nice* the quarrel was.

*Nice*—trivial. R. J. v. 2, n.  
The letter was not *nice*, but full of charge  
Of dear import.

*Nick*—reckoning. G. V. iv. 2, n.  
He loved her out of all *nick*.

*Nicks* him like a fool. C. E. v. 1, n.  
His man with scissars *nicks* him like a fool.

*Niece*—grand-daughter. R. T. iv. 1, n.  
Who meets us here?—my *niece* Plantagenet.

*Night-rule*—night-revel. M. N. D. iii. 2, n.  
What *night-rule* now about this haunted grove.

Nightly gulls him with intelligence. So. lxxxvi. n.  
He, nor that affable familiar ghost  
Which *nightly* gulls him with intelligence.

Nights of the early summer of the north of Europe. II. i. 1, i.  
But, look, the morn, &c.

Nile, rise of the. A. C. ii. 7, i.  
They take the flow o' the *Nile*, &c.

Nine worthies. L. L. v. 2, i.  
Pageant of the *nine worthies*.

Nine men's morris. M. N. D. ii. 2, i.  
The *nine men's morris* is filled up with mud.

*Nine years old*—during nine years. M. M. iv. 2, n.  
One that is a prisoner *nine years old*.

*Nine moons wasted*—nine months unemployed. O. i. 3, n.  
For since these arms of mine had seven years' pith,  
Till now some *nine moons* wasted, they have us'd  
Their dearest action in the tented field.

*No paynt*—the double negative of the French. L. L. L. ii. 1, n.  
*Byron*. Will you prick't with your eye?  
*Rosaline*. No *paynt*, with my knife.

*No more*—say no more. T. i. 2, n.  
*Ariel*. My liberty.  
*Pro*. Before the time be out? *no more*.

*No manner person*—no sort of person. R. T. iii. 5, n.  
Give order, that *no manner person*  
Have, any time, recourse unto the princes.

No reason can sound his state in safety. T. Ath. ii. 1, n.  
It cannot hold; *no reason*  
Can sound his state in safety.

*No deal*—in no degree. P. P. n.  
My shepherd's pipe can sound *no deal*.

*Nobless English*—English nobility. H. F. iii. 1, n.  
On, on, you *nobless English*.

Nobody. T. iii. 2, i.  
The picture of *Nobody*.

*Noise*—band of musicians. H. 4, S. P. ii. 4, n.  
And see if thou canst find out Sneak's *noise*; mistress  
Tear-sheet would fain have some music.

*Noise*—music of the hautboys. M. iv. 1, n.  
Why sinks that cauldron, and what *noise* is this?

*Non-payment*—penalty for. V. A. n.  
Say, for *non-payment* that the debt should double,  
Is twenty hundred kisses such a trouble?

*None for me*—none, on my part. R. S. i. 4, n.  
'Faith, *none for me*.

*Nonce*—once, the one thing in question. H. 4, P. P. i. 2, n.  
I have cases of buckram for the *nonce*.

Nook-shotten. H. F. iii. 5, n.  
In that *nook-shotten* isle of Albion.

*Noontide prick*—point of noon. Luc. n.  
Ere he arrive his weary *noontide prick*.

Nor here, nor here, nor what ensues. Cy. iii. 2, n.  
I see before me, man: *nor here, nor here*,  
*Nor what ensues*, but have a fog in them.

*Not thinking on*—being forgotten. H. iii. 2, n.  
Or else shall he suffer *not thinking on*.

*Note*—knowledge. L. iii. 1, n.  
Sir, I do know you;  
And dare, upon the warrant of my *note*,  
Commend a dear thing to you.

*Noted weed*—dress known and familiar, through being always  
the same. So. lxxvi. n.  
Why write I still all one, ever the same,  
And keep invention in a *noted weed*?

*Not-pated*—with the hair cut close. II. 4, F. P. ii. 4, n.  
Wilt thou rob this leathern jerkin, crystal button,  
*not-pated*, agate-ring.

Nourish. H. 6, P. P. i. 1, n.  
Our isle be made a *nourish* of salt tears.

*Novum*—a game at dice. L. L. L. v. 2, n.  
Abate a throw at *novum*, and the whole world again  
Cannot prick out five such, take each one in his vein.

Now my dear lady. T. i. 2, n.  
Bountiful Fortune,  
*Now my dear lady*, hath many enemies  
Brought to this shore.

*Nowl*—noll, head. M. N. D. iii. 2, n.  
An *an's nowl* I fixed on his head.

*Number'd*—numerous, numerous. Cy. i. 7, n.  
And the twin'd stones  
Upon the *number'd* beach.

*Number's altered*—the number of the metrical foot is altered  
T. N. ii. 5, n.  
What follows?—the *number's altered*!

Numb'ring clock. R. S. v. 5, n.  
I wasted time, and now doth Time waste me,  
For now hath Time made me his *numb'ring clock*.

*Nurture*—education. A. i. ii. 7, n.  
Yet am I inland bred,  
And know some *nurture*.

Nuthook. M. W. i. 1, n.  
If you run the *nuthook's* humour on me.

## O.

Oaths upon the sword. H. i. 5, i.  
Upon my *sword*.

Oberon and Titania. M. N. D. ii. 2, i.  
Ill met by moonlight, proud *Titania*.

*Objected*—proposed, suggested. II. 6, F. P. ii. 4, n.  
Good master Vernon, it is well *objected*.

*Obsequious*—performing obsequies. H. 6, T. P. ii. 5, n.  
My sighing breast shall be thy funeral bell;  
And so *obsequious* will thy father be.

*Obsequious*—funereal. H. i. 2, n.  
And the survivor bound  
In filial obligation, for some term  
To do *obsequious* sorrow.

*Obsequious*—funereal. So. xxxi. n.  
How many a holy and *obsequious* tear  
Hath dear religious love stolen from mine eye

*Obsequiously*—performing obsequies. R. T. i. 2, n.  
While I awhile *obsequiously* lament  
The untimely fall of virtuous Lancaster.

Observed as they flew. L. C. n.  
And had let go by  
The swiftest hours *observed as they flew*.



- Obstacle*—obstinate. H. 6, F. P. v. 4, s.  
Fie, Joan! that thou wilt be so *obstacle*!
- Octavia and Octavius Caesar, meeting of,—from North's 'Plutarch.' A. C. iii. 4, i.  
A more unhappy lady, &c.
- Odd-even. O. i. 1, s.  
At this *odd-even* and dull watch o' the night.
- O'erparted*—not equal to a part. L. L. L. v. 2, s.  
A little *o'erparted*.
- O'er-raught*—over-reached. C. E. i. 1, s.  
The villain is *o'er-raught* of all my money.
- O'er-look'd*—enchanted. M. V. iii. 2, s.  
Beshrew your eyes,  
They have *o'er-look'd* me.
- O'er-died*—re-died. W. T. i. 2, s.  
But were they false  
As *o'er-died* blacks.
- O'erstraw'd*—o'erstrewn. V. A. s.  
The bottom poison, and the top *o'erstraw'd*  
With sweets that shall the truest sight beguile.
- Oes*—circles. M. N. D. iii. 2, s.  
Than all yon fiery *oes*, and eyes of light.
- Of all loves. M. W. ii. 2, s.  
Send her your little page, *of all loves*.
- Of all loves*—M. N. D. ii. 3.  
Speak, *of all loves*.
- Of season*—when in season. M. M. ii. 2, s.  
Even for our kitchens  
We kill the fowl of *season*.
- Of your answer*—for you to answer. M. M. ii. 4, s.  
You granting of my suit,  
If that be sin, I'll make it my morn prayer  
To have it added to the faults of mine  
And nothing *of your answer*.
- Of*—with. M. i. 2, s.  
From the western isles  
Of kernes and gallowglases is supplied.
- Of rashness*—on account of rashness. A. C. ii. 2, s.  
If Cleopatra heard you, your reproof  
Were well deserved *of rashness*.
- Of all 'say'd yet*—of all who have essayed yet. P. i. 1, s.  
*Of all 'say'd yet*, mayst thou prove prosperous.
- Off-capp'd*. O. i. 1, s.  
Three great ones of the city,  
In personal suit to make me his lieutenant,  
*Off-capp'd* to him.
- Offering*—assailing. H. 4, F. P. iv. 1, s.  
We of the *offering* side  
Must keep aloof from strict arbitrement.
- Office*—business. T. i. 1, s.  
A plague upon this howling! they are louder than the  
weather, or our *office*.
- Officers of night*—night guard. O. i. 1, s.  
And raise some special *officers of night*.
- Offices of a mansion. R. S. i. 2, i.  
Unpeopled *offices*.
- Offices*—rooms of hospitality. T. Ath. ii. 2, s.  
When all our *offices* have been oppress'd  
With riotous feeders.
- Old news*—rare news. T. S. iii. 2, s.  
Master, master! news, *old news*.
- Old coil*—great bustle. M. A. v. 2, s.  
Yonder's *old coil* at home.
- Old-faced ancient*—old patched-up standard. H. 4, F. P. iv. 2, s.  
Ten times more dishonourable ragged than an *old-faced ancient*.
- Old usis*—extreme merriment. H. 4, S. P. ii. 4, s.  
By the mass, here will be *old usis*.
- Old*—wold. L. iii. 4, s.  
Swithold footed thrice the *old*.
- Omen*—portentous event. H. i. 1, s.  
As harbingers preceding still the fates,  
And prologue to the *omen* coming on.
- Omens and prodigies,—from North's 'Plutarch.' J. C. i. 3, i.  
A common slave, &c.
- 'On a day.' L. L. L. iv. 3, i.  
On a day, &c.
- On*—let us go on. W. T. v. 2, s.  
It is requir'd  
You do awake your faith: Then, all stand still:  
*On*: Those that think it is unlawful business  
I am about, let them depart.
- On his knee—down on his knee. Cor. ii. 2, s.  
Tarquin's self he met,  
And struck him on his knee.
- On*—of. J. C. i. 2, s.  
And be not jealous *on* me, gentle Brutus.
- Once this*—once for all. C. E. iii. 1, s.  
*Once this*,—Your long experience of her wisdom.
- Once*—once for all. M. A. i. 1, s.  
'Tis *once*, thou lovest.
- Once*—sometimes. H. E. i. 2, s.  
What we oft do best,  
By sick interpreters, *once* weak *once*, is  
Not ours, or not allow'd.
- One*—pronounced *on*. G. V. ii. 1, s.  
*Val*. Not mine; my gloves are *on*.  
*Speed*. Why, then this may be yours, for this is *be one*.
- Oneyers. H. 4, F. P. ii. 1, s.  
Burgomasters and great *oneyers*.
- Opal*—gem whose colours change when viewed in different  
lights. T. N. ii. 4, s.  
Thy mind is a very *opal*.
- Open room. M. M. ii. 1, s.  
It is an *open room*, and good for winter.
- Ophelia's songs, music of. H. iv. 5, i.  
How should I your true love know  
From another?
- Opinion*—reputation. H. 4, F. P. v. 4, s.  
Thou hast redeem'd thy lost *opinion*.
- Opinion*—reputation. T. N. K. iii. 6, s.  
Might breed the ruin of my name's *opinion*.
- Opposite with*—of a different opinion. T. N. ii. 5, s.  
Be *opposite with* a kinsman.
- Opposite*—adversary. M. M. iii. 2, s.  
Or you imagine me too un hurtful an *opposite*.
- Or*—gold in heraldry. Luc. s.  
Virtue would stain that *or* with silver white.
- Or e'er*—before, sooner than. T. i. 2, s.  
I would  
Have sunk the sea within the earth, *or e'er*  
It should the good ship so have swallow'd.
- Or e'er*—before. J. iv. 3, s.  
Two long days' journey, lords, *or e'er* we meet.
- Orbs*—fairy-rings. M. N. D. ii. 1, s.  
And I serve the fairy queen,  
To dew her *orbs* upon the green.
- Order*—rule, canon of ecclesiastical authority. H. v. 1, s.  
Her death was doubtful;  
And, but that great command *o'er*sways the *order*,  
She should in ground unsanctified have lodg'd.
- Ordinance. H. 4, F. P. ii. 3, i.  
Of basilisks, of cannon, culverin.
- Orgulous*—proud. T. C. Prologue, s.  
The princes *orgulous*, their high blood chaf'd.
- Ostent*—display. M. V. ii. 2, s.  
Use all the observance of civility,  
Like one well studied in a sad *ostent*  
To please his grandam.
- Ouphes*—goblins. M. W. iv. 4, s.  
Like urchins, *ouphes*, and fairies.
- Out of all whooping*—beyond all measure. A. L. iii. 2, s.  
And yet again wonderful, and after that *out of all whooping*.
- Out three years old*—quite three years old. T. i. 2, s.  
Then thou wast not  
*Out three years old*.
- Out of all cess*—excessively. H. 4, F. P. ii. 1, s.  
The poor jade is wrung in the withers *out of all cess*.
- Out went the candle*. L. i. 4, s.  
So, *out went the candle*, and we were left darkling.
- Out*—complete. Cor. iv. 5, s.  
Thou hast beat me *out*,  
Twelve several times.
- Overflow*—flooded, drowned. M. N. D. iv. 1, s.  
I would be loth to have you *overflow* with a honey  
bag.
- Oversee this will. Luc. s.  
Thou, Collatine, shalt *oversee this will*.
- Overture for the wars. Cor. i. 9, s.  
May these same instruments, which you profane,  
Never sound more, when drums and trumpets shall  
I' the field prove flatterers! Let courts and cities be

Made all of false-fac'd soothing, where steel grows soft  
 As the parasite's silk!  
 Let them be made an *overture* for the wars!  
*Ovid's* 'Metamorphoses,' passage in. W. T. iv. 3, i.  
     *O Proserpina!*  
 For the flowers now that frighted thou lett'st fall  
 From Dis's waggon.  
*Ow'd*—owned. R. T. iv. 4, n.  
 The slaughter of the prince that *ow'd* that crown.  
*Ow'd*—owned, his own. L. C. n.  
 O, that sad breath his spongy lungs bestow'd,  
 O, all that borrow'd motion, seeming *ow'd*.  
*Owe*—possess. L. L. L. i. 2, n.  
 For still her cheeks possess the same,  
 Which native she doth *owe*.  
*Owe*—own. C. E. iii. 1, n.  
 Out from the house I *owe*.  
*Owe* (v.)—possess. T. N. i. 5, n.  
     Ourselves we do not *owe*;  
     What is decreed must be.  
*Owe*, and succeed thy weakness. M. M. ii. 4, n.  
     Else let my brother die,  
     If not a feodary, but only he  
     *Owe*, and succeed thy weakness.  
*Owe*—own. So. lxx. n.  
 Then thou alone kingdoms of hearts shouldst *owe*.  
*Owe* (v.)—own. P. v. 1, n.  
     Where were you bred?  
     And how achiev'd you these endowments, which  
     You make more rich to *owe*?  
*Owes*—owns. J. ii. 1, n.  
     He pleased then  
     To pay that duty, which you truly owe,  
     To him that *owes* it.  
*Owest*—ownest. L. i. 4, n.  
 Lend less than thou *owest*.  
*Ox-yokes*. A. L. iii. 3, i.  
 The ox hath his bow.  
*Oyes*—proclamation (pronounced as a monosyllable). M. W.  
     v. 5, n.  
     Crier Hobgoblin, make the fairy *oyes*.

P.

*Pack* (v.)—contrive, arrange. T. And. iv. 2, n.  
 His kins is like to her, fair as you are:  
 Go *pack* with him, and give the mother gold.  
*Packings*—intrigues. L. iii. 1, n.  
 Either in snuffs and *packings* of the dukes.  
*Paddock*—toad. H. iii. 4, n.  
 For who, that's but a queen, fair, sober, wise  
 Would from a *paddock*, from a bat, a gib,  
 Such dear concernings hide?  
*Paddock*—toad. M. i. 1, n.  
*Paddock* calls.  
*Padua*. T. S. i. 1, i.  
 Fair *Padua*, nursery of arts.  
*Pageants*. G. V. iv. 4, i. At Pentecost,  
 When all our *pageants* of delight were play'd.  
*Painted cloth*. A. L. iii. 2, i.  
 I answer you right *painted cloth*, from whence you have  
 studied your questions.  
*Painted cloth*. Luc. n. (See A. L. iii. i.)  
 Who fears a sentence or an old man's saw  
 Shall by a *painted cloth* be kept in awe.  
*Paioche*—coin of about three farthings value. H. iii. 2, n.  
 And now reigns here  
 A very, very—*paioche*.  
*Pair of bases*—armour for the legs. P. ii. 1, n.  
 I yet am unprovided  
 Of a *pair of bases*.  
*Pale* (v.)—impale, encircle. H. 6, T. P. i. 4, n.  
 And will you *pale* your head in Henry's glory?  
*Pallament*—robe. T. And. i. 2, n.  
 This *pallament* of white and spotless hue.  
*Pap of hatchet*. H. 6, S. P. iv. 7, n.  
 Ye shall have a hempen caudle then, and the *pap of*  
*hatchet*.  
*Papers* (v.). H. E. i. 1, n.  
 And his own letter  
 (The honourable board of council out)  
 Must fetch him in his *papers*.

'Paradise Lost.' M. N. D. i. 1, i.  
 Ah me! for aught that ever I could read.  
*Parcel-gilt*—partially gilt. H. 4, S. P. ii. 1, n.  
 Thou didst swear to me upon a *parcel-gilt* goblet  
*Parish* top. T. N. i. 3, i.  
 Till his brains turn o' the toe like a *parish* top.  
*Parle*—speech. G. V. i. 2, n.  
 That every day with *parle* encounter me.  
*Parling*—speaking. Luc. n.  
 But she, that never cop'd with stranger eyes,  
 Could pick no meaning from their *parling* looks.  
*Parlous*—perilous. M. N. D. iii. 1, n.  
 By'r lakin, a *parlous* fear.  
*Parlous*—perilous. A. L. iii. 2, n.  
 Thou art in a *parlous* state, shepherd.  
*Parlous*—perilous. R. J. i. 3, n.  
 It had upon its brow  
 A bump as big as a young cockrel's stone;  
 A *parlous* knock.  
*Part I had in Gloucester's blood*—my consanguinity to Gloucester.  
 R. S. i. 2, n.  
 Alas! the *part I had in Gloucester's blood*  
 Doth more solicit me, than your exclams.  
*Part with*—depart with. C. E. iii. 1, n.  
 In debating which was best, we shall *part with* neither.  
*Partake* (v.)—take part. So. cxlix. n.  
 Canst thou, O cruel! say I love thee not,  
 When I, against myself, with thee *partake*?  
*Partaker*—confederate. H. 6, F. P. ii. 4, n.  
 For your *partaker* Poole, and you yourself,  
 I'll note you in my book of memory.  
*Parted*—shared. H. E. v. 2, n.  
 I had thought  
 They had *parted* so much honesty among them.  
*Particular*—letter of detail. H. 4, S. P. iv. 4, n.  
 Here at more leisure may your highness read;  
 With every course, in his *particular*.  
*Parting* of Antony and his friends,—from North's 'Plutarch.'  
 A. C. iii. 9, i.  
 Friends, come hither.  
*Parthians*. Cy. i. 7, i.  
 Or, like the *Parthians*, I shall flying fight.  
*Parts*—parties, party. H. 6, S. P. v. 2, n.  
 Reigns in the hearts of all our present *parts*.  
*Pash*. W. T. i. 2, n.  
 Thou want'st a rough *pash*, and the shoots that I have,  
 To be full like me.  
*Pass on*—condemn, adjudicate. M. M. ii. 1, n.  
 What know the laws,  
 That thieves do *pass on* thieves?  
*Passage*. A. W. i. 1, n.  
 O, that had I how sad a *passage* 't is!  
*Passed*—surpassed. M. W. i. 1, n.  
 The women have so cried and shriek'd at it, that it  
*passed*.  
*Passed*—was excessive. T. C. i. 2, n.  
 All the rest so laughed, that it *passed*.  
*Passes*—passages. M. M. v. 1, n.  
 When I perceive your grace, like power divine,  
 Hath look'd upon my *passes*.  
*Passes*—exceeds, goes beyond common virtues. T. Ath. i. 1, n.  
 A most incomparable man; breath'd, as it were,  
 To an untirable and continue goodnes:  
 He *passes*.  
*Passing*—surpassing. H. 6, T. P. v. 1, n.  
 O *passing* traitor, perjurd, and unjust.  
*Passionate*—given up to grief. J. ii. 3, n.  
 She is sad and *passionate*.  
*Passy*—measures pavin. T. N. v. 1, n.  
 Then he's a rogue and a *passy-measures pavin*, I hate  
 a drunken rogue.  
*Patch*—pretender. C. E. iii. 1, n.  
 Coxcomb, idiot, *patch*.  
*Patch*—fool. M. V. ii. 5, n.  
 The *patch* is kind enough.  
*Patch a quarrel*. A. C. ii. 2, n.  
 If you'll *patch a quarrel*,  
 As matter whole you have to make it with,  
 It must not be with this.  
*Patched fool*—fool in a particoloured coat. M. N. D. iv. 1, n.  
 But man is but a *patched fool*.

*Patient* (used as a verb). T. And. i. 2, n.  
*Patient* yourself, madam, and pardon me.  
*Patine*—small flat dish used in the service of the altar. M. V. v. 1, n.  
 Look how the floor of heaven  
 Is thick inlaid with *patines* of bright gold.  
*Path* (v.)—walk on a trodden way, move forward amidst observation. J. C. ii. 1, n.  
 For if thou *path* thy native semblance on.  
*Paucas pallabris*—few words. T. S. Induction 1, n.  
 Therefore, *pauens pallabris*.  
 Paul's walk. H. 4, S. P. i. 2, i.  
 I bought him in *Paul's*, &c.  
 Paved fountain. M. N. D. ii. 2, n.  
 By *paved fountain*, or by rushy brook.  
 Pax. H. F. iii. 6, i.  
 But Exeter hath given the doom of death,  
 For *pax* of little price.  
*Pay down for our offence by weight*—pay the full price of our offence. M. M. i. 3, n.  
 Thus can the demi-god, Authority,  
 Make us *pay down for our offence by weight*.  
*Perls down sleeves*—pearls set on down the sleeves. M. A. iii. 4, n.  
 Set with *perls down sleeves*.  
*Peat*—pet, spoiled child. T. S. i. 1, n.  
 A pretty *peat*; 't is best  
 Put finger in the eye—an she knew why.  
*Peel'd*—shaven. H. 6, F. P. i. 3, n.  
*Peel'd* priest, dost thou command me to be shut out?  
*Peg-a-Ramsey*. T. N. ii. 3, i.  
 Malvolio's a *Peg-a-Ramsey*, and 'Three merry men  
 we be'.  
*Peerish*—silly. C. E. iv. 1, n.  
 Why, thou *peerish* sheep!  
*Peise* (v.)—weigh. R. T. v. 3, n.  
 Lest leaden slumber *peise* me down to-morrow.  
*Peised*—poised. J. ii. 2, n.  
 The world, who of itself is *peised* well,  
 Made to run even.  
*Peize* (v.)—keep in suspense, upon the balance. M. V. iii. 2, n.  
 I speak too long; but 't is to *peize* the time.  
 Pelican. H. iv. 5, i.  
 Like the kind, life-rend'ring *pelican*.  
*Pelleted*—formed into pellets, or small balls. L. C. n.  
 Laund'ring the silken figures in the brine  
 That season'd woe had *pelleted* in tears.  
*Pelt* (v.)—be clamorous. Luc. n.  
 Another smother'd seems to *pelt* and swear.  
*Pelting*—petty, contemptible. M. N. D. ii. 2, n.  
 Have every *pelting* river made so proud.  
*Pelting*—paltry, petty. R. S. ii. 1, n.  
 Like to a tenement, or *pelting* farm.  
*Pelting*—petty, of little worth. L. ii. 3, n. (See R. S. ii. 1, n.)  
 Poor *pelting* villages, sheep-cotes, and mills.  
*Pelting*—petty. T. C. iv. 5, n.  
 We have had *pelting* wars, since you refus'd  
 The Grecians' cause.  
*Penalty of Adam*. A. L. ii. 1, n.  
 Here feel we not the *penalty of Adam*.  
*Penitent*—in the sense of doing penance. C. E. i. 2, n.  
 But we, that know what 't is to fast and pray,  
 Are *penitent* for your default to-day.  
*Pense*—pronounced as a dissyllable. M. V. v. 5, n.  
 And Honi soit qui mal y *pense*, write.  
 Pensioners. M. W. ii. 2, i.  
 Nay, which is more, *pensioners*.  
*Pensioners*—courtiers. M. N. D. i. 1, n.  
 The cowslips tall her *pensioners* be.  
 Pennies. M. W. ii. 2, i.  
 I will not lend thee a *penny*.  
*Penser*—case for holding pens. T. N. K. iii. 5, n.  
 At whose great feet I offer up my *penser*.  
 Pennyworth of sugar. H. 4, F. P. ii. 4, n. (See H. 4, F. P. i. 2, i.)  
 To sweeten which name of Ned I give thee this *pennyworth* of sugar.  
*Pepper gingerbread*—spice gingerbread. H. 4, F. P. iii. 1, n.  
 And leave in sooth,  
 To velvet-guards, and Sunday-citizens.

*Perfect*—assured. W. T. iii. 3, n.  
 Thou art *perfect* then, our ship hath touch'd *perps*  
 The deserts of Bohemia?  
*Perfect*—assured. Cy. iii. 1, n.  
 I am *perfect*  
 That the Pannonians and Dalmatians, for  
 Their liberties, are now in arms.  
 Perfuming rooms. M. A. i. 3, i.  
 Smoking a musty room.  
*Periapt*—amulets, charms. H. 6, F. P. v. 3, n.  
 Now help, ye charming spells, and *periapts*.  
*Period*—end. M. W. iv. 2, n.  
 There would be no *period* to the jest.  
*Perish*—used actively. H. 6, S. P. iii. 2, n.  
 Because thy flinty heart, more hard than they,  
 Might in thy palace *perish* Margaret.  
 Periwig. G. V. iv. 4, i. A colour'd *periwig*.  
 Perjure wearing papers. L. L. i. iv. 3, n.  
 He comes in like a *perjyre* wearing *papers*.  
 Perspectives. R. S. ii. 2, i.  
 Like *perspectives*, which, rightly gaz'd upon,  
 Show nothing but confusion,—ey'd awry,  
 Distinguish form.  
*Pervert* (v.)—avert. Cy. ii. 4, n.  
 Let's follow him, and *pervert* the present wrath  
 He hath against himself.  
*Peruse* (v.)—examine. H. iv. 7, n.  
 He, being remis,  
 Most generous, and free from all contriving,  
 Will not *peruse* the foils.  
*Pew-fellow*—companion, occupiers of the same seat. E. iv. 4, n.  
 Preys on the issue of his mother's body,  
 And makes her *pew-fellow* with others' moan.  
*Phere*—companion, mate. P. i. Gower, n.  
 This king unto him took a *phere*,  
 Who died and left a female heir.  
*Phese* (v.)—to beat. T. S. Induction 1, n.  
 I'll *phese* you, in faith.  
 Philip?—sparrow! J. i. 1, n.  
 Gur. Good leave, good Philip.  
 Bast. *Phidip?—sparrow!*  
*Phil-horse*—horse in the shafts. M. V. ii. 2, n.  
 Thou hast got more hair on thy chin than Dobbin's  
*phil-horse* has on his tail.  
 Philosopher's two stones. H. 4, S. P. iii. 2, n.  
 And it shall go hard, but I will make him a *philosopher*  
 two stones to me.  
 Phraseology of the time of Elizabeth. H. i. 2, n.  
 More than the scope  
 Of these dilated articles allow.  
*Pick* (v.)—pitch. Cor. i. 1, n.  
 As high  
 As I could *pick* my lance.  
*Picked*—trimmed. L. L. L. v. 1, n.  
 He is too *picked*.  
*Picked*—spruce, affected, smart. H. v. 1, n.  
 The age is grown so *picked*.  
 Picked man of countries. J. i. 1, n.  
 Why, then I suck my teeth, and catechi-se  
 My *picked* man of countries.  
*Pickers and stealers*—hands. H. iii. 2, n.  
 So I do still, by these *pickers and stealers*.  
 Pickt-hatch. M. W. ii. 2, n.  
 To your manor of *Pickt-hatch*, go.  
*Picture*—person. G. V. ii. 4, n.  
 'T is but her *picture* I have yet beheld.  
*Pierced*—penetrated. O. i. 3, n.  
 I never yet did hear  
 That the bruised heart was *pierced* through the ear.  
*Pight*—settled, pitched. L. ii. 1, n.  
 When I dissuaded him from his intent,  
 And found him *pight* to do it.  
*Pilcher*—cavalier. R. J. iii. 4, n.  
 Will you pluck your sword out of his *pilcher*?  
 Pil'd esteem'd. H. 6, F. P. i. 4, n.  
 And craved death,  
 Rather than he'd be so *pil'd* esteem'd.  
 Pilgrims. G. V. ii. 7, i.  
 A true devoted *pilgrim*.  
*Pill'd*—peeled. M. V. i. 3, n.  
 The skillful shepherd *pill'd* me certain wands

- Pillory.** G. V. iv. 4, i.  
I have stood on the *pillory*.
- Pin**—centre of a target. R. J. ii. 4, n.  
The very *pin* of his heart cleft with the blind bow-boy's butt-shaft.
- Pin and web.** W. T. i. 2, n. (See L. iii. 4, n.)  
And all eyes blind  
With the *pin* and *web*.
- Pinch'd**—painted. G. V. iv. 4, n.  
And *pinch'd* the lily-tincture of her face.
- Pinch'd**—petty, contemptible. W. T. ii. 1, n.  
He has discover'd my design, and I  
Remain a *pinch'd* thing.
- Pinnace**—small vessel attached to a larger. M. W. i. 3, n.  
Sail like my *pinnace* to these golden shores.
- Pioned and twilled brims.** T. iv. 1, n.  
Thy banks with *pioned* and *twilled brims*,  
Which spongy April at thy best betrimms.
- Pipe-wine.** M. W. iii. 2, n.  
I think I shall drink in *pipe-wine* first with him.
- Pipes of corn.** M. N. D. ii. 2, i.  
Playing on *pipes of corn*.
- Pittie-ward.** M. W. iii. 1, n.  
Marry, sir, the *pittie-ward*, the park-ward.
- Place**—abiding-place. A. L. ii. 3, n.  
This is no *place*, this house is but a butchery.
- Places**—honours. W. T. i. 2, n.  
Thy *places* shall  
Still neighbour mine.
- Plantain-leaf.** R. J. i. 2, i.  
Your *plantain-leaf* is excellent for that.
- Planch'd**—planked, made of boards. M. M. iv. 1, n.  
And to that vineyard is a *planch'd* gate.
- Plantagenet.** J. i. 1, i.  
Arise sir Richard, and *Plantagenet*.
- Plate armour.** H. F. iv. Chorus, i.  
With busy hammers closing rivets up.
- Plates**—pieces of silver money. A. C. v. 2, n.  
Realms and islands were  
As *plates* dropp'd from his pocket.
- Platforms**—plans. H. 6, F. P. ii. 1, n.  
And lay new *platforms* to endamage them.
- Platonism.** H. F. i. 2, i.  
For government, &c.
- Plausibly**—with expressions of applause, with acclamation.  
Luc. n.  
The Romans *plausibly* did give consent  
To Tarquin's everlasting banishment.
- Play-pheers**—playfellows. T. N. K. iv. 3, n.  
Learn what maids have been her companions and *play-pheers*.
- Play the men**—behave like men. T. i. 1, n.  
Where's the master? *Play the men*.
- Plcach'd**—folded. A. C. iv. 12, n.  
Thy master thus with *plcach'd* arms.
- Please you wit**—be pleased to know. P. iv. 4, n.  
Now *please you wit*  
The epitaph is for Marina writ.
- Plighted**—plaited, folded. L. i. 1, n.  
Time shall unfold what *plighted* cunning hides.
- Plot**—spot. H. 6, S. P. ii. 2, n.  
And, in this private *plot*, be we the first  
That shall salute our rightful sovereign.
- Pluck off**—descend. H. E. ii. 3, n.  
*Old Lady*. What think you of a duchess? have you limbs  
To bear that load of title?  
*Answer*. No, in truth.  
*Old Lady*. Then you are weakly made: *Pluck off* a little;  
I would not be a young count in your way,  
For more than blushing comes to.
- Plurisy**—abundance. H. iv. 7, n.  
For goodness, growing to a *plurisy*,  
Dies in his own too much.
- Plurisy**—fulness. T. N. K. v. 1, n. (See H. iv. 7, n.)  
That heal't with blood  
The earth when it is sick, and cur'at the world  
Of the *plurisy* of people.
- Pintarch's** description of the prowess of Coriolanus. Cor. i. 3, i.  
To a cruel war I sent him; from whence he returned,  
his brows bound with oak.
- Pintarch's** narrative of the war against the Volces. Cor. i. 4, i.  
Before Corioli.
- Pockets.** G. V. iii. 1, i.  
Even in the milk-white bosom of thy love.
- Pockets in stays.** H. ii. 2, n. (See G. V. iii. 1, i.)  
In her excellent white bosom these.
- Poesy**—motto. H. iii. 2, n.  
Is this a prologue, or the *poesy* of a ring?
- Point**—particular spot. M. iv. 3, n.  
With ten thousand warlike men,  
All ready at a *point*.
- Point-device**—minutely exact. A. L. iii. 2, n. (See T. N. ii. 5, n.)  
You are rather *point-device* in your accoutrements.
- Point-device**—exactly. T. N. ii. 5, n.  
I will be *point-device*, the very man.
- Point-device**—nice to excess. L. L. L. v. 1, n.  
Such insouciant and *point-device* companions.
- Poisons**, laws respecting the sale of. R. J. v. 1, i.  
Whose sale is present death in Mantua.
- Poise**—balance. O. iii. 3, n.  
Nay, when I have a suit  
Wherein I mean to touch your love indeed,  
It shall be full of *poise* and difficult weight,  
And fearful to be granted.
- Poking-sticks.** W. T. iv. 3, i.  
*Poking-sticks* of steel.
- Polacks**—Poles. H. i. 1, n.  
He smote the sledded *Polacks* on the ice.
- Pulled**—cleared. Cor. iv. 5, n.  
He will mow all down before him, and leave his passage *pulled*.
- Pomander.** W. T. iv. 3, i.  
*Pomander*.
- Pomegranate-tree.** R. J. iii. 5, i.  
Nightly she sings on yon *pomegranate-tree*.
- Pome-water**—a species of apple. L. L. L. iv. 2, n.  
Ripe as a *pome-water*.
- Poor fool** is hang'd. L. v. 3, n.  
And my *poor fool* is hang'd! No, no, no life.
- Poor John**—hake, dried and salted. R. J. i. 1, n.  
'T is well thou art not fish; if thou hadst, thou hadst been *poor John*.
- Port**—state, show. T. S. i. 1, n.  
Keep house, and *port*, and servants, as I should.
- Port**—appearance, carriage. M. V. i. 1, n.  
By something showing a more swelling *port*.
- Portable.** M. iv. 3, n.  
All these are *portable*  
With other graces weigh'd.
- Portage**—port-holes. H. F. iii. 1, n.  
Then lend the eye a terrible aspect;  
Let it pry through the *portage* of the head,  
Like the brass cannon.
- Possess** (v.)—inform. T. N. ii. 3, n.  
*Possess* us, *possess* us, tell us something of him.
- Possess'd**—informed. M. V. i. 3, n.  
Is he yet *possess'd*?  
How much you would.
- Possess'd**—informed. M. M. iv. 1, n.  
And that I have *possess'd* him, my most stay  
Can be but brief.
- Possess'd**. R. S. ii. 1, n.  
Deposing thee before thou wert *possess'd*,  
Which art *possess'd* now to depose thyself.
- Possessions**; in two senses: 1, lands; 2, mental endowments.  
G. V. v. 2, n.  
*Thurio*. Consider she my *possessions*?  
*Proteus*. O, ay; and pities them.  
*Thurio*. Wherefore?  
*Proteus*. That they are out by lease.
- Post indeed.** C. E. i. 2, n.  
If I return, I shall be *post indeed*.
- Powder-flask.** R. J. iii. 3, i.  
Like powder in a skill-less soldier's *flask*.
- Power of medicine**, experiments upon the. Cy. i. 6, i.  
Your highness  
Shall from this practice but make hard your heart.
- Practice**—craft, subornation. M. M. v. 1, n.  
Or else thou art suborn'd against his honour.  
In hateful *practice*.

*Practice*—artifice. H. E. i. 1, a.  
I shall perish  
Under device and *practice*.  
*Prank'd up*—dressed splendidly, decorated. W. T. iv. 3, a.  
And me, poor lowly maid,  
Most goddess-like *prank'd up*.  
*Prayers cross*. M. M. ii. 2, a.  
Amen:  
For I am that way going to temptation,  
Where *prayers cross*.  
*Precise*. M. M. iii. 1, a.  
The *precise* Angelo.  
*Precisian*. M. W. ii.  
Though love use reason for his *precisian*.  
*Preferred*—offered. M. N. D. iv. 2, a.  
The short and the long is, our play is *preferred*.  
*Premises of homage*—circumstances of homage premised. T. i. 2, a.  
In lieu o' the *premises*  
Of *homage*, and I know not how much tribute.  
*Presence*. J. i. 1, a.  
Lord of thy *presence*, and no land beside.  
*Presents of wine*. M. W. ii. 2, i.  
Hath sent you worship a morning's draught of sack.  
*Prest*—ready. M. V. i. 1, a.  
And I am *prest* unto it.  
*Prest*—ready. P. iv. Gower, a.  
The pregnant instrument of wrath  
*Prest* for this blow.  
*Prest* John. M. A. ii. 1, i.  
Bring you the length of *Prest* John's foot.  
*Pretence*—design. G. V. iii. 1, a.  
Hath made me publisher of this *pretence*.  
*Pretence*—design. W. T. iii. 2, a.  
The *pretence* thereof being by circumstances partly  
laid open.  
*Pretence*—purpose. L. i. 2, a.  
I dare pawn down my life for him that he hath writ  
this to feel my affection to your honour, and to no  
other *pretence* of danger.  
*Pretend*—intend. H. 6, F. P. iv. 1, a.  
And none your foes but such as shall *pretend*  
Malicious practices against his state.  
*Pretend* (v.)—propose. M. ii. 4, a.  
What good could they *pretend*?  
*Pretended*—intended. G. V. ii. 6, a.  
Of their disguising, and *pretended* flight.  
*Pretended*—proposed. Luc. a.  
Reward not hospitality  
With such black payment as thou hast *pretended*.  
*Prevented*—anticipated, gone before. T. N. iii. 1, a.  
I will answer you with gait and entrance: But we are  
*prevented*.  
*Prevented*—gone before, anticipated. H. 6, F. P. iv. 1, a.  
But that I am *prevented*,  
I should have begg'd might have been employ'd.  
*Price of sheep*. H. 4, S. P. iii. 2, i.  
A score of good ewes may be worth ten pounds.  
*Prick-song*—music pricked, or noted down. R. J. ii. 4, a.  
In flights as you sing *prick-song*.  
*Pricket*. L. L. L. iv. 2, a.  
'T was a *pricket*.  
*Prince of cats*. R. J. ii. 4, a.  
Bes. Why what is Tybalt?  
Mer. More than *prince of cats*.  
*Principals*—strongest timbers of a building. P. iii. 2, a.  
Sir, our lodgings, standing bleak upon the sea,  
Shook as the earth did quake;  
The very *principals* did seem to rend,  
And all to topple.  
*Princox*—coxcomb. R. J. i. 5, a.  
You are a *princox*; go.  
*Priser*. A. L. ii. 3, a.  
The bony *priser* of the humorous duke.  
*Probal*—probable. O. ii. 3, a.  
When this advice is free, I give, and honest,  
*Probal* to thinking, and indeed the course  
To win the Moor again.  
*Process*—summons. A. C. i. 1, a.  
Where's Fulvia's *process*?

*Procures*. P. P. a.  
My curtail dog, that wont to have play'd,  
Plays not at all, but seems afraid;  
With sighs so deep,  
*Procures* to weep,  
In howling-wise, to see my doleful plight.  
*Prodigious*—preternatural. J. iii. 1, a.  
Lame, foolish, crooked, swart, *prodigious*.  
*Proface*—much good may it do you. H. 4, S. P. v. 1, a.  
Master page, good master page, sit *proface*!  
*Profession*—declaration of purpose. A. W. ii. 1, a.  
With one, that, in her sex, her years, *profession*.  
*Projection*—forecast, preparation. H. F. ii. 4, a.  
So the proportions of defence are fill'd;  
Which, of a weak and niggardly *projection*,  
Doth like a miser spoil his coat with scanting  
A little cloth.  
*Prologue arm'd*. T. C. Prologue, a.  
And hither am I come  
A *prologue arm'd*.  
*Prologue*, subjects of, noticed. H. E. i. i.  
*Promis'd end*—end of the world foretold in the Scripture.  
L. v. 3, a.  
Kent. Is this the *promis'd end*?  
Edg. Or image of that horror?  
*Prompture*—suggestion. M. M. ii. 4, a.  
I'll to my brother:  
Though he hath fallen by *prompture* of the blood.  
*Prome*—humble. M. M. i. 3, a.  
For in her youth  
There is a *prone* and speechless dialect  
Such as moves men.  
*Prone*—forward. Cy. v. 4, a.  
Unless a man would marry a gallows, and beget you;  
gibbets, never saw one *prone*.  
*Prone*—having inclination or propensity, self-willed, head-  
strong. Luc.  
O, that *prone* lust should stain so pure a bed!  
*Propagation*. M. M. i. 3, a.  
Only for *propagation* of a dower  
Remaining in the coffer of her friends.  
*Proper*—false—handsome—false. T. N. ii. 2, a.  
How easy is it for the *proper*—false  
In women's waxen hearts to set their forms!  
*Properties*—a theatrical phrase. M. N. D. 2, a.  
In the mean time I will draw a bill of *properties*.  
*Prophecies*. L. iii. 2, i.  
When *prophecies* are more in word than matter.  
*Proposed*—purposed. H. iv. 4, a.  
Ham. Good sir, whose powers are these?  
Cap. They are of Norway, sir.  
Ham. How *proposed*, sir?  
*Protest* (v.)—declare openly. T. Ath. iv. 3, a.  
Do villainy, do, since you *protest* to do't  
Like workmen.  
*Proud to be so valiant*—proud of being so valiant. Cor. L. i.  
The present wars devour him: he is grown  
Too *proud to be so valiant*.  
*Protest*—keeper of prisoners. M. M. ii. 1, a.  
Enter Angelo, Escalus, a Justice, *Protest*.  
*Pruning*—preening, triumphing up. L. L. L. iv. 3, a.  
Or spend a minute's time  
In *pruning* me.  
*Public shows*. T. ii. 2, i.  
Were I in England now, &c.  
*Puck*. M. N. D. ii. 1, i.  
That shrewd and knavish sprite,  
Call'd Robin Good-fellow.  
*Pudder*—pothor. L. iii. 2, a.  
Let the great gods,  
That keep this dreadful *pudder* o'er our head.  
*Pugging*. W. T. iv. 2, a.  
Doth set my *pudding* tooth on edge.  
*Puke-stocking*—puce stocking. H. 4, F. P. ii. 4, a.  
Nott-pated, agate ring, *puke-stocking*.  
*Pull in resolution*. M. v. 3, a.  
I *pull in resolution*, and begin  
To doubt the equivocation of the fiend.  
*Pump*—shoe. R. J. ii. 4, a.  
Why, then is my *pump* well flowered.  
*Pun* (v.)—pound. T. C. ii. 1, a.  
He would *pun* thee into shivers with his fist

*Pupil age*—young age. H. 4, F. P. ii. 4, s.  
 Since the old days of Goodman Adam, to the *pupil age*  
 of this present twelve o'clock at midnight.

*L'archaise*—theft. H. 4, F. P. ii. 1, s.  
 Thou shalt have a share in our *purchase*.

*Paritans*. T. N. ii. 3, i.  
 Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall  
 be no more cakes and ale?

*Paritans*, allusion to. A. W. i. 3, i.  
 Though honesty be no *puritan*, yet it will do no hurt;  
 it will wear the surplice of humility over the black gown  
 of a big heart.

*Purl'd*. Luc. s.  
 Thin winding breath, which *purl'd* up to the sky.

*Purpose*—conversation. M. A. iii. 1, s.  
 There will she hide her,  
 To listen our *purpose*.

*Push*—thrust, defiance. M. A. v. 1, s.  
 And made a *push* at chance and sufferance.

*Put on* (v.)—instigate. Cy. v. 1, s.  
 Gods! if you  
 Should have ta'en vengeance on my faults, I never  
 Had liv'd to *put on* this.

*Put to know*—cannot avoid knowing. M. M. i. 1, s.  
 Since I am *put to know*, that your own science.

*Puts* the period often from his place. Luc. s.  
 She *puts* the period often from his place,  
 And 'midst the sentence so her accent breaks.

*Putter-out*. T. iii. 3, s.  
 Which now we find  
 Each *putter-out* of five for one will bring us  
 Good warrant of.

*Puttest up*—puttest aside. R. J. iii. 3, s.  
 But, like a misbehav'd and sullen wench,  
 Thou *puttest up* thy fortune and thy love.

*Putting on*—incitement. M. M. iv. 2, s.  
 Lord Angelo, belike, thinking me remiss in mine  
 office, awakens me with this unwonted *putting on*.

*Puttock*—worthless species of hawk. Cy. i. 2, s.  
 I chose an eagle,  
 And did avoid a *puttock*.

*Pussel*—dirty drab. H. 4, F. P. i. 4, s.  
 Pucelle or *pussel*, dolphin or dogfish,  
 Your hearts I'll stamp out with my horse's heels.

*Pyramides*—plural of pyramid, used as a quadrisyllable. A.  
 C. v. 2, s.  
 Rather make  
 My country's high *pyramides* my gibbet.

\* *Pyramus and Thisbe*, a new sonnet of. M. N. D. v. 1, i.  
 This palpable gross play.

## Q.

*Quail* (v.)—slacken. A. L. ii. 2, s.  
 And let not search and inquisition *quail*  
 To bring again these foolish runaways.

*Qualify* (v.) moderate. M. M. iv. 2, s.  
 He doth with holy abstinence subdue  
 That in himself, which he spurs on his power  
 To *qualify* in others.

*Quality*—kind. H. 4, F. P. iv. 3, s.  
 Because you are not of our *quality*,  
 But stand against us like an enemy.

*Quarrel*—arrow. H. E. ii. 3, s.  
 Yet, if that *quarrel*, fortune, do divorce  
 It from the bearer.

*Quarry*—prey. M. i. 2, s.  
 And fortune, on his damned *quarry* smiling,  
 Show'd like a rebel's whore.

*Quart d'ecu*—a French piece of money. A. W. iv. 3, s.  
 Sir, for a *quart d'ecu* he will sell the fee simple of his  
 salvation.

*Quarter-staff* play. L. L. L. v. 3, i.  
 I will not fight with a pole, like a northern man.

*Quat*. O. v. 1, s.  
 I have rubb'd this young *quat* almost to the sense.

*Queasy*—delicate, ticklish. L. ii. 1, s.  
 And I have one thing, of a *queasy* question,  
 Which I must act.

*Quell*—murder. M. i. 7, s.  
 Who shall bear the guilt  
 Of our great *quell*?

*Quern*—handmill. M. N. D. ii. 1, s.  
 And sometimes labour in the *quern*.

*Quest*—inquest, jury. So. xlii. s.  
 To 'cide this title is impannelled  
 A *quest* of thoughts.

*Question*—discourse. A. L. iii. 4, s.  
 I met the duke yesterday, and had much *question* with  
 him.

*Questionable*—capable of being questioned. H. i. 4, s.  
 Thou com'st in such a *questionable* shape,  
 That I will speak to thee.

*Questioned*—conversed. Luc. s.  
 For, after supper, long he *questioned*  
 With modest Lucrece.

*Questioning*—discoursing. A. L. v. 4, s.  
 Whiles a wedlock hymn we sing,  
 Feed yourselves with *questioning*.

*Quests*—inquisitions. M. M. iv. 1, s.  
 These false and most contrarious *quests*  
 Upon thy doings.

*Quick*—alive. H. v. 1, s.  
 Be buried *quick* with her, and so will I.

*Quick* winds lie still. A. C. i. 2, s.  
 O, then we bring forth weeds  
 When our *quick winds* lie still; and our ill told us,  
 Is as our caring.

*Quiddits*—quiddities, subtleties. H. v. 1, s.  
 Where be his *quiddits* now?

*Quillet*, *quodlibet*—argument without foundation. L. L. L.  
 iv. 2, s.  
 Some tricks, some *quillets*, how to cheat the devil.

*Quillies*—quiddilbets, frivolous distinctions. H. v. 1, s.  
 Where be his *quillies* now, his *quillies*?

*Quintain*. A. L. i. 2, i.  
 My better parts  
 Are all thrown down; and that which here stands up  
 Is but a *quintain*, a mere lifeless block.

*Quit* (v.)—requite, answer. H. F. iii. 2, s.  
 And I shall *quit* you with good love, as I may pick occa-  
 sion.

*Quits*—requites. M. M. v. 1, s.  
 Well, Angelo, your evil *quits* you well.

*Quiver*—nimble. H. 4, S. P. iii. 2, s.  
 There was a little *quiver* fellow, and he would manage  
 you his piece thus.

*Quote* (v.)—mark. G. V. ii. 4, s.  
 And how *quote* you my folly?

*Quote*—pronounced cote. G. V. ii. 4, s.  
 I *quote* it in your jerkin.

*Quote* (v.)—observe. R. J. i. 4, s.  
 What curious eye doth *quote* deformities.

*Quote* (v.)—observe. Luc. s.  
 Yes, the illiterate, that know not how  
 To cipher what is writ in learned books,  
 Will *quote* my loathsome trespass in my looks.

*Quoted*—observed, noted. H. ii. 1, s.  
 I am sorry that with better heed and judgment  
 I had not *quoted* him.

*Quotes*—observes, searches through. T. And. iv. 1, s.  
 See, brother, see; note how she *quotes* the leaves

## R.

R, the dog's letter. R. J. ii. 4, i.  
 R is for the dog.

Rabatoes, or neck-ruff. M. A. iii. 4, i.  
 Troth, I think your other *rabato* were better.

*Rack* (v.)—strain, stretch; exaggerate. M. A. iv. 1, s.  
 That what we have we prize not to the worth,  
 Whiles we enjoy it; but being lack'd and lost,  
 Why, then we *rack* the value.

*Rack*—small feathery cloud. T. iv. 1, s.  
 And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,  
 Leave not a *rack* behind.

*Rack*—vapour. So. xxxiii. s.  
 Anon permit the basest clouds to ride  
 With ugly *rack* on his celestial face.

*Ragged*—broken, discordant. A. L. ii. 5, s.  
 My voice is *ragged*; I know I cannot please you.

*Ragged*—contemptible. Luc. s. (See H. 4, P. S. L. i, s.)  
 Thy smoothing titles to a *ragged* name.

*Ragged*—most broken, torn. H. 4, S. P. i. 1, a.  
And approach  
The *ragged* hour that time and spite dare bring.  
*Rain* (v.)—pour down. M. V. iii. 2, a.  
In measure rain thy joy.  
*Raise up the organs of her fantasy*—elevate her fancy. M. W. v. 3, a.  
*Raise up the organs of her fantasy*.  
*Rakes*. Cor. i. 1, a.  
Let us revenge this with our pikes, ere we become *rakes*.  
*Rams*—battering-rams. H. E. iv. 2, a.  
Like *rams*  
In the old-time of war.  
*Rang'd*—orderly ranged, parts entire and distinct. A. C. I. 1, a.  
Let Rome in Tiber melt! and the wide arch  
Of the *rang'd* empire fall!  
*Rank*—full. V. A. a.  
Rain, added to a river that is *rank*,  
Perforce will force it overflow the bank.  
*Rapier*—anachronism respecting. R. S. iv. 1, a.  
I will turn thy falsehood to thy heart,  
Where it was forged, with my *rapier's* point.  
*Rapiers*. M. W. ii. 1, i.  
I have heard the Frenchman hath good skill in his *rapier*.  
*Raps*—transports. Cy. i. 7, a.  
What, dear sir,  
Thus *raps* you?  
*Rapture*—fit. Cor. ii. 1, a.  
Your prattling nurse  
Into a *rapture* lets her baby cry.  
*Rascal*—term given to young deer, lean and out of season. A. L. iii. 2, a.  
The noblest deer hath them as huge as the *rascal*.  
*Rascal-like*—like a lean deer. H. 6, F. P. iv. 2, a.  
Not *rascal-like*, to fall down with a pinch.  
*Ras'd*—erased. P. i. 1, a.  
Her face the book of praises, where is read  
Nothing but curious pleasure, as from thence  
Sorrow were ever *ras'd*.  
*Raught*—reached. L. L. I. iv. 2, a.  
And *raught* not to five weeks.  
*Raught*—taken away. H. 6, S. P. ii. 3, a.  
His lady banish'd, and a limb lopp'd off;  
This staff of honour *raught*.  
*Raught*—reached. H. 6, T. P. i. 4, a.  
Come, make him stand upon this molehill here,  
That *raught* at mountains with outstretched arms.  
*Ravin* (v.)—devour greedily. M. M. i. 3, a.  
Like rats that *ravin* down their proper bane.  
*Rayed*—covered with mire, sullied. T. S. iv. 1, a.  
Was ever man so beaten? was ever man so *rayed*?  
*Razed*—slashed. H. iii. 2, a.  
With two provincial roses on my *razed* shoes.  
*Razes*—roots. H. 4, F. P. ii. 1, a.  
I have a gammon of bacon, and two *razes* of ginger.  
*Re, fa*. R. J. iv. 5, a.  
I will carry no crotchets: I'll *re* you, I'll *fi* you.  
*Read* (v.)—discover. H. 4, F. P. iv. 1, a.  
For therein should we *read*  
The very bottom and the soul of hope.  
*Read*—counsel, doctrine. H. i. 3, a.  
Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads,  
And recks not his own *read*.  
*Rear-mice*—bats. M. N. D. ii. 3, a.  
Some war with *rear-mice*, for their leathern wings.  
*Rear of our birth*. W. T. iv. 3, a.  
My good Camillo,  
She is as forward of her breeding, as  
She is i' the *rear of our birth*.  
*Reary*—early. T. N. K. iv. 1, a.  
Brother. I'll bring it to-morrow.  
*Laugh*. Do, very *reary*.  
*Reason* (v.)—converse. R. T. ii. 3, a.  
You cannot *reason* almost with a man  
That looks not heavily and full of dread.  
*Reason'd*—discouraged. M. V. ii. 2, a.  
I *reason'd* with a Frenchman yesterday.  
*Rebeck*—three-stringed violin. R. J. iv. 5, a.  
What say you, Hugh *Rebeck*?

*Receiving*—comprehension. T. N. iii. 1, a.  
To one of your *receiving*  
Enough is shown.  
*Recheat*—huntsman's note to recall the hounds. M. A. i. 1, a.  
I will have a *recheat* winded in my forehead.  
*Record* (v.)—sing. G. V. v. 4, a.  
Tune my distresses, and *record* my woes.  
*Recorder*—flageolet, or small English flute. H. iii. 2, a.  
Enter one with a *recorder*.  
*Records*—makes music, sings. P. iv. Gower, a.  
She sung, and made the night-bird mate,  
That still *records* with moan.  
*Red lattice phrases*—alchouse terms. M. W. M. 2, a.  
Your cat-a-mountain looks, your *red lattice phrases*.  
*Redbreast*. Cy. iv. 2, i.  
The ruddock would, &c.  
*Reduce* (v.)—bring back. R. T. v. 4, a.  
Abate the edge of traitors, gracious Lord,  
That would *reduce* these bloody days again.  
*Reechy*—begrimed, smoky. M. A. iii. 3, a.  
Like Pharaoh's soldiers in the *reechy* painting.  
*Refell'd*—refuted. M. M. v. 1, a.  
How I persuaded, how I pray'd, and kneel'd,  
How he *refell'd* me.  
*Refuse*, technical use of the word. H. E. ii. 4, a.  
I utterly abhor, yes, from my soul  
*Refuse* you for my judge.  
*Regards*—considerations. L. i. 1, a.  
Love's not love,  
When it is mingled with *regards* that stand  
Aloof from the entire point.  
*Regiment*. R. T. v. 3, a.  
The earl of Pembroke keeps his *regiment*.  
*Regiment*—government, authority. A. C. iii. 6, a.  
And gives his potent *regiment* to a trull.  
*Regreets*—salutations. M. V. ii. 2, a.  
From whom he bringeth sensible *regreets*.  
*Reguerdon*—recompense. H. 6, F. P. iii. 1, a.  
And in *reguerdon* of that duty done,  
I girt thee with the valiant sword of York.  
*Relapse of mortality*. H. F. iv. 3, a.  
Break out into a second course of mischief,  
Killing in *relapse of mortality*.  
*Remember'd*—reminded. So. cxx. a.  
O that our night of woe might have *remember'd*  
My deepest sense, how hard true sorrow hits!  
*Remiss*—inattentive. H. iv. 7, a.  
He, being *remiss*,  
Most generous, and free from all contriving.  
*Remorse*—compassion. A. L. i. 3, a.  
It was your pleasure, and your own *remorse*.  
*Remorse*—pity, tenderness. J. C. ii. 1, a.  
The abuse of greatness is when it disjoins  
*Remorse* from power.  
*Remorse*—tenderness. V. A. a.  
'Pity,' she cries, 'some favour—some *remorse*.'  
*Remorseful*—compassionate. G. V. iv. 3, a.  
Valiant, wise, *remorseful*, well accomplish'd.  
*Remov'd*—distant. M. N. D. i. 1, a.  
From Athens is her house *remov'd* seven leagues.  
*Remov'd*—remote. A. L. iii. 2, a.  
Your accent is something finer than you could *re*  
chase in so *remov'd* a dwelling.  
*Removes*—stages. A. W. v. 3, a.  
Here's a petition from a Florentine,  
Who hath, for four or five *removes*, come about  
To tender it herself.  
*Render* (v.)—represent. A. L. iv. 3, a.  
O, I have heard him speak of that same brother,  
And he did *render* him the most unnatural  
That liv'd 'mongst men.  
*Renegues*—renounces. A. C. i. 1, a.  
His captain's heart,  
Which in the scuffles of great fights hath burst  
The buckles on his breast, *renegues* all temper.  
*Renego* (v.)—deny. L. ii. 2, a.  
*Renego*, affirm, and turn their halcyon beaks.  
Renew me with your eyes. Cy. iii. 2, a.  
Justice, and your father's wrath, should he take me  
his dominion, could not be so cruel to me, as you, O  
dearest of creatures, would even *renew* me with your eye

*Repai*—recall. Luc. s.  
I sue for exil'd majesty's *repai*  
*Repetition* of lines. L. L. L. iv. 3, l.  
For when would you, my liege, or you, or you.  
*Repine* (used as a substantive). V. A. s.  
Were never four such lamps together mix'd,  
Had not his clouded with his brows' *repine*.  
*Report*, to his great worthiness—my report compared to his  
great worthiness. L. L. L. ii. 1, s.  
And much too little of that good I saw,  
Is my *report*, to his great worthiness.  
*Reproof*—disproof. H. 4, F. P. iii. 3, s.  
Yet such extenuation let me beg,  
As, in *reproof* of many tales devis'd.  
*Repugn* (v.)—resist. H. 6, F. P. iv. 1, s.  
When stubbornly he did *repugn* the truth,  
About a certain question in the law.  
*Reserve* (v.)—preserve. So. xxxii. s.  
*Reserve* them for my love, not for their rhyme.  
*Reserve* (v.)—preserve. So. lxxxv. s.  
While comments of your praise, richly compil'd,  
*Reserve* their character with golden quill.  
*Reserve* (v.)—preserve. P. iv. 1, s.  
Walk, and be cheerful once again; *reserves*  
That excellent complexion which did steal  
The eyes of young and old.  
*Resolve*—be firmly persuaded. H. 6, F. P. i. 2, s.  
*Resolve* on this: Thou shalt be fortunate  
If thou receive me for thy warlike mate.  
*Respect*—circumspection. V. A. s.  
Like the proceedings of a drunken brain,  
Full of *respect*, yet nought at all respecting.  
*Respect*—prudence. Luc. s.  
*Respect* and reason wait on wrinkled age!  
*Respective*—having relation to. G. V. iv. 4, s.  
What should it be, that he respects in her,  
But I can make *respective* in myself.  
*Respective*—regardful. M. V. v. 1, s.  
You should have been *respective*, and have kept it.  
*Respectively*—respectfully. T. Ath. iii. 1, s.  
You are very *respectively* welcome, sir.  
*Rusty*—rusty, spoiled for want of use. Cy. iii. 6, s.  
*Rusty* sloth  
Finds the down pillow hard.  
*Retail'd*—retold. R. T. iii. 1, s.  
Methinks, the truth should live from age to age,  
As 't were *retail'd* to all posterity.  
*Retires*—retreats. H. 4, F. P. ii. 3, s.  
And thou hast talk'd  
Of sallies and *retires*.  
*Retiring*—used in the sense of coming back again. Luc. s.  
One poor *retiring* minute in an age  
Would purchase thee a thousand thousand friends.  
*Revolution*—change of circumstances. A. C. i. 2, s.  
The present pleasure,  
By *revolution* lowering, does become  
The opposite of itself.  
*Revered*—echoed. L. C. s.  
From off a hill whose concave womb *revered*  
A plaintful story from a sister vale.  
Rhodope's, or Memphis. H. 6, F. P. i. 6, s.  
A statelier pyramid to her I'll rear,  
Than *Rhodope's*, or *Memphis*, ever was.  
Rialto, the. M. V. i. 3, i.  
What news on the *Rialto*?  
Richard Cœur de Lion and the lion, combat of. J. i. 1, t.  
The awless lion could not wage the fight,  
Nor keep his princely heart from Richard's hand.  
*Richest* cost—highest descent. L. C. s.  
For she was sought by spirits of *richest* cost.  
*Rides the wild mare*—plays at see-saw. H. 4, S. P. ii. 4, s.  
And *rides the wild mare* with the boys.  
*Rigol*—ringed circle. H. 4, S. P. iv. 4, s.  
This is a sleep,  
That from this golden *rigol* hath divorc'd  
So many English kings.  
*Rigol*—circle. Luc. s.  
About the mourning and congealed face  
Of that black blood a watery *rigol* goes.  
Rim. H. F. iv. 4, s.  
For I will fetch thy rim out at thy throat.  
*Ringlets, green sours*—fairy-rings. T. v. 1, s.  
You demi-puppets that

By moonshine do the *green sours* ringlets make,  
Whereof the ewe not bites.  
*Rites*. H. v. 1, s.  
Yet here she is allow'd her virgin *rites*.  
*Rivage* shore. H. F. iii. Chorus, s.  
You stand upon the *rivage*, and behold  
A city on the inconstant billows dancing.  
*Rivals*—partners, companions. H. i. 1, s.  
If you do meet Horatio and Marcellus,  
The *rivals* of my watch.  
*Road*—open harbour. G. V. ii. 4, s.  
I must unto the road to disembark.  
*Roaming*. H. i. 3, s. Tender yourself more dearly;  
Or, (not to crack the wind of the poor phrase,  
*Roaming* it thus,) you'll tender me a fool.  
*Roaring devil*! the old play. H. F. iv. 4, s. (See H. 4, S  
P. iii. 2, i.)  
Bardolph and Nym had ten times more valour than  
this *roaring devil*! the old play.  
*Roasted pig* in Bartholomew fair. H. 4, S. P. ii. 4, i.  
*Bartholomew* boar-pig.  
*Robe of durance*. H. 4, F. P. i. 2, s.  
And is not a buff jerkin a most sweet *robe of durance*?  
*Romage*. H. i. 1, s.  
This post-haste and *romage* in the land.  
Roman law, Shakspeare's acquaintance with. A. L. ii. 5, t.  
Nay, I care not for their names; they owe me nothing.  
*Romances* of chivalry. L. L. L. i. 1, i.  
In high-born words, the worth of many a knight  
From tawny Spain, lost in the world's debate.  
*Romans*. H. 4, S. P. ii. 2, s.  
I will imitate the honourable *Romans* in brevity.  
'*Romant of the Rose*,' antithetical peculiarities of. R. J.  
i. 1, i.  
O brawling love! O loving hate!  
*Rome*—pronounced room. J. iii. 1, s.  
O, lawful let it be,  
That I have room with *Rome* to curse awhile!  
*Rondure*—circumference. So. xxi. s.  
With April's first-born flowers, and all things rare  
That heaven's air in his huge *rondure* hems.  
*Ronyon*. M. i. 3, s. (See A. L. ii. 2, s.)  
The rump-fed *ronyon* cries.  
*Roof* of the theatre. H. 6, F. P. i. 1, i.  
Hung be the heavens with black.  
*Rose-cheek'd Adonis*—an expression found in Marlowe's poem  
of 'Hero and Leander'. V. A.  
*Rose-cheek'd Adonis* bled him to the chase.  
*Rosemary*, for remembrance. H. iv. 5, s.  
There's *rosemary*, that's for remembrance.  
*Round*—a piece of music printed in 1609. T. S. iv. 1, i.  
Jack, boy! ho, boy!  
*Round with you*—in two senses: 1. plain-spoken; 2. in allu-  
sion to the game of football. C. E. ii. 1, s.  
Am I so *round with you*, as you with me,  
That like a football you do spurn me thus?  
*Rounded*—surrounded. T. iv. 1, s.  
We are such stuff  
As dreams are made on, and our little life  
Is *rounded* with a sleep.  
*Rounding*—telling secretly. W. T. i. 2, s.  
They're here with me already; whispering, *rounding*.  
*Royal faiths*—faiths due to a king. H. 4, S. P. iv. 1, s.  
That were our *royal faiths* martyrs in love.  
*Royal merchant*. M. V. iv. 1, s.  
Enough to press a *royal merchant* down.  
*Roguish*—mangy, scurvy. A. L. ii. 2, s.  
My lord, the *roguish* clown.  
Rub your chain with crumbs. T. N. ii. 3, s.  
Go, sir, rub your chain with crumbs.  
*Ruff*—top of a loose boot, turned over. A. W. iii. 2, s.  
Why, he will look upon his boot, and sing; mend the  
*ruff*, and sing.  
*Ruffling*. T. S. iv. 3, s.  
To deck thy body with his *ruffling* treasure.  
*Ruffs*. W. T. iv. 3, i.  
Poking-sticks of steel.  
*Ruin*—the ruin which princes inflict. H. E. iii. 2, s.  
There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,  
That sweet aspect of princes, and their *ruin*,  
More pangs and fears than wars or women have.



*Rule*—conduct, method of life. T. N. ii. 3, n.  
You would not give means for this uncivil *rule*.

*Rushes*. H. 4, F. P. iii. 1, i.

On the wanton *rushes* lay you down.

*Rushes*, custom of strewing. R. J. i. 4, i.  
Tickle the senseless *rushes* with their heels.

*Ruth*—pity. Cor. i. 1, n.  
Would the nobility lay aside their *ruth*.

## S.

*Sables*. H. iii. 2, i.  
I'll have a suit of *sables*.

*Sacred*—accursed. T. And. ii. 1, n.  
Come, come, our empress, with her *sacred* wit,  
To villainy and vengeance consecrate.

*Sacred* subjects, Shakspeare's treatment of. A. W. i. 2, i.  
His plausible words  
He scatter'd not in ear; but grafted them,  
To grow there, and to bear.

*Sad*—serious. G. V. i. 3, n.  
Tell me, Panthino, what *sad* talk was that?

*Sad*—serious. M. A. i. 3, n.  
The prince and Claudio, hand in hand, in *sad* conference.

*Sad*—grave, gloomy. R. S. v. 5, n.  
Where no man ever comes, but that *sad* dog  
That brings me food.

*Sad*—grave. Luc. n.  
*Sad* pause and deep regard besem the sage.

*Sadness*—seriousness. H. 6, T. P. iii. 2, n.  
But, mighty lord, this merry inclination  
Accords not with the *sadness* of my suit.

*Safe*. M. i. 4, n. And our duties  
Are to your throne and state, children and servants;  
Which do but what they should, by doing everything  
*Safe* toward your love and honour.

*Safe* (v.)—render safe. A. C. i. 3, n.  
And that which most with you should *safe* my going,  
Is Fulvia's death.

*Safe'd*—made safe. A. C. iv. 6, n.  
Best you *safe'd* the bringer  
Out of the host.

*Sage*—grave, solemn. H. v. 1, n.  
We should profane the service of the dead,  
To sing *sage* requiem, and such rest to her,  
As to peace-parted souls.

*Sagg* (v.)—sink down. M. v. 3, n.  
And the heart I bear  
Shall never *sagg* with doubt, nor shake with fear.

*Sagittary*—the arsenal. O. i. 1, n.  
Lead to the *Sagittary* the raised search.

*Sagittary*, description of, by Lydgate. T. C. v. 5, i.  
The dreadful *Sagittary*

Appals our numbers.

*Sallet*—helmet. H. 6, S. P. iv. 10, n.  
Many a time, but for a *sallet*, my brain-pan had been  
cleft with a brown-bill.

*Sallet*—salad, herb which is eaten salted. H. 6, S. P. iv. 10, n.  
And now the word *sallet* must serve me to feed on.

*Sallets*—ribaldry. H. ii. 2, n.  
One said, there were no *sallets* in the lines, to make  
the matter savoury.

*Salt-cellars*. G. V. iii. 1, i.  
The cover of the *salt* hides the salt.

*Same*—heap, mass. T. C. ii. 2, n.  
Nor the remainder viands  
We do not throw in unrespective *same*.

*Samphire*. L. iv. 6, i. Half way down  
Hangs one that gathers *samphire*; dreadful trade!

*Sand-blind*—having an imperfect sight. M. V. ii. 2, n.

Who, being more than *sand-blind*.

*Satyr's* dance. W. T. iv. 3, i.

Made themselves all men of hair

*Savoy* Palace. R. S. i. 2, i.

Duke of Lancaster's palace.

*Sawn*—sown. L. C. n.  
For on his visage was in little drawn,  
What largeness thinks in paradise was *sawn*.

*Say*—assay. L. v. 3, n. (See L. i. 2, n.)  
And that thy tongue some *say* of breeding breathes.

*Scale*'t. Cor. i. 1, n. I shall tell you  
A pretty tale; it may be you have heard it;  
But since it serves my purpose, I will vent  
To *scale*'t a little more.

*Scales*—used as a singular noun. R. J. i. 2, n.  
But in that crystal *scales*, let there be weigh'd.

*Scaling*. Cor. ii. 3, n. (See Cor. i. 1, n.)

But you have found,  
*Scaling* his present bearing with his past,  
That he's your fixed enemy.

*Scaligers*, family of the. R. J. v. 3, i.  
Some shall be punished.

*Scall*—scald. M. W. iii. 1, n.  
This same *scall*, scurvy, coggng companion.

*Scambling*—disorderly. H. F. i. 1, n.  
But that the *scambling* and unquiet time  
Did push it out of further question.

*Scamels*. T. ii. 2, n.  
And sometimes I'll get thee  
Young *scamels* from the rock.

*Scarfed* bark—vessel gay with streamers. M. V. iii. 4, n.  
The *scarfed* bark puts from her native bay.

*Scarre*—rock, precipitous cliff. A. W. iv. 2, n.  
Men make ropes, in such a *scarre*.

*Scath*—harm. H. 6, S. P. ii. 4, n.  
And had I twenty times so many foes,  
And each of them had twenty times their power,  
All these could not procure me any *scath*.

*Scath* (v.)—injure. R. J. i. 3, n.  
This trick may chance to *scath* you.

*Scathful*—harmful, destructive. T. N. v. 1, n.  
With which such *scathful* grapple did he make.

*Scowes*—fortification. H. F. iii. 6, n.  
At such and such a *scowes*, at such a breach.

*Scope* of nature. J. iii. 4, n.  
No natural exhalation in the sky,  
No *scope* of nature, no distemper'd day,  
No common wind, no custom'd event,  
But they will pluck away his natural course.

*Scotland*, contests of, with England. C. E. iii. 2, i.  
Where *Scoutland*?

*Scrimers*—fencers. H. iv. 7, n.  
The *scrimers* of their nation,  
He swore, had neither motion, guard, nor eye.

*Script*—a written paper. M. N. D. i. 2, n.  
Call them generally, man by man, according to the  
*scrip*.

*Scryegles*—persons afflicted with king's evil. J. ii. 2, n.  
By Heaven, these *scryegles* of Angiers flout you, kings!

*Sculls*—shoals of fish. T. C. v. 5, n.  
And there they fly, or die, like scaled *sculls*,  
Before the belching whale.

*Sea of wax*. T. Ath. i. 1, n. My free drift  
Halts not particularly, but moves itself  
In a wide *sea* of *wax*.

*Seal*, method of attaching to a deed. R. S. v. 2, n.  
What *seal* is that that hangs without thy bosom?

*Seal* of my petition. T. C. iv. 4, n.  
Grecian, thou dost not use me courteously,  
To shame the *seal* of my petition to thee  
In praising her.

*Seals*. H. iii. 3, n.  
How in my words soever she be absent,  
To give them *seals*, never, my soul, consent!

*Search* out of the calendar, and nobody look after it. P. ii. 1, n.  
If it be a day fits you, *search* out of the calendar, and  
nobody look after it.

*Seard* hopes. Cy. ii. 4, n.  
In these *seard* hopes,  
I barely gratify your love.

*Season* (v.)—to preserve by salting. A. W. i. 1, n.  
'T is the best brine a maiden can *season* her praise in

*Season* (v.)—salt, preserve. T. N. i. 1, n.  
All this, to *season*

A brother's dead love, which she would keep free

*Season*, ungenial, of 1593 and 1594. M. N. D. ii. 2, i.  
Therefore, the winds, piping to us in vain.

*Seasons*—used as a verb. Cy. i. 7, n.

Bless'd be those,  
How mean soe'er, that have their homes with  
Which *seasons* comfort.

*Seat*—throne. H. F. i. 2, a.  
We never valued this poor *seat* of England.

*Secondary stage* in old theatres. O. v. 2, i.  
A bedchamber.

*Secondary stage*, the. T. N. K. ii. 2, a. (See O. v. i.)

*Seconds*. So. cxiv., a.  
And take thou my oblation, poor but free,  
Which is not mix'd with *seconds*, knows no art.

*Sect*—in horticulture, cutting. O. i. 3, a.  
Whereof I take this, that you call love, to be a *sect* or scion.

*Sectional rhyme*, example of. M. N. D. iii. 2, i.  
Shall seem a dream, and fruitless vision.

*Secular tunes* adapted to versions of the psalms. W. T. iv. 2, i.  
Sings psalms to hornpipes.

*Security*—legal security, surety. M. M. iii. 2, a.  
There is scarce truth enough alive to make *societies* secure; but *security* enough to make fellowships accused.

*Seeing*—used as a noun. W. T. ii. 1, a.  
That lack'd sight only, nought for approbation,  
But only *seeing*.

*Seel* with wanton dulness. O. i. 3, a.  
No, when light-wing'd toys  
Of feather'd Cupid *seel* with *wanton dulness*  
My speculative and offic'd instrument.

*Seeling*—blinding. M. iii. 2, a.  
Come, *seeling* night,  
Skarf up the tender eye of pitiful day.

*Seeming*—spectious resemblance. M. A. iv. 1, a.  
*Hervu*. And seem'd I ever otherwise to you?  
*Claud*. Out on the *seeming*.

*Seeming*—seemly. A. L. v. 4, a.  
Bear your body more *seeming*.

*Seen*—versed. T. S. i. 2, a.  
Well *seen* in music.

*Seen* with mischief's eyes. P. i. 4, a.  
O my distressed lord, ev'n such our griefs are;  
Here they're but felt, and *seen* with mischief's eyes,  
But like to groves, being topp'd, they higher rise.

*Self king*. T. N. i. 1, a.  
All supplied, and fill'd,  
(Her sweet perfections,) with one *self king*!

*Self-sovereignty*—self-sufficiency. L. L. iv. 1, a.  
Do not curst wives hold that *self-sovereignty*?

*Selling* a bargain. L. L. iii. 1, i.  
The boy hath sold him a bargain.

*Seniory*—seniority. R. T. iv. 4, a.  
If ancient sorrow be most reverent,  
Give mine the benefit of *seniory*.

*Sense*—sensitivity. O. ii. 3, a.  
I had thought you had received some bodily wound;  
there is more *sense* in that than in reputation.

*Sense*—impression upon the senses. O. iii. 3, a.  
What *sense* had I in her stolen hours of lust?

*Separable*—separating. So. xxxvi. a.  
In our two loves there is but one respect,  
Though in our lives a *separable* spite.

*Sere*—affection of the throat, by which the lungs are tickled. H. ii. 2, a.  
The clown shall make those laugh whose lungs are tickled o' the *sere*.

*Serious hours*—private hours. C. E. ii. 1, a.  
And make a common of my *serious hours*.

*Servant*. G. V. ii. 1, i.  
Sir Valentine and *servant*.

*Sesey*. L. iii. 4, a.  
Still through the hawthorn blows the cold wind: Says  
sum, nun, nonny, dolphin my boy, boy, *Sesey*; let  
him trot by.

*Sessa*—be quiet. T. S. Induction 1, a.  
*Sesal*!

*Set* (v.)—in two senses: 1. compose; and, used with *by*, make account of. G. V. i. 2, a.  
Give me a note: your ladyship can *set*.  
*Julia*. As little by such toys as may be possible.

*Set*—term used at tennis. L. L. v. 2, a.  
A *set* of wit well play'd.

*Set* a watch. H. 4, F. P. i. 2, a.  
Now shall we know if Gadabill have *set* a watch.

*Set* her two courses. T. i. 1, a.  
*Set* her two courses; off to sea again, lay her off.

*Set on*—stirred up. Cor. iii. 1, a.  
The people are abus'd—*set on*.

*Several plot*. So. cxxxvii. a. (See L. L. ii. 1, a.)  
Why should my heart think that a *several plot*,  
Which my heart knows the wide world's common  
place?

*Severals*—details. H. F. i. 1, a.  
The *severals*, and unhidden passages,  
Of his true titles to some certain dukedoms.

*Serving-man*. L. iii. 4, a.  
A *serving-man*, proud in heart and mind.

*Shadow* of poor Buckingham. H. E. i. 1, a.  
I am the *shadow* of poor Buckingham;  
Whose figure even this instant clouds put on,  
By dark'ning my clear sun.

*Shakspeare* and Hogarth, Lamb's parallel between. T. Ath. i. 1, i.  
Follow his strides, his lobbies fill with tendance.

*Shakspeare's Cliff*. L. iv. 1, i.  
There is a cliff, whose high and bending head  
Looks fearfully in the confined deep.

*Shakspeare's grammar*, objections to. R. J. ii. 3, i.  
Both our remedies  
Within thy help and holy physic lies.

*Shakspeare's knowledge* of art. Cy. v. 5, i.  
Postures beyond brief nature.

*Shall be thoughts*—where shall be thought. R. T. iii. 1, a.  
Your highness shall repose you at the Tower:  
Then where you please, and *shall be thought* most fit  
For your best health and recreation.

*Shame*—decency. O. i. 1, a.  
For *shame* put on your gown.

*Shapes* our ends. H. v. 2, i.  
There's a divinity that *shapes* our ends,  
Rough-hew them how we will.

*Shard*, meaning of. Cy. iii. 3, i.  
The *sharded* beetle.

*Shard-borne beetle*—beetle borne on its shards, or scaly wing-cases. M. iii. 2, a. (See Cy. iii. 3, i.)  
The *shard-borne beetle*, with his drowsy hums.

*Shards*—rubbish. H. v. 1, a.  
For charitable prayers,  
*Shards*, flints, and pebbles should be thrown on her.

*She lov'd me well, deliver'd it to me*—she lov'd me well, who delivered it to me. G. V. iv. 4, a.  
Deliver it to madam Silvia:  
*She lov'd me well, deliver'd it to me*.

*She's my good lady*—used ironically. Cy. ii. 3, a.  
Your mother too:  
*She's my good lady*.

*She to scant her duty*—she knows to scant her duty. L. ii. 4, a.  
You less know how to value her desert,  
Than *she to scant her duty*.

*Sheav'd*—made of straw. L. C. a.  
For some, untuck'd, descended her *sheav'd* hat,  
Hanging her pale and pined cheek beside.

*Sheep*—pronounced ship. G. V. i. 1, a.  
And I have play'd the *sheep*, in losing him.

*Sheep*—pronounced ship. C. E. iv. 1, a.  
Why, thou peevish *sheep*,  
What ship of Epidamnus stays for me?

*Sheer*—pure. R. S. v. 2, a.  
Thou *sheer*, immaculate, and silver fountain.

*Shent*—roughly handled. M. W. i. 4, a.  
We shall all be *shent*.

*Shent*—reproved. T. N. iv. 2, a.  
I am *shent* for speaking to you.

*Shent*—rebuked, hurt. H. iii. 3, a.  
How in my words soever she be *shent*.

*Shent*—rebuked. T. C. ii. 3, a.  
He *shent* our messengers.

*Shent*—rebuked. Cor. v. 2, a.  
Do you hear how we are *shent* for keeping your greatness back?

*Sheriff's post*. T. N. i. 5, i.  
He says he'll stand at your door like a *sheriff's post*.

*Sherrie-sack*. H. 4, F. P. i. 2, i.  
Sir John Sack-and-Sugar.

*Ships* of Antony and Cæsar,—from North's Plutarch. A. C. iii. 7, i.  
Your *ships* are not well mann'd.

**Shoal.** M. i. 7, n.  
But here, upon this bank and *shoal* of time,  
We'd jump the life to come.

**Shoes.** G. V. ii. 3, i.  
This left *shoe*.  
Shooting deer. L. L. iv. 1, i.  
Where is the bush  
That we must stand and play the murderer in?  
Shove-groat. H. 4, S. P. ii. 4, i.  
A *shove-groat* shilling.  
*Show'd his visage*—his visage show'd. L. C. n.  
Yet *show'd his visage* by that cost more dear.  
**Shrew**—pronounced as shrow. T. S. v. 2, n.  
*Hor.* Now go thy ways, thou hast tam'd a curst *shrew*.  
*Luc.* 'Tis a wonder, by your leave, she will be tam'd so.

**Shriving-time**—time of shrift, or confession. H. v. 2, n.  
He should the bearers put to sudden death,  
Not *shriving-time* allow'd.

**Shylock**—origin of the name. M. V. i. 3, i.  
*Shylock*.

**Sib**—kin. T. N. K. i. 2, n.  
The blood of mine that 's *sib* to him be suck'd  
From me with leeches.

**Side-sleeves**—ample long sleeves. M. A. iii. 4, n.  
*Side-sleeves*, and skirts, round underborne with a  
bluish tinsel.

**Sides.** M. ii. 1, n.  
Thus with his stealthy pace,  
With Tarquin's ravishing *sides*, towards his design  
Moves like a ghost.

**Siege**—seat. M. M. iv. 2, n.  
Upon the very *siege* of justice.

**Siege**—throne, elevated seat. O. i. 2, n.  
I fetch my life and being  
From men of royal *siege*.

**Sightless**—unightly. J. iii. 1, n.  
Full of unplesing blots and *sightless* stains.

**Simplicity**—folly. So. lxvi. n.  
And simple truth miscall'd *simplicity*.

**Simular**—counterfeit. L. iii. 2, n.  
Thou perjur'd, and thou *simular* of virtue.

**Single**—pointless. H. 4, S. P. i. 2, n.  
Your chin double? your wit *single*?

**Sir**—a title of priests. M. W. i. 1, i.  
*Sir* Hugh, persuade me not.

**Sir John**—title of a priest. H. 6, S. P. i. 2, n.  
*Sir John*! nay, fear not, man.

**Sir Nob.** J. i. 1, n.  
I would give it every foot to have this face;  
It would not be *sir Nob* in any case.

**Sir reverence.** C. E. iii. 2, n. (See R. J. i. i.)  
May not speak of, without he say *sir reverence*.

**Sir Robert his**—*sir Robert's*, *sir Robert's* shape. J. i. 1, n.  
Madam, an if my brother had my shape,  
And I had his, *sir Robert his*, like him.

**Sirrah**—used familiarly, not contemptuously. H. 4, F. P. i. 2, n.  
And, *sirrah*, I have cases of buckram.

**Sit you out**—a term of the card-table. L. L. L. i. 1, n.  
Well, *sit you out*; go home, Birón; adieu!

**Sithence**—since. Cor. iii. 1, n.  
Have you inform'd them *sithence*?

**Sixpenny strikers**—petty footpads, robbers for sixpence.  
H. 4, F. P. ii. 1, n.  
I am joined with no foot land-rakers, no long-staff  
*sixpenny strikers*.

**Sizes**—allowances. L. ii. 4, n.  
To cut off my train,  
To bandy hasty words, to scant my *sizes*.

**Skir** (v.)—scour. M. v. 3, n.  
Send out more horses, *skir* the country round.

**Skogan.** H. 4, S. P. iii. 2, i.  
I saw him break *Skogan's* head at the court gate.

**Sleeve**—unwrought silk. M. ii. 2, n.  
Sleep that knits up the ravell'd *sleeve* of care.

**'Sleeper Awakened.'** T. S. Induction, 1, i.  
What think you, if he were convey'd to bed?

**Sleided silk.** L. C. n.  
Found yet no letters sadly penn'd in blood,  
With *sleided silk* feat and affectedly  
Enswath'd, and seal'd to curious secrecy

**Slip.** R. J. ii. 4, i.  
What counterfeit did I give you?  
The *slip*, sir, the *slip*.

**Smilets.** L. iv. 3, n. Those happy *smilets*  
That play'd on her ripe lip.

**Smiling at grief.** T. N. ii. 4, n.  
She sat, like patience on a monument,  
*Smiling at grief*.

**Smirched**—smutched, smudged. M. A. iii. 3, n.  
Like the shaven Hercules in the *smirched* warm-er  
tapestry.

**Smithfield.** H. 4, S. P. i. 2, i.  
A horse in *Smithfield*.

**Smooth** (v.)—flatter. P. i. 2, n.  
Seem'd not to strike, but *smooth*.

**Smoothing**—flattering. Luc. n.  
Thy *smoothing* titles to a ragged name.

**Snaped**—checked. Luc. n.  
And give the *snaped* birds more cause to sing.

**Sneck up.** T. N. ii. 3, n.  
We did keep time, sir, in our catches. *Sneck up!*

**Snuff**, aromatic powders used as. H. 4, F. P. i. 2, n. (R. i. iii. 1, n.)  
Who, therewith angry, when it next came there  
Took it in *snuff*.

**Snuffs**—dislikes. L. iii. 1, n.  
What hath been seen,  
Either in *snuff* and packings of the dukes.  
*So Antony loves*—so that Antony loves. A. C. i. 3, n.  
I am quickly ill, and well,  
*So Antony loves*.

*So his case was like*—his case was so like. C. E. i. 1, n.  
That his attendant (*so his case was like*,  
Reft of his brother, but retain'd his name).

*So much of earth and water wrought.* So. xlv. n.  
But that, *so much of earth and water wrought*,  
I must attend time's leisure with my moon.

**Soil**—spot. H. i. 3, n.  
And now no *soil*, nor cautel, doth besmirch  
The virtue of his will.

**Soils**—defilements, taints. A. C. i. 4, n.  
Yet must Antony  
No way excuse his *soils*.

**Solidity**—earth. H. iii. 3, n.  
Yes, this *solidity*, and compound mass.

**Solve**—solution. So. lxix. n.  
But why thy odour matcheth not thy show,  
The *solve* is this,—that thou dost common grow.

**Some nature**—some impulses of nature. R. J. iv. 3, n.  
For though *some nature* bids us all lament,  
Yet nature's tears are reason's merriment.

**Sometimes**—formerly. M. V. i. 1, n.  
*Sometimes* from her eyes  
I did receive fair speechless messages.

**Songs in old comedies.** L. L. L. iii. 1, i.  
Concolinel.

**Songs, fragments of old.** H. 4, S. P. v. 2, i.  
Do nothing but eat, and make good cheer.

**Soon at five o'clock**—about five o'clock. C. E. i. 2, n.  
*Soon at five o'clock*,  
Please you, I'll meet with you upon the mart.

**Sooth**—truth. W. T. iv. 3, n.  
He looks like *sooth*.

**Sooth**—assent. R. S. iii. 3, n.  
*Sooth*! take it off again  
With words of *sooth*.

**Sore**—excessively, much. M. V. v. 1, n.  
I'll fear no other thing  
So *sore*, as keeping safe Nerissa's ring.

**Sorrow wag.** M. A. v. 1, n.  
And, 'sorrow wag' cry; hem, when he should greet

**Sort** (v.)—choose. G. V. iii. 2, n.  
To *sort* some gentlemen well skill'd in music.

**Sort**—condition, kind. M. A. i. 1, n.  
*Sort*. How many gentlemen have you lost in th  
action?  
*Mess.* But few of any *sort*, and none of name.

**Sort**—company. R. S. iv. 1, n.  
But they can see a *sort* of traitors here.

**Sort**—company. H. 6, S. P. ii. 1, n.  
A *sort* of naughty persons, lowly band.

*Sort* (v.)—assign, appropriate. Luc. a.  
When wilt thou sort an hour great strifes to end?  
*Soritch*—consorteth. V. A. a.  
And sometime *soritch* with a herd of deer.  
*Soud*—expression of fatigue. T. S. iv. 1, a.  
Sit down, Kate, and welcome.  
*Soud, soud, soud, soud!*  
Soul-fearing. J. ii. 2, a.  
Till their *soul-fearing* clamours have brawl'd down  
The flinty ribs of this contemptuous city.  
*Sound* (v.)—swoon. A. L. v. 2, a.  
Did your brother tell you how I counterfeited to *sound*?  
Sounds. Luc. a.  
Deep *sounds* make lesser noise than shallow fords.  
South Sea of discovery. A. L. iii. 2, a.  
One inch of delay more is a *South Sea* of discovery.  
*Sowle* (v.)—pull out. Cor. iv. 5, a.  
He'll go, he says, and *sowle* the porter of Rome gates  
by the ears.  
*Speak him far*—carry your praise far. Cy. i. 1, a.  
You *speake him far*.  
*Speak sad brow, and true maid*—speak with a serious counte-  
nance, and as a true maid. A. L. iii. 2, a.  
Nay, but the devil take mocking; *speake sad brow, and*  
*true maid*.  
*Speed*—issue. W. T. iii. 2, a.  
The prince your son, with mere conceit and fear  
Of the queen's *speed*, is gone.  
*Sperr* up. T. C. Pro.ogue, a.  
*Sperr* up the sons of Troy.  
Spider. W. T. ii. 1, a.  
There may be in the cup  
A *spider steep'd*.  
*Spirit of sense*—sensitivity of touch. T. C. i. 1, a.  
To whose soft seizure  
The cygnet's down is harsh, and *spirits of sense*  
Hard as the palm of ploughman.  
Spirit that appeared to Brutus,—from North's 'Plutarch.' J.  
C. iv. 3, i.  
How ill this taper burns.  
Spirits all of comfort. A. C. iii. 2, a.  
The elements be kind to thee, and make  
Thy *spirits all of comfort*!  
*Spleen*—passion, caprice. M. N. D. i. 1, a.  
That, in a *spleen*, unfolds both heaven and earth.  
*Spotted*—stained, impure. M. N. D. i. 1, a.  
Upon this *spotted* and inconstant man.  
*Sprag*—quick. M. W. iv. 1, a.  
He is a good *sprag* memory.  
*Spring*—beginning. M. N. D. ii. 2, a.  
And never, since the middle summer's *spring*.  
*Spring*—bud, young shoot. V. A. a.  
This canker that eats up love's tender *spring*.  
Spring, return of. R. J. i. 2, i.  
Such comfort as do lusty young men feel.  
*Spring*—shoots, saplings. Luc. a.  
To dry the old oak's sap, and cherish *spring*s.  
Spurs. Cy. iv. 2, a.  
I do note  
That grief and patience, rooted in him both,  
Mingle their *spurs* together.  
Spurs, fashions of. H. 4, S. P. i. 1, i.  
Up to the rowel-head.  
*Squander'd abroad*—scattered. M. V. i. 3, a.  
And other ventures he hath, *squander'd abroad*.  
*Square* (v.)—quarrel. M. N. D. ii. 1, a.  
They never meet in grove, or green,  
By fountain clear, or spangled starlight sheen,  
But they do *square*.  
'*quarrel*—quarreller. M. A. i. 1, a.  
Is there no young *squarer* now that will make a voyage  
with him to the devil?  
*Squire*—esquierre, a rule. L. L. L. v. 2, a.  
Do not you know my lady's foot by the *squire*?  
*Squire*—foot-rule. W. T. iv. 3, a.  
And not the worst of the three but jumps twelve foot  
and a half by the *squire*.  
*Squire*—rule. H. 4, F. P. ii. 2, a.  
If I travel but four foot by the *squire*.  
St. Colme's Inch, notice of. M. i. 2, i.  
St. George. J. ii. 1, i.  
*St. George*,—that swin'd, &c.

*St. Martin*: summer—fine weather in November, prosperity  
after misfortune. H. 6, F. P. i. 2, a.  
Expect *St. Martin's summer*, halcyon days,  
Since I have entered into these wars.  
St. Nicholas. G. V. iii. 1, i.  
*St. Nicholas* be thy speed.  
*St. Nicholas' clerks*—thieves. H. 4, F. P. ii. 1, a. (See G. V.  
iii. i.)  
If they meet not with *St. Nicholas' clerks* I'll give  
thee this neck.  
Stage action. H. iii. 4, i.  
Look here, upon this picture, and on this.  
Stage, construction of the old. L. iii. 7, i.  
Where is thy lustre now?  
Stage, construction of the old. M. ii. 2, i.  
Who's there?—what, ho!  
Stage-costume, old. M. V. ii. 1, i.  
Stage-directions. T. S. i. 1, i.  
The Presenters above speak.  
Stage-directions. H. E. i. 1, a.  
Enter the Duke of Buckingham.  
Stage, internal roof of the. M. i. 5, i.  
Come, thick night, &c.  
*Staggers*—uncertainty. A. W. ii. 3, a.  
Or I will throw thee from my care for ever,  
Into the *staggers*, and the careless lapse  
Of youth and ignorance.  
*Stain*—tincture, slight mark. A. W. i. 1, a.  
You have some *stain* of soldier in you.  
*Stain*—used as a verb neuter. So. xxxiii. a.  
Suns of the world may *stain*, when heaven's sun *staineth*.  
*Staineth*—used as a verb neuter. So. xxxiii. a.  
Suns of the world may *stain*, when heaven's sun *staineth*.  
*Stale*—stalking-horse. C. E. ii. 1, a.  
Poor I am but his *stale*.  
*Stale*—thing stalled, exposed for common sale. T. S. i. 1, a.  
To make a *stale* of me amongst these mates.  
*Stale*—stalking-horse. H. 6, T. P. iii. 3, a.  
Had he none else to make a *stale* but me?  
Stalking-horses. M. A. ii. 3, i.  
Stalk on, stalk on: the fowl sits.  
*Stalks*—goes warily, softly. Luc. a.  
Into the chamber wickedly he *stalks*.  
*Stand, ho*—pass-word. J. C. iv. 2, a.  
*Bru. Stand, ho!*  
*Luc. Give the word, ho!* and stand.  
*Stand my good lord*—be my good lord. H. 4, S. P. iv. 3, a.  
When you come to court, *stand my good lord*.  
Standing. T. Ath. i. 1, a.  
How this grace  
Speaks his own *standing*.  
Standing and truckle beds. M. W. iv. 5, i.  
His *standing bed* and *truckle bed*.  
*Stannys*—common hawk. T. N. ii. 5, a.  
And with what wing the *stannys* checks at it!  
*Stark*—stiff. Cy. iv. 2, a.  
*Bel. How found you him?*  
*Arv. Stark, as you see.*  
*Starkly*—stiffly. M. M. iv. 2, a.  
As fast lock'd up in sleep, as guiltless labour  
When it lies *starkly* in the traveller's bones.  
*Start some other where*—go somewhere else. C. E. ii. 1, a.  
How if your husband *start some other where*?  
*State*—canopied chair, throne. T. N. ii. 5, a.  
Having been three months married to her, sitting in  
my *state*.  
*Station*—manner of standing, attitude. H. iii. 4, a.  
A *station* like the herald Mercury,  
New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill.  
*Station*—act of standing. A. C. iii. 3, a.  
Her motion and her *station* are as one.  
*Statues*—pictures. R. T. iii. 7, a.  
But, like dumb *statues*, or breathing stone,  
Star'd each on other, and look'd deadly pale.  
*Statue*—used as picture. G. V. iv. 4, a.  
My substance should be *statue* in thy stead.  
Statues, painted. W. T. v. 3, i.  
The ruddiness upon her lip is wet.  
*Statute*—security, obligation. So. cxxiv. a.  
The *statute* of thy beauty thou wilt take,  
Thou usurer, that putt'st forth all to use.

**Statute-caps.** L. L. v. 2, 1.  
Better wits have worn plain *statute-caps*.

**Stay**—interruption. J. ii. 2, n.  
Here's a *stay*

**Stayers** of sand. M. V. iii. 2, n.  
Whose hearts are all as false  
As *stayers* of sand.

**Stays**—detains. A. L. i. 1, n.  
*Stays* me here at home unkept.

**Stel'd.** Luc. n.  
To find a face where all distress is *stel'd*.

**Sternage**—steerage, course. H. F. iii. Chorus n.  
Grapple your minds to *sternage* of this navy.

**Sterr'd**—starved. M. V. iv. 1, n.  
Are wolfish, bloody, *sterr'd*, and ravenous.

**Stickler**—arbitrator. T. C. v. 9, n.  
And *stickler*-like the armies separate.

**Stigmatical**—branded in form. C. E. iv. 2, n.  
*Stigmatical* in making; worse in mind.

**Stigmatic**—one upon whom a stigma has been set. H. 6, S. P. v. 1, n.  
Foul *stigmatic*, that's more than thou canst tell.

**Stigmatic**—one on whom a stigma has been set. H. 6, T. P. ii. 2, n. (See H. 6, S. P. v. 1, n.)  
But like a foul mis-shapen *stigmatic*.

**Still-peering**—appearing still. A. W. iii. 2, n.  
Move the *still-peering* air,  
That sings with piercing.

**Stint**—stop. P. i. 2, n.  
With hostile forces he'll o'erspread the land,  
And with the *stint* of war will look so huge.

**Stinted**—stopped. R. J. i. 3, n.  
And, pretty fool, it *stinted*, an' said—Ay.

**Stithe**—pronounced stithy. H. iii. 2, n.  
And my imaginations are as fow.  
As Vulcan's *stithe*.

**Stock**—stocking. G. V. iii. 1, n.  
When she can knit him a *stock*.

**Stock**—stocking. T. S. iii. 2, n.  
With a linen *stock* on one leg.

**Stock**—stocking. T. N. i. 3, n.  
A damask-coloured *stock*.

**Stocks.** G. V. iv. 4, i.  
I have sat in the *stocks*.

**Stone** at Scone. M. ii. 4, i.  
And gone to *Scone*  
To be invested.

**Stone-bow.** T. N. ii. 5, 1.  
O, for a *stone-bow*.

**Stone jugs** and no seal'd quarts. T. S. Induction 2, n.  
Because she brought *stone jugs* and no seal'd quarts.

**Stoop.** J. iii. 1, n.  
For grief is proud, and makes his owner *stoop*.

**Stoop**—term of falconry. H. F. iv. 1, n.  
And though his affections are higher mounted than  
ours, yet, when they *stoop*, they *stoop* with the like wing.

**Stout**—healthy. T. Ath. iv. 3, n.  
Pluck *stout* men's pillows from below their heads.

**Straight**—straightways, forthwith. H. v. 1, n.  
1 *Clown*. Is she to be buried in christian burial, that  
willfully seeks her own salvation?  
2 *Clown*. I tell thee, she is; and therefore make her  
grave *straight*.

**Straight**—immediately. T. Ath. ii. 1, n.  
Give my horse to Timon,  
Ask nothing, give it him, it foals me, *straight*,  
And able horses.

**Strain**—humour, disposition. M. W. ii. 1, n.  
Unless he know some *strain* in me.

**Strain**—lineage. M. A. ii. 1, n.  
He is of a noble *strain*, of approved valour.

**Strangeness**—coyness, bashfulness. V. A. n.  
Measure in *strangeness* with my unripe years.

**Stranger**—foreigner. H. E. ii. 3, n.  
Alas, poor lady!  
She's a *stranger* now again.

**Strappado**, punishment of. H. 4, F. P. ii. 4, i.  
At the *strappado*.

**Stratagem**—military movement. H. 4, S. P. i. 1, n.  
Every minute now  
Should be the father of some *stratagem*.

**Stratagems**—disastrous events. H. 6, T. P. ii. 5, n.  
What *stratagems*, how fell, how butcherly.

**Stricture**—strictness. M. M. i. 4, n.  
Lord Angelo  
(A man of *stricture* and firm abstinence).

**Strike** (v.)—lower sail. R. S. ii. 1, n.  
We see the wind sit sore upon our sails,  
And yet we *strike* not, but securely perish.

**Strands**—strands, shores. H. 4, F. P. i. 1, n.  
And breathe short-winded accents of new broils  
To be commenc'd in *strands* afar remote.

**Strong escape**—escape effected by strength. C. E. v. 1, n.  
I wot not by what *strong escape*.

**Strong** in, astern. P. iii. 1, n.  
Per. That's your superstition.  
1 *Sail*. Pardon us, sir; with us at sea it hath been still  
observed; and we are *strong* in, *astern*.

**Stuff**—baggage. C. E. iv. 4, n.  
Therefore away, to get our *stuff* aboard.

**Stuff**—matter, material, substance. O. i. 2, n.  
Yet do I hold it very *stuff* of the conscience,  
To do no contriv'd murder.

**Stuffed**—stored, furnished. M. A. i. 1, n.  
*Stuffed* with all honourable virtues.

**Subject**—used as a plural noun. P. ii. 1, n.  
How from the finny subject of the sea  
The fishers tell the infirmities of men.

**Subscribes**—submits, acknowledges as a superior. No. cvii. a  
My love looks fresh, and Death to me *subscribes*,  
Since spite of him I'll live in this poor rhyme.

**Success**—succession. W. T. i. 2, n.  
Then our parents' noble names,  
In whose *success* we are gentle.

**Success**—succession. H. 4, S. P. iv. 2, n.  
And so, *success* of mischief shall be born.

**Success**—succession, consequence. O. iii. 3, n.  
Should you do so, my lord,  
My speech should fall into such vile *success*  
Which my thoughts aim'd not.

**Suggest** (v.)—prompt. R. S. i. 1, n.  
That he did plot the duke of Gloucester's death;  
*Suggest* his soon-believing adversaries.

**Suggest** (v.)—tempt. So. cxl. a.  
Two loves I have, of comfort and despair,  
Which like two spirits do *suggest* me still.

**Suggested**—tempted. G. V. iii. 1, n.  
Knowing that tender youth is soon *suggested*

**Suggested**—tempted. Luc. n.  
Perchance his boast of Lucrece' sovereignty  
*Suggested* this proud issue of a king.

**Suggestions**—temptations. L. L. L. i. 1, n.  
*Suggestions* are to others as to me.

**Suggestions**—temptations. A. W. iii. 5, n.  
A filthy officer he is in those *suggestions* for the year,  
earl.

**Suggests**—excites. H. E. i. 1, n.  
*Suggests* the king our master  
To this last costly treaty.

**Suicide** of Sir James Hales. H. v. 1, i.  
Crowners'-quest law.

**Suit**—request. A. L. ii. 7, n.  
It is my only *suit*.

**Suit**—court solicitation. R. J. i. 4, n.  
Sometimes she gallops o'er a courtier's nose,  
And then dreams he of smelling out a *suit*.

**Suited**—clothed. L. iv. 7, n.  
Be better *suited*:  
These weeds are memories of those worse hours.

**Sutor**—pronounced as shooter. L. L. L. iv. 1, n.  
Who is the *sutor*?

**Sun of York**—allusion to the cognizance of Edward IV.  
R. T. i. 1, n.  
Now is the winter of our discontent  
Made glorious summer by this *sun* of York.

**Superstitions** respecting drowned men. T. N. ii. 1, i.  
If you will not murder me for my love, let me be  
your servant.

**Supplications** in the quill—written supplications. H. 4,  
S. P. i. 3, n.  
And then we may deliver our *supplications* in the quill.

*Sur-rein'd*—over-reined, over-worked. H. F. iii. 5, n.  
Can sodden water,  
A drench for *sur-rein'd* jades, their barley-broth,  
Decoct their cold blood to such valiant heat?  
*Suspect*—suspicion. So. lxx. n.  
The ornament of beauty is *suspect*.  
Swashers. R. J. i. 1, i.  
Gregory, remember thy *swashing* blow.  
*Su-asking*—making a noise of swords against targets. A. L.  
i. 3, n.  
We'll have a *swashing* and a martial outside.  
*Swear his thought over*—over-swear his thought. W. T. i. 2, n.  
*Swear his thought over*  
By each particular star in heaven.  
Swears only J. iii. 1, n.  
The truth thou art unsure  
To swear, *swears only* not to be forsworn.  
*Sweeting*—name of an apple. R. J. ii. 4, n.  
Thy wit is a very bitter *sweeting*.  
Sword-belts. H. v. 2, i.  
The carriages, sir, are the hangers.  
Sword even like a dancer A. C. iii. 9, n.  
He, at Philippi, kept  
His *sword even like a dancer*.  
Sword worn by a dancer. A. W. ii. 1, n.  
Till honour be bought up, and no *sword worn*  
But one to *dance* with.  
Swords, inscriptions upon. H. 4, S. P. ii. 4, i.  
Si fortuna, &c.  
Sworn brother. R. S. v. 1, n.  
I am *sworn brother*, sweet,  
To grim necessity.  
*Swounds*—swoons. Luc. n.  
Here manly Hector faints, here Troilus *swounds*.  
Sycamore groves. R. J. i. 1, i.  
Underneath the *groves of sycamore*.  
Sympathetic vibration (in music). So. viii. n.  
Mark how each string, sweet husband to another,  
Strikes each in each by mutual ordering.  
*Sympathies*—mutual passion. R. S. iv. 1, n.  
If that thy valour stand on *sympathies*.

## T.

*Table*—tablet. A. W. i. 1, n.  
To sit and draw  
His arched brows, his hawking eye, his curls  
In our heart's *table*.  
*Table*—the tabular surface upon which a picture is painted  
So. xxiv. n.  
Mine eye hath play'd the painter, and hath stell'd  
Thy beauty's form in *table* of my heart.  
Table-book, or tables. G. V. ii. 7, i.  
The *table* wherein all my thoughts  
Are visibly character'd.  
*Ta'en out*—copied. O. iii. 3, n.  
I'll have the work *ta'en out*.  
*Ta'en up*—made up. A. L. v. 4, n.  
*Touch*. I have had four quarrels, and like to have  
fought one.  
*Taq*. And how was that *ta'en up*?  
Tailors, singing of. H. 4, F. P. iii. 1, i.  
'Tis the next way to turn *tailor*.  
*Take* (v.)—understand. H. F. ii. 2, n.  
For I can *take*, and Pistol's cock is up.  
*Take a house*—take the shelter of a house. C. E. v. 1, n.  
Run, master, run; for God's sake, *take a house*.  
*Take a muster*—take an account, a muster-roll. H. 4, F. P.  
iv. 1, n.  
Come, let us *take a muster* speedily.  
*Take is* (v.)—subdue. Cor. i. 2, n.  
Which was,  
To *take is* many towns, ere, almost, Rome  
Should know we were *afloat*.  
*Take in*—gain by conquest. A. C. iii. 7, n.  
He could so quickly cut the Ionian sea,  
And *take in* Torneyne.  
*Take me with you*—let me know your meaning. H. 4, F. P.  
ii. 4, n.  
I would your grace would *take me with you*.  
Whom *meane* your grace?

'Take, oh take those lips away,' on the authorship of. M. N.  
iv. 1, i.  
Take, or lend. Cy. iii. 6, n.  
If anything that's civil, speak;—if savage—  
*Take, or lend*.  
'Take thy old cloak about thee,' ballad of. O. ii. 3, i.  
King Stephen was a worthy peer.  
*Takes*—seizes with disease. M. W. iv. 4, n.  
And there he blasts the tree, and *takes* the cattle.  
*Takes*—seizes with disease. H. i. 1, n.  
Then no planets strike,  
No fairy *takes*, nor witch hath power to charm.  
*Taking*—malignant influence. L. iii. 4, n.  
Bless thee from whirlwinds, star-blasting, and *taking*.  
*Taking so the head*—taking the sovereign's chief title. R. S.  
iii. 3, n.  
To shorten you  
For *taking so the head*.  
*Taking up*—buying upon credit. H. 4, S. P. i. 2, n.  
If a man is thorough with them in honest *taking up*,  
then they must stand upon security.  
*Talents*—something precious. L. C. n.  
And lo! behold these *talents* of their hair  
With twisted metal amorously impleach'd.  
*Tall*—stout, bold. T. N. i. 3, n.  
He's as *tall* a man as any's in Illyria.  
*Tame make*. A. L. iv. 3, i.  
I see, love hath made thee a *tame make*.  
'Taming of a Shrew'—old play. T. S. Induction, 1, i.  
Before an alehouse on a heath.  
'Taming of a Shrew,' scene in the old play of. T. S. ii. 1, i.  
Good morrow, Kate.  
'Taming of a Shrew,' scene from the old play of. T. S. iii. 2, i.  
I must away to-day, &c.  
'Taming of a Shrew,' scene in the old play of. T. S. iv. 1, i.  
Where be these knaves?  
'Taming of a Shrew,' scene from old play of. T. S. iv. 3, i.  
No, no; forsooth, I dare not for my life.  
'Taming of a Shrew,' scene from old play of. T. S. iv. 3, i.  
Come, tailor, let us see these ornaments, &c.  
'Taming of a Shrew,' scene from old play of. T. S. iv. 5, i.  
Good Lord, how bright and goodly shines the moon! &c.  
'Taming of a Shrew,' scene from old play of. T. S. v. 2, i.  
Exeunt.  
Tapestry. R. S. i. 2, i.  
Unfurnish'd walls.  
Tarleton and his tabor. T. N. iii. 1, i.  
Dost thou live by thy *tabor*?  
*Tarre* (v.)—exasperate. J. iv. 1, n.  
And, like a dog that is compell'd to fight,  
Snatch at his master that doth *tarre* him on.  
*Tarre* (v.)—exasperate. H. ii. 2, n. (See J. iv. 1, n.)  
And the nation holds it no sin to *tarre* them to con-  
troversy.  
Task the earth. R. S. iv. 1, n.  
I *task the earth* to the like, forsworn Aumerle.  
*Task'd*—taxed. H. 4, F. P. iv. 3, n.  
And in the neck of that, *task'd* the whole state.  
*Taste* (v.)—try. T. N. iii. 1, n.  
*Taste* your legs, sir; put them to motion.  
*Taxation*—satire. A. L. i. 2, n.  
You'll be whipp'd for *taxation* one of these days.  
*Taxing*—censure, reproach. A. L. ii. 7, n.  
My *taxing* like a wild goose flies,  
Unclaim'd of any man.  
*Teen*—sorrow. T. i. 2, n.  
O, my heart bleeds  
To think of the *teen* that I have turn'd you to.  
*Teen*—sorrow. R. T. iv. 1, n.  
Eighty odd years of sorrow have I seen,  
And each hour's joy wrack'd with a week of *teen*.  
*Teen*—sorrow. R. J. i. 3, n.  
I'll lay fourteen of my teeth,  
And yet, to my *teen* be it spoken, I have but four.  
*Teen*—grief. V. A. n.  
My face is full of shame, my heart of *teen*.  
*Teen*—grief. L. C. n.  
Not one whose flame my heart so much as warm'd,  
Or my affection put to the smallest *teen*.  
*Ten bones*—ancient adjuration. H. 6, S. P. i. 3, n.  
By these *ten bones*, my lords.

- Ten commandments.** H. 6, S. P. i. 3, a.  
Could I come near your beauty with my nails,  
I'd set my *ten commandments* in your face.
- Ten shillings**—value of the royal. H. 4, F. P. i. 2, a.  
Thou camest not of the blood royal, if thou darest not  
stand for *ten shillings*.
- Tench.** H. 4, F. P. ii. 1, i.  
Stung like a *tench*.
- Tender** (v.)—heed, regard. Luc. a.  
Then for thy husband and thy children's sake,  
*Tender* my suit.
- Tender-hefted nature**—nature which may be held by tender  
ness. L. ii. 4, a.  
Thy *tender-hefted nature* shall not give  
Thee o'er to harshness.
- Tennis-balls.** M. A. iii. 2, a.  
The old ornament of his cheek hath already stuffed  
*tennis-balls*.
- Tennyson, Mr.,** poem by. M. M. iii. 1, i.  
At the moated grange resides this dejected Mariana.
- Tents.** J. ii. 2, i.  
She is sad and passionate, at your highness' *tent*.
- Terms.** T. N. ii. 4, i.  
Light airs and recollected *terms*.
- Terms.** M. M. i. 1, a.  
Our city's institutions, and the *terms*  
For common justice.
- Terms of law-courts.** H. 4, S. P. v. 1, i.  
The wearing out of six fashions (which is four *terms*,  
or two actions).
- Testern.** G. V. i. 1, i.  
You have *testern'd* me.
- Then**—then. Luc. a.  
And their ranks began  
To break upon the galled shore, and *then*  
Retire again.
- Tharborough**—thirdborough, peace-officer. L. L. L. i. 1, a.  
I am his grace's *tharborough*.
- That art** not what thou'rt sure of. A. C. ii. 5, a.  
O that his fault should make a knave of thee,  
*That art not what thou'rt sure of*.
- That poor retention.** So. cxlii. a.  
*That poor retention* could not so much hold,  
Nor need I tallies thy dear love to score.
- That praise which Collatine dath owe**—that object of praise  
which Collatine doth possess. Luc. a.  
Therefore *that praise which Collatine dath owe*,  
Enchanted Tarquin answers with surmise.
- That's off**—that is nothing to the matter. Cor. ii. 2, a.  
*That's off, that's off*;  
I would you rather had been silent.
- The fifth, if I.** L. L. L. v. 1, i.  
*The fifth, if I*.
- The rich golden shaft.** T. N. i. 1, a.  
How will she love, when the *rich golden shaft*  
Hath kill'd the flock of all affections else  
That live in her!
- Theatrical entertainments at the universities.** H. ii. 2, i.  
Seneca cannot be too heavy.
- Thes me**—thee to me. So. xliii. a.  
All days are nights to see, till I see thee.  
And nights, bright days, when dreams do show *thes me*.
- Theoric**—theory. H. F. i. 1, a.  
So that the art and practick part of life  
Must be the mistress to this *theoric*.
- 'There dwelt a man in Babylon.'** T. N. ii. 3, i.  
*There dwelt a man in Babylon*, lady, lady.
- There** is a kind of character in thy life. M. M. i. 1, a.  
*There is a kind of character in thy life*,  
That to the observer doth thy history  
Fully unfold.
- Therefore we meet not now**—we do not meet now on that  
account. H. 4, F. P. i. 1, a.  
And bootless 'tis to tell you—we will go;  
*Therefore we meet not now*.
- Thersites**,—from Chapman's 'Homer.' T. C. ii. 1, i.  
The plague of Greece upon thee, &c.
- Theseus.** M. N. D. v. 1, i.  
The battle with the Centaurs.
- Things.** T. S. iv. 3, a.  
With ruffs, and cuffs, and farthingales, and *things*.
- Thinks all is writ he spoken can*—thinks all he can speak is a  
holy writ. P. ii. Gower, a.  
Is still at Tharsus, where each man  
*Thinks all is writ he spoken can*.
- Thirdborough**—petty constable. T. S. Induction, 1, a.  
I must go fetch the *thirdborough*.
- This brave o'erhanging.** H. ii. 2, a.  
This most excellent canopy, the air, look you—*this*  
*brave o'erhanging*—this majestical roof fretted with golden  
fire.
- This 'lunge the text**—this belongs to the text. P. ii. Gower, a.  
Pardon old Gower; *this 'lunge the text*.
- This present.** T. N. i. 5, a.  
Look you, sir, such a one I was *this present*.
- This time remov'd**—this time in which I was remote or absent  
from thee. So. xcvi. a.  
And yet *this time remov'd* was summer's time.
- Those eyes ador'd them**—those eyes which adored them.  
P. ii. 4, a.  
For they so stunk,  
That all those *eyes ador'd them* ere their fall,  
Scorn now their hand should give them burial.
- Thou art raw.** A. L. iii. 2, a.  
God make incision in thee! *thou art raw*.
- 'Thou knave,' catch of.** T. N. ii. 3, i.  
Let our catch be '*Thou knave*.'
- Thrasnical**—from Thraso, the boasting soldier of Terence.  
L. L. L. v. 1, a.  
Behaviour vain, ridiculous, and *thrasnical*.
- Three-farthing silver pieces.** J. i. 1, i.  
Look, where *three-farthings* goes.
- Three-man beetle.** H. 4, S. P. i. 2, i.  
Fillip me with a *three-man beetle*.
- Three-men's songs.** W. T. iv. 2, i.  
*Three-men song*—men all.
- Three-pile**—rich velvet. W. T. iv. 2, a.  
I have served prince Florisel, and, in my time, won  
*three-pile*.
- Threne**—funeral song. P. P. a.  
Whereupon it made this *threne*  
To the phoenix and the dove.
- Thrice-crowned queen of night.** A. L. iii. 2, a.  
And, thou, *thrice-crowned queen of night*.
- Thrift**—a frugal arrangement. H. i. 2, a.  
*Thrift, thrift*, Horatio! the funeral bak'd meats  
Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.
- Through the sight I bear in things to love**—through my pre-  
sence in knowing what things I should love. T. C. iii. 1, a.  
Appear it to your mind,  
That, *through the sight I bear in things to love*,  
I have abandon'd Troy.
- Thy heart my wound**—thy heart wounded as mine is. V. A. a.  
Would thou wert as I am, and I a man,  
My heart all whole as thine, *thy heart my wound*.
- Tickle**—uncertain. H. 6, S. P. i. 1, a.  
The state of Normandy  
Stands on a *tickle* point.
- Tied.** H. E. iv. 2, a.  
One, that by suggestion  
*Tied* all the kingdom.
- Tightly**—briskly, cleverly. M. W. i. 3, a.  
Bear you these letters *tightly*.
- Tike**—common dog, mongrel. H. F. ii. 1, a.  
Base *tike*, call at thou me host?
- Tike**—worthless dog. L. iii. 6, a. (See H. F. ii. 1, a.)  
Hound or spaniel, brach or lym;  
Or bobtail *tike*, or trundle-tail.
- Tilly-fally.** H. 4, S. P. ii. 4, a.  
*Tilly fally*, sir John, never tell me.
- Tilt-yard.** H. 4, S. P. iii. 2, i.  
He never saw him but once in the *tilt-yard*.
- Tilts and tournaments.** G. V. i. 3, i.  
There shall he practice *tilts and tournaments*.
- Time**—tune. M. iv. 3, a.  
This time goes manly.
- Timeless**—untimely. R. S. iv. 1, a.  
The bloody office of his *timeless* end.
- Timely-parted ghost**—body recently parted the soul. h. i.  
S. P. iii. 2, a.  
Oft have I seen a *timely-parted ghost*.
- Time's chest.** So. lxx. a.  
Shall Time's best jewel from *Time's chest* lie hid?

**Timon**, account of, in North's translation of 'Plutarch.' T. Ath. iii. 6, i.  
 Barn, house; sink, Athens! henceforth hated be  
 Of *Timon*, man, and all humanity.

**Timon** of Athens, account of, in 'The Palace of Pleasure.' T. Ath. v. 2, i.  
 I have a tree which grows here in my close.

**Tir'd**—satiated, gluttied. Luc. 2.  
 What he beheld on that he firmly doted,  
 And in his will his wilful eye he tir'd.

**Tired**—caparisoned. L. L. L. iv. 2, 2.  
 The *tired* horse his rider.

**Tired**—attired. V. A. 2.  
 And Titan, 'tired in the midday heat,  
 With burning eye did hotly overlook them.

**Tires**—tears, preys. V. A. 2.  
 Even as an empty eagle, sharp by fast,  
 Tires with her beak on feathers, flesh, and bone.

**Tiring**—attiring. C. E. i. 2, 2.  
 The money that he spends in *tiring*.

**'T is given with welcome**—that 't is given with welcome. M. iii. 4, 2.  
 The feast is sold  
 That is not often vouch'd, while 't is a making,  
 'T is given with welcome.

**T is in his buttons.** M. W. iii. 2, 2.  
 He will carry 't: 't is in his buttons.

**Tithe.** M. M. iv. 1, 2.  
 Our corn 's to reap, for yet our *tithe* 's to sow.

**Title-leaf.** H. 4, S. P. i. 1, 2.  
 Yea, this man's brow, like to a *title-leaf*,  
 Foretells the nature of a tragic volume.

**To a wasteful cock**—from a wasteful cock, from the scene of extravagance. T. Ath. ii. 2, 2.  
 I have retir'd me to a *wasteful* cock,  
 And set mine eyes at flow.

**To do in slander.** M. M. i. 4, 2.  
 And yet my nature never in the fight,  
 To do in slander.

**To fear**—a thing to terrify. O. i. 2, 2.  
 Of such a thing as thou,—to *fear*, not to delight.

**To go in the song**—to join in the song. M. A. i. 1, 2.  
 Come, in what key shall a man take you, to go in the song?

**To his shape**—in addition to his shape. J. i. 1, 2.  
 And, to his *shape*, were heir to all this land.

**To pinch.** M. W. iv. 4, 2.  
 And fairy-like, to *pinch* the unclean knight.

**To slack**—so as to slack. R. J. iv. 1, 2.  
 And I am nothing slow, to *slack* his haste.

**To spend.** J. v. 2, 2.  
 Where these two christian armies might combine  
 The blood of malice in a vein of league,  
 And not to *spend* it so unneighbourly.

**To the warm sun.** L. ii. 2, 2.  
 Good king, that must approve the common saw;  
 Thou out of heaven's benediction com'st  
 To the *warm* sun.

**To you**—on you. T. Ath. i. 2, 2.  
 I'll call to you.

**Toad-stones.** A. L. ii. 1, i.  
 Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,  
 Wears yet a precious jewel in his head.

**Toasts and butter**—Londoners, eaters of buttered toasts. H. 4, F. P. iv. 2, 2.  
 I pressed me none but such *toasts* and *butter*.

**Tods of wool.** W. T. iv. 2, i.  
 Every 'leven wether—*tods*.

**Token'd pestilence.** A. C. iii. 8, 2.  
*Eno.* How appears the fight?  
*Soor.* On our side like the *token'd* pestilence,  
 Where death is sure.

**Toll for this.** A. W. v. 3, 2.  
 I will buy me a son-in-law in a fair, and *toll* for this:  
 I'll none of him.

**Tomboys.** Cy. i. 7, 2.  
 To be partner'd  
 With *tomboys*.

**Tongue**—English language. H. 4, F. P. iii. 1, 2.  
 I framed to the harp  
 Many an English ditty, lovely well,  
 And gave the *tongue* a helpful ornament.

**Too fine**—too full of finesse. A. W. v. 3, 2.  
 But thou art *too fine* in thy evidence.

**Too late a week**—somewhat too late. A. L. ii. 3, 2.  
 At seventeen years many their fortunes seek;  
 But at fourscore it is *too late* a week.

**Too much 't the sun.** H. i. 2, 2.  
*King.* How is it that the clouds still hang on you?  
*Ham.* Not so, my lord, I am too much 't the sun.

**Took away**—being taken away. Luc. 2.  
 First red as roses that on lawn we lay,  
 Then white as lawn, the roses *took away*.

**Toothpick**, custom of using. J. i. 1, i.  
 Now your traveller,  
 He and his *toothpick*.

**Topmast**, striking of. T. i. 1, i.  
 Down with the *topmast*.

**Torch-bearer.** R. J. i. 4, i.  
 Give me a *torch*.

**Toss (v.)**—toss upon a pike. H. 4, F. P. iv. 2, 2.  
*P. Hen.* I did never see such pitiful rascals.  
*Fal.* Tut, tut; good enough to *toss*: food for powder

**Totter'd**—tottering. R. S. iii. 3, 2.  
 From this castle's *totter'd* battlements.

**Touch**—touchstone. R. T. iv. 2, 2.  
 Now do I play the *touch*,  
 To try if thou be current gold, indeed.

**Touch**—touchstone. T. Ath. iv. 3, 2.  
 O thou *touch* of hearts!

**Touch more rare**—higher feeling. Cy. i. 2, 2.  
 I  
 Am senseless of your wrath; a *touch more rare*  
 Subdues all pangs, all fears.

**Touches**—traits. A. L. iii. 2, 2.  
 Of many faces, eyes, and hearts,  
 To have the *touches* dearest prisd.

**Toward**—in preparation. H. i. 1, 2.  
 What might be *toward*, that this sweaty haste  
 Doth make the night joint-labourer with the day?

**Towards**—ready, at hand. R. J. i. 5, 2.  
 We have a trifling foolish banquet *towards*.

**Trade**—habitual course, path trodden. H. E. v. 1, 2. (See R. S. iii. 4, 2.)  
 Stands in the gap and *trade* of more preferments,  
 With which the time will load him.

**Trajan's column**, bas-relief on. Cy. v. 2, i.  
 Enter at one door Lucius, Iachimo, and the Roman army.

**Transect**—tow-boat. M. V. iii. 4, 2.  
 Unto the *transect*, to the common ferry.

**Trash.** T. i. 2, 2.  
 Whom to advance, and whom  
 To *trash* for overtopping.

**Trash** of Venice, whom I trace. O. ii. 1, 2.  
 If this poor *trash* of Venice, whom I trace  
 For his quick hunting.

**Travel.** G. V. i. 3, i.  
 In having known no *travel*, &c.

**Tray-trip.** T. N. ii. 5, i.  
 Shall I play my freedom at *tray-trip*?

**Trachers**—cheaters, tricksters. L. i. 2, 2.  
 Knaves, thieves, and *trachers*.

**Trenchers.** G. V. iv. 4, i.  
 He steps me to her *trencher*.

**Trial** by combat. R. S. i. 1, i.  
 Hast thou, according to thy oath and band?

**Tribulation** of Tower Hill. H. E. v. 3, i.  
 The *tribulation* of *Tower Hill*, or the limbs of Limehouse

**Trick**—peculiarity. A. W. i. 1, 2.  
 Of every line and *trick* of his sweet favour.

**Trick**—peculiarity. J. i. 1, 2.  
 He hath a *trick* of Cœur-de-Lion's face.

**Trick'd**—painted. H. ii. 2, 2.  
 Horridly *trick'd*  
 With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, sons.

**Trip**—the pace of the fairy. M. N. D. v. 2, i.  
 Sing and dance it *trippingly*.

**Triple**—third. A. C. i. 1, 2.  
 And you shall see in him  
 The *triple* pillar of the world transform'd  
 Into a strumpet's fool.

**Triplets**—triple time in music. T. N. v. i, 2.  
 The *triplet*, sir, is a good tripping measure.



Triumph. M. N. D. i. 1, s. (See G. V. v. 4, i.)  
But I will wed thee in another key.  
With pomp, with triumph, and with revelling.

Triumphs. G. V. v. 4, i.  
Triumphs, mirth, and rare solemnity.

Trollus's reproach to Helenus. T. C. ii. 2, i.  
You are for dreams and slumbers, brother priest.

Trophies. II. iv. 5, i.  
No trophy, sword, nor hatchment, o'er his bones.

Tropically—figuratively. H. iii. 2, s.  
The mouse-trap. Mawry, how? Tropically.

Truth-plight—betrothed. H. F. ii. 1, s.  
And, certainly, she did you wrong; for you were truth-plight to her.

Trotting paritor—officer of the ecclesiastical court who carries out citations. L. L. L. iii. 1, s.  
Sole imperator, and great general  
Of trotting paritors.

Trou-madame. W. T. iv. 2, i.  
Trol-my-dames.

Trow—I trow. M. A. iii. 4, s.  
What means the fool, trow?

'Troy Book.' T. C. iii. 3, i.  
Expos'd myself,  
From certain and possess'd conveniences,  
To doubtful fortunes.

Truckle-bed. R. J. ii. 1, i.  
I'll to my truckle-bed.

True-love knots. G. V. ii. 7, i.  
I'll knit it up in silken strings,  
With twenty odd-conceited true love knots.

True-love showers. H. iv. 5, s.  
Which bewept to the grave did not go,  
With true-love showers.

True men. H. 4, F. P. ii. 2, s.  
The thieves have bound the true men.

Trundle-tail—worthless dog. L. iii. 6, s.  
Or bobtail tike, or trundle-tail.

Trunks of the Elizabethan age. T. N. iii. 4, i.  
Empty trunks, o'erflourish'd by the devil.

Truth—honesty. M. V. iv. 1, s.  
That malice bears down truth.

Tucket-sonance. H. F. iv. 2, s.  
Then let the trumpets sound  
The tucket-sonance and the note to mount.

Tumbler. L. L. L. iii. 1, i.  
And wear his colours like a tumbler's hoop.

Turk Gregory—Pope Gregory VII. H. 4, F. P. v. 3, s.  
Turk Gregory never did such deeds in arms as I have done this day.

Turn (v.)—modulate. A. L. ii. 5, s.  
And turns his merry note  
Unto the sweet bird's throat.

Turn Turk with me—deal with me cruelly. H. iii. 2, s.  
If the rest of my fortunes turn Turk with me.

Turn your eyes towards the napes of your necks. Cor. ii. 1, s.  
O, that you could turn your eyes towards the napes of your necks, and make but an interior survey of your good selves.

Turning the buckle behind. M. A. v. 1, i.  
If he be angry, he knows how to turn his girdle.

Turquoise, virtue of. M. V. iii. 1, i.  
It was my turquoise.

Twelve score—twelve score yards. H. 4, F. P. ii. 4, s.  
And, I know, his death will be a march of twelve score.

Twelve score—twelve score yards. H. 4, S. P. iii. 2, s.  
He would have clapp'd I the clout at twelve score.

Twiggen—wicker. O. ii. 3, s.  
I'll beat the knave into a twiggen bottle.

Twire. So. xxviii. s.  
When sparkling stars twire not, thou gild'st the even.

Two broken points. T. S. iii. 2, s.  
An old rusty sword ta'en out of the town armoury,  
With a broken hilt, and chapeless; with two broken points.

## U.

Umber'd face. H. F. iv. Chorus, s.  
Each battle sees the other's umber'd face.

Unadvised—unknowing. Luc. s.  
Here friend by friend in bloody channel lies,  
And friend to friend gives unadvised wounds.

Unavoided—not to be avoided. H. 6, F. P. iv. 3, s.  
A terrible and unavoidable danger.

Unbated—not blunted. H. iv. 7, s.  
You may choose  
A sword unbated, and in a pass of practice  
Requite him for your father.

Unbolt (v.)—unfold, explain. T. Ath. i. 1, s.  
Pain. How shall I understand you?  
Pact. I'll unbolt to you

Unbonneted. O. i. 2, s. And my demerits  
May speak unbanned, to as proud a fortune  
As this that I have reach'd.

Unchary on't. T. N. iii. 4, s.  
I have said too much unto a heart of stone,  
And laid mine honour too unchary on't.

Uncurrent gold. H. ii. 2, i.  
Your voice, like a piece of uncurrent gold, cracks  
within the ring.

Under-fends—fends below. Cor. iv. 5, s.  
I will fight  
Against my canker'd country, with the spleen  
Of all the under-fends.

Undergoes—passes under. M. A. v. 2, s.  
But I must tell thee plainly, Claudio undergoes my  
challenge.

Understand them—stand under them. C. E. ii. 1, s.  
Nay, he struck so plainly I could too well feel his  
blows; and withal so doubtfully that I could scarce  
understand them.

Undertaker—one who undertakes another's quarrel. T. N. iii. 4, s.  
Nay, if you be an undertaker, I am for you.

Unear'd—unploughed. So. iii. s.  
For where is she so fair whose unear'd womb  
Disdains the tillage of thy husbandry?

Uneath—not easily. H. 6, S. P. ii. 4, s.  
Uneath may she endure the flinty streets,  
To tread them with her tender-feeling foot.

Unexpressive—inexpressible. A. L. iii. 2, s.  
The fair, the chaste, and unexpressive she.

Unfair (v.)—deprive of fairness or beauty. So. v. s.  
Those hours that with gentle work did frame  
The lovely gaze where every eye doth dwell,  
Will play the tyrants to the very same,  
And that unfair which fairly doth excel.

Unfurnish'd—unsurrounded by the other features. M. V. iii. 2, s.  
But her eyes,—  
How could he see to do them? having made one,  
Methinks it should have power to steal both his,  
And leave itself unfurnish'd.

Unhair'd—unbearded. J. v. 2, s.  
This unhair'd sauciness and boyish troops,  
The king doth laugh at.

Unhappy—unlucky, mischievous. A. W. iv. 5, s.  
A shrewd knave, and an unhappy.

Unhoused—unmarried. O. i. 2, s.  
But that I love the gentle Desdemona,  
I would not my unhoused free condition  
Put into circumscription.

Unhous'd, disappointed, unanest'd—not having received the communion, not prepared, without the administration of extreme unction. H. i. 5, s.  
Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin,  
Unhous'd, disappointed, unanest'd.

Unimproved—unreproved. H. i. 1, s.  
Young Fortinbras,  
Of unimproved mettle hot and full.

Union—rich pearl. H. v. 2, s.  
And in the cup an union shall be throw.

Unkind—unnatural. A. L. ii. 7, s.  
Blow, blow, thou winter wind,  
Thou art not so unkind  
As man's ingratitude.

Unkind. V. A. s.  
O had thy mother borne so hard a mind,  
She had not brought forth thee, but died unkind.

Unless—except. Cor. v. 1, s.  
So that all hope is vain,  
Unless his noble mother, and his wife,  
Who, as I hear, mean to solicit him.

**Un-*ease*** it from their bond. Luc. s.  
Those that much covet are with gain so fond,  
That what they have not, that which they possess  
They scatter and *un-*ease** it from their bond.

**Un-*mann'd***—term of falconry. R. J. iii. 2, s.  
Hood my *un-*mann'd** blood bating in my cheeks,  
With thy black mantle.

**Un-*questionable***—not to be questioned, not to be conversed  
with. A. L. iii. 2, s.  
An *un-*questionable** sprit, which you have not.

**Un-*ready***—undressed. H. 6, F. P. ii. 1, s.  
How, now, my lords? what, all *un-*ready** so?

**Un-*recalling***—not to be recalled. Luc. s.  
And ever let his *un-*recalling** crime  
Have time to wail the abusing of his time.

**Un-*respected***—unregarded. So. xliii. s.  
For all the day they view things *un-*respected**.

**Un-*respective***—inconsiderate. R. T. iv. 2, s.  
I will converse with iron-witted fools,  
And *un-*respective** boys.

**Un-*scissor'd*** shall this hair of mine remain. P. iii. 3, s.  
Till she be married, madam,  
By bright Diana, whom we honour all,  
*Un-*scissor'd** shall this hair of mine remain,  
Though I show will in 't.

**Un-*sisting***—never at rest. M. M. iv. 2, s.  
That spirit 's possess'd with haste,  
That wounds the *un-*sisting** postern with these strokes.

**Un-*state***. L. i. 2, s.  
I would *un-*state** myself, to be in a due resolution.

**Un-*thread***. J. v. 4, s.  
*Un-*thread** the rude eye of rebellion.

**Until your date expire**—until you die. P. iii. 4, s.  
Where you may 'bide until your date expire.

**Un-*traded***—unused, uncommon. T. C. iv. 5, s.  
Mock not, that I affect the *un-*traded** oath.

**Un-*trimm'd***—undecorated. So. xviii. s.  
By chance, or nature's changing course, *un-*trimm'd**.  
*Un-*true** (used as a substantive.) So. cxliii. s.  
Incapable of more, replete with you,  
My most true mind thus maketh mine *un-*true**.

**Un-*twine***. Cy. iv. 2, s.  
And let the stinking elder, grief, *un-*twine**  
His perishing root with the increasing vine.

**Un-*wappen'd***. T. N. K. v. 4, s.  
We come tow'ards the gods  
Young, and *un-*wappen'd**.

**Un-*yoke***—finish your work. H. v. 1, s.  
Ay, tell me that, and *un-*yoke**.

**Upon command**—at your pleasure. A. L. ii. 7, s.  
And therefore sit you down in gentleness,  
And take upon command what help we have.

**Upon the hip**. M. V. i. 3, s.  
If I can catch him once upon the hip.

**Urchin-*mounted***—with the snout of the urchin, or hedge-hog.  
V. A. s.  
But this foul, grim, and *urchin-*mounted** boar.

**Usances**—usury. M. V. i. 3, i.  
You have rated me  
About my moneys, and my *usances*.

**Us'd**—deported. H. E. iii. 1, s.  
And, pray, forgive me,  
If I have us'd myself unmannerly.

**Use**—interest of money. M. M. i. 1, s.  
She determines  
Herself the glory of a creditor,  
Both thanks and use.

**Uswor's chain**—ornament of a wealthy citizen, or goldsmith.  
M. A. ii. 1, s.  
About your neck, like an *uswor's chain*.

**Usurers, practices of**. M. M. iv. 3, i.  
He's in for a commodity of brown paper.

**Utterance**—à outrage. Cy. liii. 1, s.  
Of him I gather'd honour;  
Which he to seek of me again, perforce,  
Behoves me keep at *utterance*.

**Utterance**—combat à outrage. M. iii. 1, s. (See Cy. liii. 1, s.)  
Come, fate, into the list,  
And champion me to the *utterance*!

**Utter'd**—put forth. L. L. L. ii. 1, s.  
Not utter'd by base sale of chapmen's tongues.

**Uttered heavenly**—expelled, put out by the power of heaven  
M. A. v. 4, s.  
Till death be uttered,  
Heavenly, heavenly.

## V.

**Vaded**—faded, vanished. R. S. i. 2, s.  
Is hack'd down, and his summer leaves all *vaded*.

**Vaded**—faded. P. P. s.  
Sweet rose, fair flower, untimely pluck'd, soon *vaded*.

**Vail (v.)**—lower. M. M. v. 1, s.  
*Vail* your regard  
Upon a wrong'd, I would fain have said, a maid!

**Vail (v.)**—bow down. Cor. iii. 1, s.  
If he have power,  
Then *vail* your ignorance.

**Vail'd**—lowered. V. A. s.  
Here overcome, as one full of despair,  
She *vail'd* her eyelids.

**Vailing**—causing to fall down. L. L. L. v. 2, s.  
Are angels *vailing* clouds.

**Vailing**—letting down. M. V. i. 1, s.  
*Vailing* her high-top lower than her ribs.

**Vails**—lowers. V. A. s.  
He *vails* his tail, that, like a falling plume,  
Cool shadow to his melting buttock lent.

**Vain**—light of tongue. C. E. iii. 2, s.  
'T is holy sport, to be a little *vain*.

**Valiant**—manly. H. ii. 2, s.  
Thy face is *valiant* since I saw thee last.

**Validity**—value. A. W. v. 3, s.  
O, behold this ring,  
Whose high respect, and rich *validity*.

**Validity**—value, worth. L. i. 1, s.  
No less in space, *validity*, and pleasure,  
Than that confer'd on Goneril.

**Vantage**—opportunity. Cy. i. 4, s.  
*Vantage*. When shall we hear from him?  
Pisanio. Be assur'd, madam,  
With his next *vantage*.

**Varlet**—servant. T. C. i. 1, s.  
Call here my *varlet*, I'll unarm again.

**Vassals**. A. C. i. 4, s.  
Leave thy lascivious *vassals*.

**Vast**—great space. W. T. i. 1, s.  
Shook hands, as over a *vast*.

**Vast of night**. T. i. 2, s. (See H. i. 2, s.)  
Urchins  
Shall for that *vast of night* that they may work  
All exercise on thee.

**Vastly**—like a waste. Luc. s.  
Who like a late-sack'd island *vastly* stood  
Bare and unpeopled.

**Vault**—van. T. C. Prologue, s.  
That our play  
Leaps o'er the *vault* and firstlings of those broils.

**Vaward**—van. H. 6, F. P. i. 1, s.  
He being in the *vaward*, (plac'd behind,  
With purpose to relieve and follow them.)  
Cowardly fled, not having struck one stroke.

**Veil full purpose (v.)**—conceal the full extent of his purpose.  
M. M. iv. 6, s.  
Yet I am advis'd to do it;  
He says, to *veil full purpose*.

**Velure**—velvet. T. S. iii. 2, s.  
And a woman's crupper of *velure*.

**Velvet-guards**. H. 4, F. P. iii. 1, i.  
To *velvet-guards*, and Sunday-citizens.

**Venetian houses, furniture of**. T. S. ii. 1, i.  
I will unto Venice,  
To buy apparel 'gainst my wedding-day.  
My house within the city  
Is richly furnished with plate and gold.

**Venetian galleys**. M. V. i. 1, i.  
Argosies with poorly sail.

**Venew**. L. L. L. v. 1, i.  
*Venew* of wit.

**Venew'd**—most decayed, most mouldy. T. C. ii. 1, s.  
Speak then, thou *venew'd* leaven, speak.

**Vengeance**—mischief. A. L. iv. 3, s.  
Whiles the eye of man did woo me,  
That could do no *vengeance* to me.

Venice, climate of. T. S. iv. 1, i.  
*Curt.* Who is that calls so coldly?  
*Grav.* A piece of ice.

Venice, grass in. M. V. i. 1, i.  
 Plucking the grass to know where sits the wind.

Venice, public places in. M. V. i. 3, i.

Venice, notion of the mainland in. M. V. ii. 2, i.  
 I will run as far as God has any ground.

Venice, ferries at. M. V. ii. 4, i.  
 Unto the tranect, to the common ferry,  
 Which trades to Venice.

Venice, residences in. O. i. 1, i.  
 To start my quiet.

Ventidius,—from North's 'Plutarch.' A. C. iii. 1, i.  
 Now, darting Parthia, &c.

Ventures. M. V. i. 1, a.  
 My ventures are not in one bottom trusted.

Venus and Adonis, passage from. R. J. ii. 4, i.  
 Therefore do nimble-pinioned doves draw love.

Verbal—plain. Cy. ii. 3, a.  
 You put me to forget a lady's manners,  
 By being so verbal.

Verona, notice of. R. J. i. i.

Very—true. G. V. iii. 2, a.  
 Especially against his very friend.

Vice Iniquity. R. T. iii. 1, i.  
 Thus, like the formal Vice Iniquity.

Vice of kings. H. iii. 3, a. (See H. 4, S. P. iii. 2, i.)  
*A vice of kings:*  
 A cutpurse of the empire and the rule.

Vice's dagger. H. 4, S. P. iii. 2, i.  
 And now is this Vice's dagger become a squire.

Vile—vile. M. N. D. i. 1, a.  
 Things base and vile.

Villain, in two senses: 1. worthless fellow; 2. one of mean birth. A. L. i. 1, a.  
*Olivier.* Wilt thou lay hands on me, villain?  
*Rowland de Bois.* I am the youngest son of sir

Villainies of man will set him clear. T. Ath. iii. 3, a.  
 The devil knew not what he did when he made man  
 politic; he cross'd himself by't: and I cannot think,  
 but, in the end, the villainies of man will set him clear.

Viol-da-gambo—base viol. T. N. i. 3, i.  
*Viol-de-gamboys.*

Violent thefts. T. C. v. 3, a. Do not count it holy  
 To hurt by being just: it is as lawful,  
 For we would give much, to count violent thefts  
 And rob in the behalf of charity.

Virgil's 'Æneid.' H. 4, S. P. Induction, i.  
 Upon my tongues continual slanders ride.

Virginalling. W. T. i. 2, i.  
 Still virginalling  
 Upon his palm.

Virtue go—virtue to go. M. M. iii. 2, a.  
 Pattern in himself to know,  
 Grace to stand, and virtue go.

Vizaments—adviselements. M. W. i. 1, a.  
 Take your vizaments in that.

Void of appointment—without preparation of armour or weapons. T. N. K. iii. 1, a.  
 I'll prove it in my shackles, with these hands  
 Void of appointment.

Vows of chastity. G. V. iv. 3, i.  
 Upon whose grave thou vow'dst pure chastity.

Vox. T. N. v. 1, a.  
 An your ladyship will have it as it ought to be, you  
 must allow vox.

\*Vulgar Errors, Sir Thomas Brown's. T. C. ii. 3, i.  
 The elephant hath joints, &c.

Vulgarly—publicly. M. M. v. 1, a.  
 To justify this worthy nobleman,  
 So vulgarly and personally accus'd.

## W.

Waits—waves, signs. H. i. 4, a.  
 Look, with what courteous action  
 It wails you to a more removed ground.

Walking-sticks. M. A. v. 4, i.  
 There is no staff more reverend than one tipped with  
 horn.

Wall-newt, and the water—the wall-newt, and the water-newt  
 L. iii. 4, a.  
 The toad, the tadpole, the wall-newt, and the water.

Water—commonly pronounced Water. H. 6, S. P. iv. 1, a.  
 A cunning man did calculate my birth,  
 And told me that by Water I should die.  
 Yet let not this make thee be bloody minded;  
 Thy name is Gualtier, being rightly sounded.

War proclaimed by Cæsar against Cleopatra,—from North's  
 'Plutarch.' A. C. iii. 7, i.  
 'Tis said in Rome.

Warden—name of a pear. W. T. iv. 2, a.  
 I must have saffron, to colour the warden pie.

Warder—truncheon, or staff of command. R. S. i. 3, a.  
 Stay, the king hath thrown his warder down.

Ware, bed of. T. N. iii. 2, i.  
 Big enough for the bed of Ware in England.

Warkworth Castle. H. 4, S. P. Induction, i.  
 This worm-eaten hold of ragged stone.

Wars (v.)—summon. R. T. i. 3, a.  
 And sent to wars them to his royal presence.

Wars (v.)—summon. J. C. v. 1, a.  
 They mean to wars us at Philippus here.

Warrior—applied to a lady. O. ii. 1, a.  
*Oth.* O my fair warrior!

Warrior. O. iii. 4, a. (See O. ii. 1, a.)  
 I was (unhandsome warrior as I am)  
 Arraigning his unkindness with my soul.

Warriors for the working-day—soldiers ready for work, not  
 dressed up for a holiday. H. F. iv. 3, a.  
 We are but warriors for the working-day.

Wars (in the time of Elizabeth). G. V. i. 3, i.  
 Some to the wars, &c.

Wasp-tongue—peevish and mischievous tongue. H. 4, F. P.  
 i. 3, a.  
 Why, what a wasp-tongue and impatient fool.

Wasps. G. V. i. 2, i.  
 Injurious wasps! to feed on such sweet honey.

Watch—watch-light, night-candle. R. T. v. 3, a.  
 Give me a watch.

Watch-case. H. 4, S. P. iii. 1, a.  
 And leav'st the kingly couch,  
 A watch-case, or a common larum-bell.

Watch him tame. O. iii. 3, a.  
 My lord shall never rest;  
 I'll watch him tame, and talk him out of patience.

Watch in Italy. R. J. v. 3, i.  
 The watch is coming.

Watches. T. N. ii. 5, i.  
 Wind up my watch.

Watchmen, ancient. M. A. iii. 3, i.  
 Have a care that your bills be not stolen.

Water-galls. Luc. a.  
 These water-galls in her dim element  
 Foretell new storms to those already spent.

Was (v.)—grow. L. L. L. v. 2, a.  
 That was the way to make his godhead was.

Wasen—penetrable. R. S. i. 3, a.  
 And with thy blessings steel my lance's point,  
 That it may enter Mowbray's wasen coat.

Waxen epitaph. H. F. i. 2, a.  
 Not worshipp'd with a waxen epitaph.

Way of common trade. R. S. iii. 3, a.  
 Or I'll be buried in the king's highway,  
 Some way of common trade, where subjects' feet  
 May hourly trample on their sovereign's head.

Way of life. M. v. 3, a.  
 My way of life  
 Is fallen into the sea and yellow leaf.

\*We three, picture of. T. N. ii. 3, i.  
 How now, my hearts? Did you never see the picture  
 of we three?

Weak evils—causes of weakness. A. L. ii. 7, a.  
 Oppress'd with two weak evils, age and hunger.

Weary—exhausted. A. L. ii. 7, a.  
 Till that the weary very means do ebb.

Wee and the pin—dimness of sight, cataract. L. iii. 4, a.  
 He gives the web and the pin, squints the eye, and  
 makes the hare-lip.

Weed—garment. Luc. a.  
 That spots and stains love's modest snow white word.

*Wweed*—garment. So. ii. 2.

Thy youth's proud livery, so gas'd on now,  
Will be a tatter'd *weed*, of small worth held.

*Weeds*. G. V. ii. 7, i.

Such *weeds*  
As may besom some well-reputed page.

*Weeds*. Cor. ii. 2, n.

As *weeds* before

A vessel under sail.

*Weet* (v.)—know. A. C. i. 1, n.

In which I bind,

On pain of punishment, the world to *weet*  
We stand up peerless.

*Weigh out*—outweigh. H. E. iii. 1, n.

They that must *weigh out* my afflictions,  
They that my trust must grow to, live not here.

*Weird*. M. i. 3, n.

The *weird* sisters, hand in hand,  
Posters of the sea and land.

*Welkin*—blue. W. T. i. 2, n.

Look on me with your *welkin* eye.

*Well*. W. T. v. 1, n.

What were more holy  
Than to rejoice the former queen is *well*?

*Well appeared*—rendered apparent. Cor. iv. 3, n.

But your favour is *well appeared* by your tongue.

*Well believe this*—be well assured of this. M. M. ii. 2, n.

*Well believe this*,

No ceremony that to great ones 'longs, &c.

*Well liking*—in good condition. L. L. L. v. 2, n.

*Well liking* wits they have.

*Welsh hook*. H. 4, F. P. ii. 4, i.

A *Welsh hook*.

*Were invincible*—could not be mastered. H. 4, S. P. iii. 2, n.

He was so forlorn, that his dimensions to any thick  
sight *were invincible*.

*Westminster*, William de Colchester, abbot of. R. S. v. 6, i.

Hath yielded up his body to the grave.

*Whales' bone*—tooth of the walrus. L. L. L. v. 2, n.

To show his teeth as white as *whales' bone*.

*What a fall Fortune* does the *thick-lips owe*—what a fall does

Fortune owe the thick-lips. O. i. 1, n.

*What a fall Fortune* does the *thick-lips owe*,

If he can carry 't thus.

What he would not. Cor. v. 1, n.

What he would do,  
He sent in writing after me,—*what he would not*;  
Bound with an oath to yield to his conditions.

What in rest you have. J. iv. 2, n.

If, *what in rest you have*, in right you hold.

*Whatever have*—whatever things have. Cor. i. 2, n.

*Whatever have* been thought on in this state.

*When*—expression of impatience. T. i. 2, n.

Come forth, I say: there's other business for thee:  
Come, thou tortoise! *when*!

*When*—expression of impatience. R. S. i. 1, n.

*When, Harry? when?*  
Obedience bids, I should not bid again.

*When*—expression of impatience. T. C. ii. 1, n.

*When, Lucius, when!* Awake, I say! What, Lucius!

\* *When daisies pled*. L. L. L. v. 2, i.

*When daisies pled*, and violets blue.

*Whenas*—when. So. xlix. n.

*Whenas* thy love hath cast his utmost sum,  
Call'd to that audit by advis'd respects.

*Where*—wherefore. L. ii. 1, n.

Hark, the duke's trumpets! I know not *where* he comes.

*Where's*—whether. So. lix. n.

Whether we are mended, or *where's* better they,  
Or whether revolution be the same.

*Where*—whereas. G. V. iii. 1, n.

And, *where* I thought the remnant of mine age.

*Where*—whether. J. i. 1, n.

But *where* I be as true begot, or no,  
That still I lay upon my mother's head.

*Where*—whereas. H. 6, S. P. iii. 2, n.

*Where*, from thy sight, I should be raging mad,  
And cry out for thee to close up mine eye.

*Where*—used as a noun. L. i. 1, n.

Thou lovest here, a better *where* to find.

*Where*—whereas. L. i. 2, n.

*Where*, if you violently proceed against him, mis-  
taking his purpose, it would make a great gap in your  
own honour.

*Where*—whereas. Luc. n.

*Where* now I have no one to blush with me.

*Where*—whereas. P. ii. 3, n.

*Where* now his son's like a glow-worm in the night.

*Where is the life*—title of a sonnet. T. S. iv. 1, n.

*Where is the life* that late I led?

'Where the bee sucks.' T. v. 1, i.

Where their appointment we may best discover. A. C. iv.  
10, n.

Upon the hills adjoining to the city,  
Shall stay with us:—order for sea is given;  
They have put forth the haven:—

*Where their appointment* we may best discover.

*Whereas*—where. H. 6, S. P. i. 2, n.

You do prepare to ride onto St. Alban's,  
*Whereas* the king and queen do mean to hawk.

*Whereas*—where. P. i. 2, n.

I went to Antioch,

*Whereas* thou know'st, against the face of death,  
I sought the purchase of a glorious beauty.

*Wherein*—in that. A. L. i. 2, n.

Punish me not with your hard thoughts, *wherein*  
confess me much guilty to deny so fair and excellent  
ladies anything.

*Wherein went he*—in what dress did he go. A. L. iii. 2, n.

How looked he? *Wherein went he?*

*Which now you censure him*—which now you censure him for.  
M. M. ii. 1, n.

Err'd in this point *which now you censure him*.

Which often,—thus,—correcting thy stout heart. Cor. iii.  
2, n.

*Which often*,—thus,—correcting thy stout heart,  
Now humble as the ripest mulberry.

*Whiffler*. H. F. v. Chorus, i.

Like a mighty *whiffler* 'fore the king.

Whipping, custom of. A. W. ii. 2, i.

Do you cry, 'O Lord, sir,' at your *whipping*?

*White death*—paleness of death. A. W. ii. 3, n.

Let the *white death* sit on thy cheek for ever.

Whiter, Mr., explanation of the passage, A. L. iii. 2, i.—

Helen's cheek, but not her heart;

Cleopatra's majesty;

Atalanta's better part;

Sad Lucretia's modesty.

Whitsun morris-dance. H. F. ii. 4, i.

Were busied with a *Whitsun morris-dance*.

*Whitsters*—launders. M. W. iii. 3, n.

Carry it among the *whitsters* in Datchet mead.

*Whose unwished yoke*—to whose unwished yoke. M. N. D.

i. 1, n.

*Whose unwished yoke*  
My soul consents not to give sovereignty.

*Widowhood*—property to which a widow is entitled. T. S.

ii. 1, n.

And, for that dowry, I'll assure her of  
Her *widowhood*.

*Wild*—wield. H. 4, F. P. ii. 1, n.

There's a franklin in the *wild* of Kent hath brought  
three hundred marks with him in gold.

*Wild-geese chase*. R. J. ii. 4, i.

*Wilderness*—wildness. M. M. iii. 1, n.

For such a warped slip of *wilderness*  
No'er issued from his blood.

Will be his fire. Cor. ii. 1, n.

This, as you say,—suggested

At some time when his soaring insolence  
Shall teach the people,—(which time shall not want,  
If he be put upon 't, and that's as easy  
As to set dogs on sheep,) *will be his fire*  
To kindle their dry stubble.

*Will find employment*—will find employment for. H. E. ii. 1, n.

And generally, whoever the king favours,  
The cardinal instantly *will find employment*.

*Will to her consent*—will in proportion to her consent. R. J.

i. 2, n.

My *will to her consent* is but a part.

*Wimpled*—veiled. L. L. L. iii. 1, n.

This *wimpled*, whining, purblind, wayward boy.

Wincot. T. S. Induction, 2, i.

The fat ale-wife of *Wincot*.

*Wandering*—winding. T. iv. 1, s.  
You nymphs called Naiads, on the *wandering* brooks.

*Windows*—eyelids. V. A. s.  
Her two blue *windows* faintly she upheaveth.

Windsor forest. H. 4, S. P. iv. 4, i.  
I think he's gone to hunt, my lord, at Windsor.

Windsor, state of, in the time of Henry IV. M. W. i. 1, i.  
Never a woman in *Windsor* knows more of Anne's mind than I do.

Winter's pale. W. T. iv. 2, s.  
For the red blood reigns in the *winter's pale*.

*Wise-woman*—witch. M. W. iv. 5, s.  
Was 't not the *wise-woman* of Brentford?

*Wish him*—commend him. T. S. i. 1, s.  
I will *wish him* to her father.

*Wistly*—wistfully. R. S. v. 4, s.  
And speaking it, he *wistly* look'd on me.

*Wit*—mental power in general. M. V. ii. 1, s.  
If my father had not scanted me,  
And hedg'd me by his wit, to yield myself.

*Wit*—understanding. J. C. iii. 2, s.  
For I have neither *wit*, nor words, nor worth.

'Wit, whither wilt?' A. L. iv. 1, s.  
A man that had a wife with such a wit, he might say,  
—'Wit, whither wilt?'

Witchcraft, law against, by James I. O. i. 3, i.  
The bloody book of law  
You shall yourself read in the bitter letter.

With tempering. V. A. s.  
What was so frozen but dissolves with *tempering*,  
And yields at last to every light impression?

*With the manner*—in the fact. W. T. iv. 3, s.  
If you had not taken yourself with the *manner*.

With what encounter so uncurrent. W. T. iii. 2, s.  
Since he came  
*With what encounter so uncurrent*!  
Have strain'd to appear thus.

Without knives. T. Ath. i. 2, s.  
Methinks, they should invite them *without knives*.

*Wits*—senses. M. A. i. 1, s.  
In our last conflict, four of his five *wits* went halting off.

Wits, the. A. L. i. 2, s.  
The dulness of the fool is the whetstone of the *wits*.

*Witty*—of sound judgment, of good understanding. H. 6, T. P. i. 2, s.  
For they are soldiers,  
*Witty*, courteous, liberal, full of spirit.

*Woe to his correction*—woe compared to his correction. G. V. ii. 4, s.  
There is no *woe to his correction*.

Wolfish. Cor. ii. 3, s.  
Why in this *wolfish* gown should I stand here?

*Woman of the world*—married. A. L. v. 3, s.  
I hope it is no dishonest desire, to desire to be a *woman of the world*.

*Woman-tired*—hen-pecked. W. T. ii. 3, s.  
Thou dotard, thou art *woman-tired*.

Women actors. M. N. D. i. 2, i.  
You shall play it in a mask.

*Wont*—are accustomed. H. 6, F. P. i. 4, s.  
How the English, in the suburbs close intrench'd,  
*Wont*, through a secret grate of iron bars  
In yonder tower, to overpeer the city.

*Wood*—mad, wild. G. V. ii. 3, s.  
Like a *wood* woman.

*Wood*—wild, mad. M. N. D. ii. 2, s.  
And here am I and *wood* within this wood.

*Wood*—mad. H. 6, F. P. iv. 7, s.  
How the young whelp of Talbot's, raging *wood*,  
Did flesh his puny sword in Frenchmen's blood.

*Wood*—mad. V. A. s.  
Life-poisoning pestilence, and frenzies *wood*.

Woodbine. M. N. D. iv. 1, s.  
So doth the *woodbine* the sweet honeysuckle gently  
entwist.

*Woodman*—hunter. M. W. v. 5, s.  
Am I a *woodman*? ha!

*Woodward*—wanting a shirt. L. L. v. 2, s.  
I go *woodward* for penance.

Woosel-cock. M. N. D. iii. 1, i.  
The *woosel-cock*, so black of hae,  
With orange-tawny bill.

Worm. M. M. iii. 1, s.  
For thou dost fear the soft and tender fork  
Of a poor worm.

*Worth*—fortune, wealth. T. N. iii. 3, s.  
But, were my *worth*, as is my conscience, firm.  
'Worth a Jew's eye.' M. V. ii. 5, i.  
Will be *worth a Jew's eye*.

Worth the whistle. L. iv. 2, s.  
I have been *worth the whistle*.

*Worts*—generic name of cabbages. M. W. i. 1, s.  
Good *worts*! good cabbage!

*Would*—it would. A. W. i. 1, s.  
Had it stretched so far, *would* have made us  
immortal.

*Wound*—twisted round. T. ii. 2, s.  
Sometime am I  
All wound with adders.

*Wrack*—wreck. O. ii. 1, s.  
A noble ship of Venice  
Hath seen a grievous *wrack* and sunderance.

*Wreak*—revenge. Cor. iv. 5, s.  
Then if thou hast  
A heart of *wreak* in thee, that will revenge  
Thine own particular wrongs.

Wren of nine. T. N. iii. 2, s.  
Look where the youngest *wren of nine* comes.

Wretch. O. iii. 3, s.  
Excellent *wretch*! Perdition catch my soul  
But I do love thee.

*Wrinkled*—wrinkled. H. 6, F. P. ii. 3, s.  
It cannot be this weak and *wrinkled* shrimp  
Should strike such terror to his enemies.

*Wrying*—deviating from the right path. Cy. v. 1, s.  
How many  
Must murder wives much better than themselves,  
For *wrying* but a little!

## Y.

*Yare*—ready, nimble. M. M. iv. 2, s.  
You shall find me *yare*.

*Yare*—nimble. A. C. iii. 11, s.  
A halter'd neck, which does the hangman thank,  
For being *yare* about him.

*Yarely*—quickly, readily. T. i. 1, s.  
Fail to 't *yarely*, or we run ourselves aground.

*Yeoman*—bailiff's follower. H. 4, S. P. ii. 1, s.  
Where's your *yeoman*?

*Yield* (v.)—reward. A. C. iv. 2, s.  
Tend me to-night two hours, I ask no more,  
And the gods *yield* you for 't.

*Yonder generation*. M. M. iv. 3, s.  
Ere twice the sun hath made his journal greeting  
To *yonder generation*, you shall find  
Your safety manifested.

York, duchess of. R. S. v. 2, i.  
*You are allow'd*—you are an allowed fool. L. L. v. 2, s.  
Go, *you are allow'd*.

You are too young in this. A. L. i. 1, s.  
Come, come, elder brother, *you are too young in this*.

*You are senseless*—be you senseless. Cy. ii. 3, s.  
So seem, as if  
You were inspir'd to do those duties which  
You tender to her, that you in all obey her.  
Save when command to your dismissal tends,  
And therein *you are senseless*.

*You priority*—you of priority. Cor. i. 1, s.  
We must follow you;  
Right worthy *you priority*.

*Younger*—youngling. M. V. ii. 6, s.  
How like a *younger*, or a prodgal.

Your eyes. A. L. i. 2, s.  
(If you saw yourself with *your eyes*, or knew *yourself*  
with your judgment.)

Your gaskins full. T. N. i. 5, s.  
*Clara*. But I am resolved on two points.  
*Maria*. That if one break the other will hold; or,  
both break, *your gaskins full*.

## Z.

Zeal, now melted. J. ii. 2, s.  
Lest *zeal*, now melted, by the windy breath  
Of soft petitions, pity, and remorse,  
Cool and congeal again to what it was.

# I N D E X.—II.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.	PLAYS.	APPEARANCES.
AARON, a Moor . . . . .	T. And. . . . .	Act i. Sc. 2; II. 1, 3, 4; III. 1; IV. 2; V. 1, 3
Abergavenny, Lord . . . . .	H. E. . . . .	I. 1.
Abhorson, an executioner . . . . .	M. M. . . . .	IV. 2, 3.
Abram, servant to Montague . . . . .	R. J. . . . .	I. 1.
Achilles, a Grecian commander . . . . .	T. C. . . . .	II. 1, 3; III. 3; IV. 5. V. 1, 5, 6, 7, 9.
Adam, servant to Oliver . . . . .	A. L. . . . .	I. 1; II. 3, 6, 7.
Adrian, a lord . . . . .	T. . . . .	II. 1; III. 3; V. 1.
Adriana, wife to Antipholus of Ephesus . . . . .	C. E. . . . .	II. 1, 2; IV. 2, 4; V. 1.
Ægeon, a merchant of Syracuse . . . . .	C. E. . . . .	I. 1; V. 1.
Æmilia, wife to Ægeon, an Abbess at Ephesus . . . . .	C. E. . . . .	V. 1.
Æmilium, a noble Roman . . . . .	T. And. . . . .	IV. 4; V. 1, 3.
Æneas, a Trojan commander . . . . .	T. C. . . . .	I. 1, 2, 3; IV. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5; V. 2, 11.
Agamemnon, the Grecian general . . . . .	T. C. . . . .	I. 3; II. 3; III. 3; IV. 5; V. 1, 5, 10.
Agrippa, friend of Cæsar . . . . .	A. C. . . . .	II. 2, 4, 7; III. 2, 6; IV. 1, 6, 7; V. 1.
Ague-cheek, Sir Andrew . . . . .	T. N. . . . .	I. 3; II. 3, 5; III. 1, 2, 4; IV. 1; V. 1.
Ajax, a Grecian commander . . . . .	T. C. . . . .	II. 1, 3; III. 2; IV. 5; V. 1, 5, 6, 10.
Alarbus, son to Tamora . . . . .	T. And. . . . .	I. 2.
Albany, Duke of . . . . .	L. . . . .	I. 1, 4; IV. 2; V. 1, 3.
Alcibiades, an Athenian general . . . . .	T. Ath. . . . .	I. 1, 2; II. 2; III. 5; IV. 3; V. 5.
Alençon, Duke of . . . . .	H. 6, F. P. . . . .	I. 2, 6; II. 1; III. 2, 3; IV. 7; V. 2, 4.
Alexander, servant to Cressida . . . . .	T. C. . . . .	I. 2.
Alexas, an attendant on Cleopatra . . . . .	A. C. . . . .	I. 2, 3, 5; II. 5; III. 3; IV. 2.
Alice, a lady attending on the Princess Katherine . . . . .	H. F. . . . .	III. 4; V. 2.
Alonso, King of Naples . . . . .	T. . . . .	I. 1; II. 1; III. 3; V. 1.
Ambassador . . . . .	H. . . . .	V. 2.
Ambassadors to the King of England . . . . .	H. F. . . . .	I. 2.
Amiens, a lord, attending upon the Duke in his banishment . . . . .	A. L. . . . .	II. 1, 5, 7; V. 4.
Andromache, wife to Hector . . . . .	T. C. . . . .	V. 3.
Andronicus, Marcus, brother to Titus Andronicus . . . . .	T. And. . . . .	I. 1, 2; II. 2, 5; III. 1, 2; IV. 1, 3; V. 2, 3.
Audronicus, Titus, a noble Roman . . . . .	T. And. . . . .	I. 2; II. 2, 4; III. 1, 2; IV. 1, 3; V. 2, 3.
Angelo, a goldsmith . . . . .	C. E. . . . .	III. 1, 2; IV. 1; V. 1.
Angelo, the deputy [in the Duke's absence] . . . . .	M. M. . . . .	I. 1; II. 1, 2, 4; IV. 4; V. 1.
Angus, a nobleman of Scotland . . . . .	M. . . . .	I. 3, 4, 6; V. 2, 4, 7.
Anne, Lady, widow of Edward Prince of Wales, son to King Henry VI.; afterwards married to the Duke of Gloster . . . . .	R. T. . . . .	I. 2; IV. 1.
Antenor, a Trojan commander . . . . .	T. C. . . . .	I. 2; IV. 1, 3, 4.
Antigonus, a Sicilian lord . . . . .	W. T. . . . .	II. 1, 3; III. 3.
Antiochus, king of Antioch . . . . .	P. . . . .	I. 1.
Antipholus of Ephesus, twin-brother to Antipholus of Syracuse, but unknown to him, and son to Ægeon and Æmilia . . . . .	C. E. . . . .	III. 1; IV. 1, 4; V. 1.
Antipholus of Syracuse, twin-brother to Antipholus of Ephesus, but unknown to him, and son to Ægeon and Æmilia . . . . .	C. E. . . . .	I. 2; II. 2; III. 2; IV. 3, 4; V. 1.
Antonio, father to Proteus . . . . .	G. V. . . . .	I. 2.
Antonio, the Merchant of Venice . . . . .	M. V. . . . .	I. 1, 2; II. 6; III. 3; IV. 1; V. 1.
Antonio, brother to Leonato . . . . .	M. A. . . . .	I. 2; II. 1; V. 1, 4.
Antonio, a sea-captain, friend to Sebastian . . . . .	T. N. . . . .	II. 1; III. 3, 4; V. 1.
Antonio, brother to Prospero, and usurping Duke of Milan . . . . .	T. . . . .	I. 1; II. 1; III. 3; V. 1.
Antonius, Marcus, a triumvir after the death of Julius Cæsar . . . . .	J. C. . . . .	I. 2; II. 2; III. 1, 2; IV. 1; V. 1, 4, 5.
Antony, Mark, a triumvir . . . . .	A. C. . . . .	I. 1, 2, 3; II. 2, 3, 6, 7; III. 2, 4, 7, 8, 9, 11; IV. 2, 4, 5, 7, 8, 10, 12; 13.
Apemantus, a churlish philosopher . . . . .	T. Ath. . . . .	I. 1, 2; II. 2; IV. 3.
Apothecary . . . . .	R. J. . . . .	V. 1.

# INDEX.—II.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.	PLAYS.	APPEARANCES.
Archidamus, a Bohemian lord . . . . .	W. T. . . . .	Act i. Sc. 1.
Arctite, in love with Emilia . . . . .	T. N. K. . . . .	i. 2; ii. 1, 2, 3, 5; iii. 1, 3, 5, 6; v. 1, 3
Ariel, an airy spirit . . . . .	T. . . . .	i. 2; ii. 1; iii. 2, 3; iv. 1; v. 1.
Armado, Don Adriano de, a fantastical Spaniard . . . . .	L. L. L. . . . .	i. 2; iii. 1; v. 1, 2.
Arragon, Prince of . . . . .	M. V. . . . .	ii. 9.
Artemidorus, a sophist of Caldos . . . . .	J. C. . . . .	ii. 3; iii. 1.
Arthur, Duke of Bretagne, son of Geoffrey, late Duke of Bretagne, the elder brother of King John. . . . .	J. C. . . . .	ii. 1; iii. 1, 2, 3; iv. 1, 3.
Arviragus, son to Cymbeline, disguised under the name of Cadwal, supposed son to Belarius. . . . .	Cy . . . . .	ii. 2, 6; iv. 2, 4; v. 2, 3, 5.
Astringer, a gentle . . . . .	A. W. . . . .	v. 1, 3.
Athenian, an old . . . . .	T. Ath. . . . .	i. 1.
Attendant on the young Prince Memillius . . . . .	W. T. . . . .	ii. 3.
Audrey, a country wench . . . . .	A. L. . . . .	iii. 3; v. 1, 3, 4.
Ausilius, Tullus, general of the Voices . . . . .	Cor. . . . .	i. 2, 8, 9; iv. 5, 7; v. 2, 3, 5.
Aumerle, Duke of, son to the Duke of York . . . . .	R. S. . . . .	i. 3, 4; ii. 1; iii. 2, 3; iv. 1; v. 2, 3.
Austria, Archduke of . . . . .	J. . . . .	ii. 1, 2; iii. 1.
Autolycus, a rogue . . . . .	W. T. . . . .	iv. 2, 3; v. 2.
Auvergne, Countess of . . . . .	H. 6, F. P. . . . .	ii. 3.
Bagot, a creature to King Richard . . . . .	R. S. . . . .	i. 4; ii. 1, 2; iv. 1.
Balthazar, a merchant . . . . .	C. E. . . . .	iii. 1.
Balthazar, servant to Portia . . . . .	M. V. . . . .	iii. 4.
Balthazar, servant to Don Pedro . . . . .	M. A. . . . .	i. 1; ii. 1, 3.
Balthazar, servant to Romeo . . . . .	R. J. . . . .	i. 1; v. 1, 3.
Banquo, a general of the King's army . . . . .	M. . . . .	i. 3, 4, 6; ii. 1, 3; iii. 1, 3.
Baptista, a rich gentleman of Padua . . . . .	T. S. . . . .	i. 1; ii. 1; iii. 2; iv. 4; v. 1, 2.
Bardolph, follower of Falstaff . . . . .	M. W. . . . .	i. 1, 3; ii. 2; iii. 5; iv. 2, 5.
Bardolph . . . . .	H. 4, F. P. . . . .	ii. 2, 4; iii. 3; iv. 2.
Bardolph, Lord, an enemy to the King . . . . .	H. 4, S. P. . . . .	i. 1, 3.
Bardolph . . . . .	H. 4, S. P. . . . .	ii. 1, 2, 4; iii. 2; iv. 3; v. 1, 2, 5.
Bardolph, formerly servant to Falstaff, now a soldier in King Henry's army. . . . .	H. F. . . . .	ii. 1, 3; iii. 2.
Bernardine, a dissolute prisoner . . . . .	M. M. . . . .	iv. 3; v. 1.
Bassanio, friend to Antonio . . . . .	M. V. . . . .	i. 1, 3; ii. 2; iii. 2; iv. 1; v. 1.
Basset, of the Red Rose, or Lancaster faction . . . . .	H. 6, F. P. . . . .	iii. 4; iv. 1.
Bemianus, brother to Saturninus . . . . .	T. And. . . . .	i. 1, 2; ii. 2, 3.
Bastard of Orleans . . . . .	H. 6, F. P. . . . .	i. 2; ii. 1; iii. 2, 3; iv. 7; v. 4.
Bates, a soldier in King Henry's army . . . . .	H. F. . . . .	iv. 1.
Beatrice, niece to Leonato . . . . .	M. A. . . . .	i. 1; ii. 1, 3; iii. 1, 4; iv. 1; v. 2, 4.
Beaufort, Cardinal, Bishop of Winchester, great-uncle to the King. . . . .	H. 6, S. P. . . . .	i. 1, 3; ii. 1; iii. 1, 2, 3.
Bedford, Duke of, brother to the King . . . . .	H. F. . . . .	i. 2; ii. 2; iii. 1; iv. 1, 3; v. 2.
Bedford, Duke of, uncle to the King, and regent of France . . . . .	H. 6, F. P. . . . .	i. 1; ii. 1, 2; iii. 2.
Belarius, a banished lord, disguised under the name of Morgan. . . . .	Cy. . . . .	iii. 3, 6; iv. 2, 4; v. 2, 3, 5.
Belch, Sir Toby, uncle of Olivia . . . . .	T. N. . . . .	i. 3, 5; ii. 3, 5; iii. 1, 2, 4; iv. 1, 2; v. 1.
Benedick, a young lord of Padua, favourite of Don Pedro . . . . .	M. A. . . . .	i. 1; ii. 1, 3; iii. 2; iv. 1; v. 1, 2, 4.
Benvolio, nephew to Montague, and friend to Romeo . . . . .	R. J. . . . .	i. 1, 2, 4; ii. 1, 4; iii. 1.
Berkeley, Earl . . . . .	R. S. . . . .	ii. 3.
Bernardo, an officer . . . . .	H. . . . .	i. 1, 2.
Bertram, Count of Rousillon . . . . .	A. W. . . . .	i. 1, 2; ii. 1, 3, 5; iii. 2, 5, 6; iv. 2, 3; v. 1.
Bianca, daughter to Baptista, and sister to Katherine . . . . .	T. S. . . . .	i. 1; ii. 1; iii. 1, 2; iv. 2; v. 1, 2.
Bianca, a courtesan . . . . .	O. . . . .	iii. 4; iv. 1; v. 1.
Blondello, servant to Lucentio . . . . .	T. S. . . . .	i. 1, 2; ii. 1; iii. 2; iv. 2, 4; v. 1, 2.
Biron, Lord, attending on the King . . . . .	L. L. L. . . . .	i. 1; ii. 1; iii. 1; iv. 3; v. 2.
Blanch, daughter to Alphonso King of Castile, and niece to King John. . . . .	J. . . . .	ii. 1, 2; iii. 1.
Blount, Sir James . . . . .	R. T. . . . .	v. 2.
Blunt, Sir Walter . . . . .	H. 4, F. P. . . . .	i. 1, 3; iii. 1; iv. 3; v. 1, 3.
Bolingbroke, Henry, Duke of Hereford, son to John of Gaunt, afterwards King Henry IV. . . . .	R. S. . . . .	i. 1, 3; ii. 3; iii. 1, 3; iv. 1; v. 3, 6.
Bolingbroke, a conjuror; and a spirit raised by him . . . . .	H. 6, S. P. . . . .	i. 4; ii. 2.
Bona, sister to the French Queen . . . . .	H. 6, T. P. . . . .	iii. 3.
Borachio, follower of Don John . . . . .	M. A. . . . .	i. 3; ii. 1, 2; iii. 3; iv. 2; v. 1.
Bottom, the weaver . . . . .	M. N. D. . . . .	i. 1; iii. 1; iv. 1, 2.
Boochier, Cardinal, Archbishop of Canterbury . . . . .	R. T. . . . .	iii. 1.
Boailt, servant to the Pandar . . . . .	P. . . . .	iv. 3, 6.
Bourbon, Duke of . . . . .	H. F. . . . .	iii. 5; iv. 5.
Boy . . . . .	M. A. . . . .	ii. 3.
Boy, servant to Nym, Bardolph, and Pistol . . . . .	H. F. . . . .	ii. 1, 3; iii. 2; iv. 4.
. . . . .	R. J. . . . .	i. .

# INDEX.—II.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.	PLAYS.	APPEARANCES.
Boyet, a lord attending on the Princess of France .	L. L. L. . . .	Act H. Sc. 1; iv. 1; v. 2.
Brabantio, a senator; father to Desdemona .	O. . . .	i. 1, 2, 3.
Brakenbury, Sir Robert, Lieutenant of the Tower .	R. T. . . .	i. 1, 4; iv. 1.
Brandon . . . . .	H. E. . . .	i. 1.
Brother to the Gaoier . . . . .	T. N. K. . . .	iv. 1.
Brutus, Decius, a conspirator against Julius Cæsar .	J. C. . . .	i. 2; ii. 1, 2; iii. 1.
Brutus, Marcus, a conspirator against Julius Cæsar .	J. C. . . .	ii. 1, 2; iii. 1, 2; iv. 2, 3; v. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5.
Brutus, Junius, a tribune of the people . . . . .	Cor. . . .	i. 1; ii. 1, 2, 3; iii. 1, 3; iv. 2, 6; v. 1.
Buckingham, Duke of; of the King's party . . . . .	H. 6, S. P. . . .	i. 1, 3, 4; ii. 1; iii. 1; iv. 4, 8, 9; v. 1.
Buckingham, Duke of . . . . .	R. T. . . .	i. 3; ii. 1, 2; iii. 1, 2, 4, 5, 7; iv. 2; v. 1.
Buckingham, Duke of . . . . .	H. E. . . .	i. 1; ii. 1.
Bull-calf, a recruit . . . . .	H. 4, S. P. . . .	iii. 2.
Bullen, Anne, Maid of Honour to Queen Katherine; afterwards Queen. . . . .	H. E. . . .	i. 4; ii. 3.
Burgundy, Duke of . . . . .	H. F. . . .	ii. 4; v. 2.
Burgundy, Duke of . . . . .	H. 6, F. P. . . .	i. 2; ii. 1, 2; iii. 2, 3; iv. 7; v. 2.
Burgundy, Duke of . . . . .	L. . . .	i. 1.
Bushy, a creature to King Richard . . . . .	K. S. . . .	i. 4; ii. 1, 2; iii. 1.
Butta, Doctor, physician to the King . . . . .	H. E. . . .	v. 2.
Cade, Jack, a rebel . . . . .	H. 6, S. P. . . .	iv. 2, 3, 6, 7, 8, 10.
Cæsar, Julius . . . . .	J. C. . . .	i. 2; ii. 2; iii. 1.
Cæsar, Octavius, a triumvir after the death of Julius Cæsar .	J. C. . . .	iv. 1; v. 1, 5.
Cæsar, Octavius, a triumvir . . . . .	A. C. . . .	i. 4; ii. 2, 3, 6, 7; iii. 2, 6, 8, 10; iv. 1, 6, 10; v. 1, 2.
Cæsus, Dr., a French physician . . . . .	M. W. . . .	i. 4; ii. 3; iii. 1, 2, 3; iv. 2, 5; v. 2, 3.
Caliban, a savage and deformed slave . . . . .	T. . . .	i. 2; ii. 2; iii. 2; iv. 1; v. 1.
Calphurnia, wife to Cæsar . . . . .	J. C. . . .	i. 2; ii. 2.
Cambridge, Earl of, a conspirator against the King .	H. F. . . .	ii. 2.
Camillo, a Sicilian lord . . . . .	W. T. . . .	i. 1, 2; iv. 1, 3; v. 2.
Campeius, Cardinal . . . . .	H. E. . . .	ii. 2, 4; iii. 1.
Canidius, lieutenant-general to Antony . . . . .	A. C. . . .	iii. 7, 8.
Canterbury, Archbishop of . . . . .	H. F. . . .	i. 1, 2.
Caphis, servant to one of Timon's creditors . . . . .	T. Ath. . . .	ii. 1, 2.
Captain, a Sea, friend to Viola . . . . .	T. N. . . .	i. 2.
Captain of a band of Welshmen . . . . .	R. S. . . .	ii. 4.
Captain . . . . .	H. . . .	iv. 4.
Captain, a Roman . . . . .	Cy. . . .	iv. 2.
Captain . . . . .	T. And. . . .	i. 2.
Captain, Sea, Master, and Master's Mate . . . . .	H. 6, S. P. . . .	iv. 1.
Captains, two British . . . . .	Cy. . . .	v. 2.
Capucius, ambassador from the Emperor Charles V. .	H. E. . . .	iv. 2.
Capulet . . . . .	R. J. . . .	i. 1, 2, 5; iii. 1, 4, 5; iv. 2, 4, 5; v. 3.
Capulet, Lady, wife to Capulet . . . . .	R. J. . . .	i. 1, 3; iii. 1, 4, 5; iv. 2, 3, 4, 5; v. 3.
Carlisle, Bishop of . . . . .	R. S. . . .	iii. 2, 3; iv. 1; v. 6.
Cæsa, a conspirator against Julius Cæsar . . . . .	J. C. . . .	i. 2, 3; ii. 1, 2; iii. 1.
Cassandra, daughter to Priam; a prophetess . . . . .	T. C. . . .	ii. 2; v. 3.
Cassio, lieutenant to Othello . . . . .	O. . . .	i. 2; ii. 1, 2; iii. 1, 3, 4; iv. 1; v. 1, 2.
Cassius, a conspirator against Julius Cæsar . . . . .	J. C. . . .	i. 2, 3; ii. 1; iii. 1, 2; iv. 2, 3; v. 1, 3.
Catesby, Sir William . . . . .	R. T. . . .	i. 3; iii. 2, 5, 7; iv. 2, 4; v. 3, 4.
Cathness, a nobleman of Scotland . . . . .	M. . . .	v. 2, 4, 7.
Cato, young, a friend to Brutus and Cassius . . . . .	J. C. . . .	v. 3, 4.
Celia, daughter to Frederick . . . . .	A. L. . . .	i. 2, 3; ii. 4; iii. 2, 4, 5; iv. 1, 3; v. 4.
Ceres, a spirit . . . . .	T. . . .	iv. 1.
Cerimon, a lord of Ephesus . . . . .	P. . . .	iii. 2, 4; v. 2.
Chalcas, a Trojan priest taking part with the Greeks .	T. U. . . .	iii. 3; v. 2.
Chamberlain, Lord . . . . .	H. E. . . .	i. 2, 4; ii. 2, 3; iii. 2; v. 2, 3.
Chancellor, Lord . . . . .	H. E. . . .	v. 2.
Charles, wrestler to Frederick . . . . .	A. L. . . .	i. 1, 2.
Charles VI., King of France . . . . .	H. F. . . .	ii. 4; iii. 5; v. 2.
Charles, Dauphin, and afterwards King of France . .	H. 6, F. P. . . .	i. 2, 5, 6; ii. 1; iii. 2, 3; iv. 7; v. 2, 4.
Charmian, an attendant on Cleopatra . . . . .	A. C. . . .	i. 2, 3, 5; ii. 5; iii. 3, 9, 11; iv. 2, 4, 11, 13; v. 2.
Chatillon, ambassador from France to King John .	J. . . .	i. 1; ii. 1.
Chiron, son to Tamora . . . . .	T. And. . . .	i. 2; ii. 1, 2, 3, 5; iv. 2, 4; v. 2.
Chorus . . . . .	H. F. . . .	i. ii. iii. iv. v.
Chorus . . . . .	R. J. . . .	i. 5.
Cicero, a senator . . . . .	J. C. . . .	i. 2, 3.
Cinna, a conspirator against Julius Cæsar . . . . .	J. C. . . .	i. 3; ii. 1, 2; iii. 1.
Cinna, a poet . . . . .	J. C. . . .	iii. 2.
Citizen of Antium . . . . .	Cor. . . .	iv. 4.
Clarence, Thomas, Duke of . . . . .	H. 4, S. P. . . .	iv. 4; v. 2.



# INDEX.—II.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.	PLAYS.	APPEARANCES.
Clarence, George, Duke of, brother to Edward IV.	R. T.	Act 1. Sc. 1, 4.
Claudio, a young lord of Florence, favourite of Don Pedro	M. A.	i. 1; ii. 1, 2; iii. 2; iv. 1; v. 1, 3, 4.
Claudio, a young gentleman	M. M.	i. 3; iii. 1; iv. 2; v. 1.
Claudius, King of Denmark	H.	i. 2; ii. 2; iii. 1, 2, 3; iv. 1, 3, 5, 7; v. 1.
Claudius, a servant to Brutus	J. C.	iv. 3.
Cleomenes, a Sicilian lord	W. T.	iii. 1, 2; v. 1.
Cleon, Governor of Tharsus	P.	i. 4; iii. 3; iv. 4.
Cleopatra, Queen of Egypt	A. C.	i. 1, 2, 3, 5; ii. 5; iii. 3, 7, 9, 11; iv. 2, 10, 11, 13; v. 2.
Clerk of Chatham	H. 6, S. P.	iv. 2.
Clifford, Lord, of the King's party	H. 6, S. P.	iv. 8, 9; v. 1, 2.
Clifford, young, son to Lord Clifford	H. 6, S. P.	v. 1, 2.
Clifford, Lord, a lord on King Henry's side	H. 6, T. P.	i. 1, 3, 4; ii. 2, 4, 6.
Clitus, a servant to Brutus	J. C.	v. 5.
Cloten, son to the Queen by a former husband	Cy.	i. 3; ii. 1, 3; iii. 1, 5; iv. 1, 2.
Clown, servant to the Countess of Rousillon	A. W.	i. 3; ii. 2, 4; iii. 2; iv. 5; v. 2.
Clown, servant to Olivia	T. N.	i. 5; ii. 3, 4; iii. 1; iv. 1, 2; v. 1.
Clown	M. M.	i. 2; ii. 1; iii. 2; iv. 2, 3.
Clown, son to the old shepherd	W. T.	iii. 3; iv. 2, 3; v. 2.
Clown, servant to Othello	O.	iii. 1, 4.
Clown	A. C.	v. 2.
Clown	T. And.	iv. 3, 4.
Cobweb, a fairy	M. N. D.	iii. 1; iv. 1.
Coleville, Sir John, an enemy to the King	H. 4, S. P.	iv. 3.
Cominius, a general against the Volces	Cor.	i. 1, 6, 9; ii. 1, 2; iii. 1, 2, 3; iv. 1, 6; v. 1, 3; iii. 3; iv. 2; v. 1.
Conrade, follower of Don John	M. A.	v. 5.
Conspirators with Aufidius	Cor.	ii. 4; iii. 5, 7; iv. 2, 5.
Constable of France	H. F.	ii. 1; iii. 1, 4.
Constance, mother to Arthur	J.	i. 1; iv. 4, 7; v. 2, 3.
Cordelia, daughter to Lear	L.	ii. 4; iii. 2, 4, 5; v. 1.
Cerin, a shepherd	A. L.	i. 1, 4, 5, 6, 8, 9; ii. 1, 2, 3; iii. 1, 2, 3; iv. 4, 5; v. 2, 3, 5.
Coriolanus, Caius Marcius, a noble Roman	Cor.	i. 2; ii. 2.
Cornelius, a courtier	H.	i. 6; v. 5.
Cornelius, a physician	Cy.	i. 1; ii. 1, 2, 4; iii. 5, 7.
Cornwall, Duke of	L.	i. 1, 2; iii. 1; iv. 1, 2; v. 1, 2.
Costard, a clown	L. L. L.	iv. 1.
Court, a soldier in King Henry's army	H. F.	iv. 3, 4; v. 1.
Courtesan	C. E.	v. 2.
Courtier	H.	ii. 4; v. 1, 2, 4.
Cranmer, Archbishop of Canterbury	H. E.	i. 2; iii. 2; iv. 2, 4, 5; v. 2.
Cressida, daughter to Chalcas	T. C.	ii. 4.
Crier	H. E.	iii. 2; v. 2.
Cromwell, servant to Wolsey	H. E.	i. 2.
Cupid and Maskers	T. Ath.	ii. 1.
Curan, a courtier	L.	i. 1, 4; ii. 4.
Curio, a gentleman attending on the Duke	T. N.	iv. 1.
Curtis, servant to Petrucio	T. S.	i. 2; ii. 3; iii. 1, 5; iv. 3; v. 2, 3, 5.
Cymbeline, King of Britain	Cy.	Epilogue.
Dancer, a speaker of the epilogue	H. 4, S. P.	v. 5.
Dardanius, a servant to Brutus	J. C.	ii. 1, 4, 6; iii. 2, 4, 5; iv. 1, 3; v. 2.
Daughter to the Gaoler, in love with Palamon	T. N. K.	ii. 2; iv. 1.
Daughter of Clarence	R. T.	i. 1.
Daughter to Antiochus	P.	v. 1, 3.
Davy, servant to Shallow	H. 4, S. P.	iv. 1, 3, 4.
Deiphobus, son to Priam	T. C.	i. 1; ii. 2, 3; iii. 2; iv. 1; v. 1.
Demetrius, in love with Hermia	M. N. D.	i. 1.
Demetrius, friend of Antony	A. C.	i. 2; ii. 1, 2, 3, 5; iv. 2, 4; v. 2.
Demetrius, son to Tamora	T. And.	i. 1.
Dennis, servant to Oliver	A. L.	v. 1.
Deanny, Sir Anthony	H. E.	iv. 12; v. 1.
Demetrius, friend of Antony	A. C.	i. 3; ii. 1, 3; iii. 2, 4; iv. 1, 2, 3; v. 2.
Desdemona, wife to Othello	O.	iii. 5; iv. 1, 4; v. 1, 3.
Diana, daughter to the Widow	A. W.	v. 2.
Diana	P.	iv. 2, 3, 6, 7.
Dick, a follower of Jack Cade	H. 6, S. P.	ii. 3; iii. 3; iv. 1, 3, 4, 5; v. 1, 2, 4, 5, 6, 1.
Dionides, a Grecian commander	T. C.	iv. 12, 13.
Diomedes, an attendant on Cleopatra	A. C.	iii. 1, 2; v. 1.
Dion, a Sicilian lord	W. T.	i. 4; iii. 3; iv. 1, 4.
Dionysa, wife to Cleon	P.	

# INDEX.—II.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.	PLAYS.	APPEARANCES
Doctor, an English . . . . .	M. . . . .	Act iv. Sc. 3.
Doctor, a Scotch . . . . .	M. . . . .	v. 1, 3.
Dogberry, a city officer . . . . .	M. A. . . . .	iii. 3, 5; iv. 2; v. 1.
Dolabella, friend of Cæsar . . . . .	A. C. . . . .	iii. 10; v. 1, 2.
Donalbain, son to Duncan . . . . .	M. . . . .	i. 2, 4, 6; ii. 3.
Door-keeper of the council-chamber . . . . .	H. E. . . . .	v. 2.
Dorcas, a shepherdess . . . . .	W. T. . . . .	iv. 3.
Dorset, Marquis of, son to King Edward's queen . . . . .	R. T. . . . .	i. 3; ii. 1, 2; iv. 1.
Douglas, Archibald, Earl of . . . . .	H. 4, F. P. . . . .	iv. 1, 3; v. 2, 3, 4.
Dromio of Ephesus, twin-brother to Dromio of Syracuse, and attendant on Antipholus of Ephesus. . . . .	C. E. . . . .	i. 2; ii. 1; iii. 1; iv. 1, 4; v. 1.
Dromio of Syracuse, twin-brother to Dromio of Ephesus, and attendant on Antipholus of Syracuse. . . . .	C. E. . . . .	i. 2; ii. 2; iii. 1, 2; iv. 1, 2, 3, 4; v. 1.
Duke, father to Silvia . . . . .	G. V. . . . .	ii. 4; iii. 1, 2; v. 2, 4.
Duke, living in exile . . . . .	A. L. . . . .	ii. 1, 7; v. 4.
Dull, a constable . . . . .	L. L. L. . . . .	i. 1, 2; iv. 2; v. 1.
Dumain, a lord attending on the King . . . . .	L. L. L. . . . .	i. 1; ii. 1; iv. 3; v. 2.
Duncan, King of Scotland . . . . .	M. . . . .	i. 2, 4, 6.
Edgar, son to Gloster . . . . .	L. . . . .	i. 2; ii. 1, 3; iii. 4, 6; iv. 1, 6; v. 1, 2, 3.
Edmund, Earl of Rutland, son to the Duke of York . . . . .	H. 6, T. P. . . . .	i. 3.
Edmund, bastard son to Gloster . . . . .	L. . . . .	i. 1, 2; ii. 1, 2; iii. 3, 5, 7; iv. 2; v. 1, 3.
Edward, son to the Duke of York . . . . .	H. 6, S. P. . . . .	v. 1.
Edward, Earl of March, afterwards King Edward IV., son to the Duke of York. . . . .	H. 6, T. P. . . . .	i. 1, 2; ii. 1, 2, 3, 6; iii. 2; iv. 1, 5, 7; v. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 7.
Edward, Prince of Wales, son to Henry VI. . . . .	H. 6, T. P. . . . .	i. 1; ii. 2, 5; iii. 3; v. 4, 5.
Edward IV., King . . . . .	R. T. . . . .	ii. 1.
Edward, Prince of Wales, afterwards King Edward V., son to Edward IV. . . . .	R. T. . . . .	iii. 1.
Egeus, father to Hermia . . . . .	M. N. D. . . . .	i. 1; iv. 1.
Eglamour, agent for Silvia in her escape . . . . .	G. V. . . . .	iv. 3; v. 1.
Elbow, a simple constable . . . . .	M. M. . . . .	ii. 1; iii. 2.
Elinor, the widow of King Henry II., and mother of King John. . . . .	J. . . . .	i. 1; ii. 1, 2; iii. 1, 3.
Elizabeth, queen to King Edward IV. . . . .	R. T. . . . .	i. 3; ii. 1, 2, 4; iv. 1, 4.
Ely, Bishop of . . . . .	H. F. . . . .	i. 1, 2.
Emilia, a lady attending on the Queen . . . . .	W. T. . . . .	ii. 2.
Emilia, wife to Iago . . . . .	O. . . . .	ii. 1; iii. 1, 3, 4; iv. 2, 3; v. 1, 2.
Emilia, sister to Hippolyta . . . . .	T. N. K. . . . .	i. 1, 3; ii. 2, 5; iii. 5, 6; iv. 2; v. 1, 3, 4.
Enobarbus, Domitius, friend of Antony . . . . .	A. C. . . . .	i. 2; ii. 2, 6, 7; iii. 2, 5, 7, 8, 11; iv. 2, 6, 9.
Eros, friend of Antony . . . . .	A. C. . . . .	iii. 5, 9; iv. 4, 5, 7, 12.
Erpingham, Sir Thomas, an officer in King Henry's army . . . . .	H. F. . . . .	iv. 1.
Escalus, an ancient lord [joined with Angelo in the deputation]. . . . .	M. M. . . . .	i. 1; ii. 1; iii. 2; iv. 4; v. 1.
Escalus, Prince of Verona . . . . .	R. J. . . . .	i. 1; iii. 1; v. 3.
Escanes, a lord of Tyre . . . . .	P. . . . .	i. 3; ii. 4.
Essex, Geoffrey Fitz-Peter, Earl of, chief justiciary of England. . . . .	J. . . . .	i. 1.
Euphronius, an ambassador from Antony to Cæsar . . . . .	A. C. . . . .	iii. 10, 11.
Evans, Sir Hugh, a Welsh parson . . . . .	M. W. . . . .	i. 1, 2; iii. 1, 2, 3; iv. 1, 2, 4, 5; v. 4, 5.
Exeter, Duke of, uncle to the King . . . . .	H. F. . . . .	i. 2; ii. 2, 4; iii. 1; iv. 3, 6, 7, 8; v. 2.
Exeter, Thomas Beaufort, Duke of, great-uncle to the King . . . . .	H. 6, F. P. . . . .	i. 1; iii. 1; iv. 1; v. 1, 5.
Exeter, Duke of, a lord on King Henry's side . . . . .	H. 6, T. P. . . . .	i. 1; ii. 5; iv. 8.
Exton, Sir Pierce of . . . . .	R. S. . . . .	v. 4, 5, 6.
Fabian, servant to Olivia . . . . .	T. N. . . . .	ii. 5; iii. 2, 4; iv. 1; v. 1.
Falstaff, Sir John . . . . .	M. W. . . . .	i. 1, 3; ii. 2; iii. 3, 5; iv. 2, 5; v. 1, 5.
Falstaff, Sir John . . . . .	H. 4, F. P. . . . .	i. 2; ii. 2, 4; iii. 3; iv. 2; v. 1, 3, 4.
Falstaff . . . . .	H. 4, S. P. . . . .	i. 2; ii. 1, 4; iii. 2; iv. 3; v. 1, 3, 5.
Fang, a sheriff's officer . . . . .	H. 4, S. P. . . . .	ii. 1.
Fastolfe, Sir John . . . . .	H. 6, F. P. . . . .	iii. 2; iv. 1.
Father that has killed his Son . . . . .	H. 6, T. P. . . . .	ii. 5.
Faulconbridge, Robert, son of Sir Robert Faulconbridge . . . . .	J. . . . .	i. 1.
Faulconbridge, Phillip, half-brother to Robert Faulconbridge, bastard son to King Richard I. . . . .	J. . . . .	i. 1; ii. 1, 2; iii. 1, 2, 3; iv. 2, 3; v. 2, 5, 7.
Faulconbridge, Lady, mother to the Bastard and Robert Faulconbridge. . . . .	J. . . . .	i. 1.
Feeble, a recruit . . . . .	H. 4, S. P. . . . .	iii. 2.
Fenton . . . . .	M. W. . . . .	i. 4; ii. 4; iv. 6; v. 5.
Ferdinand, King of Navarre . . . . .	L. L. L. . . . .	i. 1; ii. 1; iv. 3; v. 2.
Ferdinand, son to the King of Naples . . . . .	T. . . . .	i. 1, 2; iii. 1; iv. 1; v. 1.

# INDEX.—II.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.	PLAYS.	APPEARANCES.
Fitzwater, Lord . . . . .	R. S. . . . .	Act iv. Sc. 1; v. 6.
Flaminius, servant to Timon . . . . .	T. Ath. . . . .	ii. 2; iii. 1, 4.
Flavius, steward to Timon . . . . .	T. Ath. . . . .	i. 2; ii. 2; iii. 4; iv. 2, 3; v. 2.
Flavius, a tribune . . . . .	J. C. . . . .	i. 1.
Fleance, son to Banquo . . . . .	M. . . . .	ii. 1; iii. 3.
Florence, Duke of . . . . .	A. W. . . . .	iii. 1, 3.
Florizel, son to Polixenes . . . . .	W. T. . . . .	iv. 3; v. 1, 3.
Fluellen, an officer in King Henry's army . . . . .	H. F. . . . .	iii. 2, 6; iv. 1, 7; v. 1.
Flute, the bellows-mender . . . . .	M. N. D. . . . .	i. 1; iii. 1; iv. 2.
Fool . . . . .	T. Ath. . . . .	ii. 2.
Fool . . . . .	L. . . . .	i. 4, 5; ii. 4; iii. 2, 4, 6.
Ford, Mr., a gentleman dwelling at Windsor . . . . .	M. W. . . . .	ii. 1, 2; iii. 2, 3, 5; iv. 2, 4; v. 3.
Ford, Mrs. . . . .	M. W. . . . .	i. 1; ii. 1; iii. 3; iv. 2, 4; v. 2, 3.
Forester . . . . .	L. L. L. . . . .	iv. 1.
Fortinbras, Prince of Norway . . . . .	H. . . . .	iv. 4; v. 2.
France, Princess of . . . . .	L. L. L. . . . .	ii. 1; iv. 1; v. 2.
France, King of . . . . .	A. W. . . . .	i. 2; ii. 1, 3; v. 3.
France, King of . . . . .	L. . . . .	i. 1.
Francisca, a nun . . . . .	M. M. . . . .	i. 5.
Francisco, a lord . . . . .	T. . . . .	ii. 1; iii. 3; v. 1.
Francisco, a soldier . . . . .	H. . . . .	i. 1.
Frederick, brother to the Duke, and usurper of his dominions. . . . .	A. L. . . . .	i. 2, 3; ii. 2; iii. 1.
Friar . . . . .	M. A. . . . .	iv. 1; v. 4.
Friends to the Gaoler . . . . .	T. N. K. . . . .	iv. 1.
Froth, a foolish gentleman . . . . .	M. M. . . . .	ii. 1.
Gadshill . . . . .	H. 4, F. P. . . . .	ii. 1, 2, 4.
Gallus, friend of Cæsar . . . . .	A. C. . . . .	v. 1, 2.
Gaoler . . . . .	W. T. . . . .	ii. 2.
Gaoler . . . . .	T. N. K. . . . .	ii. 1, 2; iv. 1, 3; v. 2.
Gaolers, two . . . . .	Cy. . . . .	v. 4.
Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester . . . . .	H. E. . . . .	ii. 2; v. 1, 2.
Gargrave, Sir William . . . . .	H. 6, F. P. . . . .	i. 4.
Garter King at Arms . . . . .	H. E. . . . .	v. 4.
Gaunt, John of, Duke of Lancaster, uncle to the King . . . . .	R. S. . . . .	i. 1, 2, 3; ii. 1.
General of the French forces in Bordeaux . . . . .	H. 6, F. P. . . . .	iv. 2.
Gentleman attending on the Chief Justice . . . . .	H. 4, S. P. . . . .	i. 2.
Gentleman, French, friend to Philario . . . . .	Cy. . . . .	i. 5.
Gentleman, attendant on Cordelia . . . . .	L. . . . .	iv. 3, 6.
Gentlemen, two fantastic . . . . .	M. M. . . . .	i. 2, 3.
Gentlemen, two, prisoners with Suffolk . . . . .	H. 6, S. P. . . . .	iv. 1.
Gentlemen, three . . . . .	H. E. . . . .	ii. 1; iv. 1.
Gentlemen, two, of Cymbeline's court . . . . .	Cy. . . . .	i. 1; ii. 1.
Gentlewoman, attending on Lady Macbeth . . . . .	M. . . . .	v. 1.
Gentlewoman, attending Virgilia . . . . .	Cor. . . . .	i. 3.
George, a follower of Jack Cade . . . . .	H. 6, S. P. . . . .	iv. 2, 7.
George, afterwards Duke of Clarence, son to the Duke of York. . . . .	H. 6, T. P. . . . .	ii. 2, 3, 6; iii. 2; iv. 1, 2, 6, 8; v. 1, 3, 4.
Gerrold, a schoolmaster . . . . .	T. N. K. . . . .	iii. 5.
Gertrude, Queen of Denmark, and mother of Hamlet . . . . .	H. . . . .	i. 2; ii. 2; iii. 1, 2, 4; iv. 1, 5, 7; v. 1, 2.
Ghost of Hamlet's father . . . . .	H. . . . .	i. 1, 4, 5; iii. 4.
Glansdale, Sir William . . . . .	H. 6, F. P. . . . .	i. 4.
Glendower, Owen . . . . .	H. 4, F. P. . . . .	iii. 1.
Gloster, Duchess of . . . . .	R. S. . . . .	i. 2.
Gloster, Duke of, brother to the King . . . . .	H. F. . . . .	i. 2; iii. 1, 6; iv. 1, 3, 7, 8; v. 2.
Gloster, Duke of, uncle to the King, and Protector . . . . .	H. 6, F. P. . . . .	i. 1, 3; iii. 1, 4; iv. 1; v. 1, 5.
Gloster, Humphrey, Duke of, uncle to the King . . . . .	H. 6, S. P. . . . .	i. 1, 2, 3; ii. 1, 3, 4; iii. 1.
Gloster, Eleanor, Duchess of . . . . .	H. 6, S. P. . . . .	i. 2, 3, 4; ii. 3, 4.
Gloster, Richard, Duke of, brother to Edward IV.; afterwards King Richard III. . . . .	R. T. . . . .	i. 1, 2, 3; ii. 1, 2; iii. 1, 4, 5, 7; iv. 2, 3, 4; v.
Gloster, Earl of . . . . .	L. . . . .	i. 1, 2; ii. 1, 2, 4; iii. 3, 4, 6; iv. 1, 6; v.
Gobbo, Old, father to Launcelot . . . . .	M. V. . . . .	ii. 2.
Goneril, daughter to Lear . . . . .	L. . . . .	i. 1, 3, 4; ii. 4; iii. 7; iv. 2; v. 1, 2.
Gonzalo, an honest old counsellor of Naples . . . . .	T. . . . .	i. 1; ii. 1; iii. 3; v. 1.
Goths . . . . .	T. And. . . . .	v. 1.
Governor of Harfleur . . . . .	H. F. . . . .	iii. 3.
Governor of Paris . . . . .	H. 6, F. P. . . . .	iv. 1.
Gower, of the King's party . . . . .	H. 4, S. P. . . . .	ii. 1.
Gower, an officer in King Henry's army . . . . .	H. F. . . . .	iii. 2, 8; iv. 1, 7, 8; v. 1.
Gower, as Chorus . . . . .	P. . . . .	i.; ii.; iii.; iv. 4; v. 2.

# INDEX.—II.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.	PLAYS.	APPEARANCES.
Grandpré, a French lord . . . . .	H. F. . . . .	Act iv. Sc. 2.
Gratiano, friend to Antonio and Bassanio . . . . .	M. V. . . . .	i. 1; II. 2, 4, 6; III. 2; iv. 1, 2; v. 1.
Gratiano, brother to Brabantio . . . . .	O. . . . .	v. 1, 2.
Green, a creature to King Richard . . . . .	R. B. . . . .	i. 4; II. 1, 2; III. 1.
Gregory, servant to Capulet . . . . .	R. J. . . . .	i. 1.
Gremio, a suitor to Bianca . . . . .	T. S. . . . .	i. 1, 2; II. 1; III. 2; v. 1, 2
Grey, Lord, son to King Edward's Queen . . . . .	R. T. . . . .	i. 3; II. 1; III. 3.
Grey, Sir Thomas, a conspirator against the King . . . . .	H. F. . . . .	II. 2.
Grey, Lady, afterwards Queen to Edward IV. . . . .	H. 6, T. P. . . . .	III. 2; iv. 1, 4; v. 7.
Griffith, gentleman-usher to Queen Katherine . . . . .	H. E. . . . .	II. 4; iv. 2.
Grumio, servant to Petruccio . . . . .	T. S. . . . .	i. 2; III. 2; iv. 1, 3; v. 2.
Guards, two Volcian . . . . .	Cor. . . . .	v. 2.
Guiderius, son to Cymbeline, disguised under the name of Polydore, supposed son to Belarius. . . . .	Cy. . . . .	III. 3, 6; iv. 2, 4; v. 2, 3, 5.
Guildenstern, a courtier . . . . .	H. . . . .	II. 2; III. 1, 2, 3; iv. 1, 2, 3, 4.
Guildenstern, Sir Henry . . . . .	H. E. . . . .	i. 4.
Gurney, James, servant to Lady Faulconbridge . . . . .	J. . . . .	i. 1.
Hamlet, son to the former, and nephew to the present King. . . . .	H. . . . .	i. 2, 4, 5; II. 2; III. 1, 2, 3, 4; iv. 2, 3, 4; v. 1, 2.
Harcourt, of the King's party . . . . .	H. 4, S. P. . . . .	iv. 4.
Hastings, Lord, an enemy to the King . . . . .	H. 4, S. P. . . . .	i. 3; iv. 1, 2.
Hastings, Lord; of the Duke of York's party . . . . .	H. 6, T. P. . . . .	iv. 1, 5, 7; v. 7.
Hastings, Lord . . . . .	R. T. . . . .	i. 1, 3; II. 1, 2; III. 1, 2, 4.
Hecate . . . . .	M. . . . .	III. 6.
Hector, son to Priam . . . . .	T. C. . . . .	i. 2; II. 2; iv. 5; v. 1, 3, 4, 6, 9.
Helen, woman to Imogen . . . . .	Cy. . . . .	II. 2.
Helen, wife to Menelaus . . . . .	T. C. . . . .	III. 1.
Helena, in love with Demetrius . . . . .	M. N. D. . . . .	i. 1; II. 2, 3; III. 2; iv. 1; v. 1.
Helena, a gentlewoman, protected by the Countess . . . . .	A. W. . . . .	i. 1, 3; II. 1, 3, 4, 5; III. 2, 5, 7; iv. 4; v. 1, 2.
Helenus, son to Priam . . . . .	T. C. . . . .	i. 2; II. 2.
Helicanus, a lord of Tyre . . . . .	P. . . . .	i. 2, 3; II. 4; v. 1, 2, 3.
Henry, Prince, son to King John; afterwards King Henry III. . . . .	J. . . . .	v. 7.
Henry IV., King . . . . .	H. 4, F. P. . . . .	i. 1, 3; III. 1; v. 1, 4, 5.
Henry, Prince of Wales, son to the King . . . . .	H. 4, F. P. . . . .	i. 2; II. 2, 4; III. 1, 3; iv. 2; v. 1, 3, 4, 5.
Henry IV., King . . . . .	H. 4, S. P. . . . .	III. 1; iv. 4.
Henry, Prince of Wales, afterwards King Henry V. . . . .	H. 4, S. P. . . . .	II. 2, 4; iv. 4; v. 2, 5.
Henry V., King . . . . .	H. F. . . . .	i. 2; II. 2; III. 1, 3, 6; iv. 1, 3, 6, 7, 8; v. 2.
Henry VI., King . . . . .	H. 6, F. P. . . . .	III. 1, 4; iv. 1; v. 1, 5.
Henry VI., King . . . . .	H. 6, S. P. . . . .	i. 1, 3; II. 1, 3; III. 1, 2, 3; iv. 4, 9; v. 1, 2.
Henry VI., King . . . . .	H. 6, T. P. . . . .	i. 1; II. 2, 5; III. 1; iv. 6, 8; v. 6.
Henry VIII., King . . . . .	H. E. . . . .	i. 2, 4; II. 2, 4; III. 2; v. 1, 2, 4.
Herald . . . . .	H. F. . . . .	iv. 8.
Herald . . . . .	H. 6, S. P. . . . .	II. 4.
Herald . . . . .	L. . . . .	v. 3.
Herald . . . . .	O. . . . .	II. 2.
Herald, a Roman . . . . .	Cor. . . . .	II. 1.
Herald . . . . .	T. N. K. . . . .	i. 4.
Herbert, Sir Walter . . . . .	R. T. . . . .	v. 2.
Hermia, daughter to Egeus, in love with Lysander . . . . .	M. N. D. . . . .	i. 1; II. 3; III. 2; iv. 1; v. 1.
Hermione, Queen to Leontes . . . . .	W. T. . . . .	i. 2; II. 1; III. 2; v. 2.
Hero, daughter to Leonato . . . . .	M. A. . . . .	i. 1; II. 1; III. 1, 4; iv. 1; v. 4.
Hippolyta, Queen of the Amazons, betrothed to Theseus . . . . .	M. N. D. . . . .	i. 1; iv. 1; v. 1.
Hippolyta, bride to Theseus . . . . .	T. N. K. . . . .	i. 1, 3; II. 5; III. 5, 6; iv. 2; v. 1, 3, 4.
Holofernes, a schoolmaster . . . . .	L. L. L. . . . .	iv. 2; v. 1, 2.
Horatio, friend to Hamlet . . . . .	H. . . . .	i. 1, 2, 4, 5; III. 2; iv. 5, 6; v. 1, 2.
Hornet, Thomas, an armourer . . . . .	H. 6, S. P. . . . .	i. 3; II. 3.
Hortensio, a suitor to Bianca . . . . .	T. S. . . . .	i. 1, 2; II. 1; III. 1, 2; iv. 2, 3, 5; v. 2.
Hortensius, servant to one of Timon's creditors . . . . .	T. Ath. . . . .	III. 4.
Host, where Julia lodges . . . . .	G. V. . . . .	iv. 2.
Host of the Garter Inn . . . . .	M. W. . . . .	i. 3; II. 1, 3; III. 1, 2; iv. 3, 5, 6.
Hubert de Burgh, chamberlain to the King . . . . .	J. . . . .	II. 2; III. 2, 3; iv. 1, 2, 3; v. 3, 6.
Hume, a priest . . . . .	H. 6, S. P. . . . .	i. 2, 4; II. 3.
Humphrey, Prince, of Gloster, afterwards created (2 Henry V.) Duke of Gloster. . . . .	H. 4, S. P. . . . .	iv. 4; v. 2.
Huntsman, a . . . . .	H. 6, T. P. . . . .	iv. 3.
Hymen, person representing . . . . .	A. L. . . . .	v. 4.
Iachimo, a Roman, friend to Posthumus . . . . .	Cy. . . . .	i. 5, 7; II. 2, 4; v. 2, 5.
Iago, ancient to Othello . . . . .	O. . . . .	i. 1, 2, 3; II. 1, 3; III. 1, 2, 3, 4; iv. 1, 2; v. 1, 2.
Iden, Alexander, a Kentish gentleman . . . . .	H. 6, S. P. . . . .	iv. 10; v. 1.

# INDEX.—II.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.	PLAYS.	APPEARANCES.
Imogen, daughter to Cymbeline by a former queen	Cy. . . .	Act i. Sc. 2, 4, 7; ii. 2, 3; iii. 2, 4, 6; v. 2, 5.
Iras, an attendant on Cleopatra . . . . .	A. C. . . .	i. 2, 3, 5; ii. 5; iii. 3, 9, 11; iv. 2, 11, 1
Iris, a spirit . . . . .	T. . . . .	iv. 1.
Isabel, queen of France . . . . .	H. F. . . .	v. 2.
Isabella, sister to Claudio . . . . .	M. M. . . .	i. 5; ii. 2, 4; iii. 1; iv. 1, 3, 6; v. 1.
Jamy, an officer in King Henry's army . . . . .	H. F. . . .	iii. 2.
Jaquenetta, a country wench . . . . .	L. L. L. . .	i. 2; iv. 2.
Jaques, a lord, attending upon the Duke in his banishment.	A. L. . . .	ii. 5, 7; iii. 2, 3; iv. 1, 2; v. 4.
Jaques, son of Sir Rowland de Bois . . . . .	A. L. . . .	v. 4.
Jessica, daughter to Shylock . . . . .	M. V. . . .	ii. 3, 5, 6; iii. 2, 4, 5; v. 1.
Jeweller . . . . .	T. Ath. . .	i. 1.
John, Don, bastard brother to Don Pedro . . . . .	M. A. . . .	i. 1, 3; ii. 1, 2; iii. 2; iv. 1.
John, King . . . . .	J. . . . .	i. 1; ii. 1, 2; iii. 1, 2, 3; iv. 2; v. 1, 3
John, Prince, of Lancaster, son to the King . . . . .	H. 4, F. P. .	v. 1, 4, 5.
John, Prince, of Lancaster, afterwards created (2 Hen. V.) Duke of Bedford.	H. 4, S. P. .	iv. 2, 3, 4; v. 2, 5.
John, a follower of Jack Cade . . . . .	H. 6, S. P. .	iv. 2, 7.
John, Friar, a Franciscan . . . . .	R. J. . . .	v. 2.
Jourdain, Margery, a witch . . . . .	H. 6, S. P. .	i. 4; ii. 3.
Julia, a lady of Verona, beloved of Proteus . . . . .	G. V. . . .	i. 2; ii. 2, 7; iv. 2, 4; v. 2, 4.
Juliet, beloved of Claudio . . . . .	M. M. . . .	i. 3; ii. 3; v. 1.
Juliet, daughter to Capulet . . . . .	R. J. . . .	i. 3, 5; ii. 2, 5, 6; iii. 2, 5; iv. 2, 3; v. 1
Juno, a spirit . . . . .	T. . . . .	iv. 1.
Justice, a . . . . .	M. M. . . .	ii. 1.
Katherina, the Shrew, daughter to Baptista . . . . .	T. S. . . .	i. 1; ii. 1; iii. 2; iv. 1, 3, 5; v. 1, 2.
Katherine, Lady, attending on the Princess . . . . .	L. L. L. . .	ii. 1; iv. 1; v. 2.
Katherine, daughter of Charles and Isabel . . . . .	H. F. . . .	iii. 4; v. 2.
Katherine, Queen, wife to King Henry, afterwards divorced.	H. E. . . .	i. 2; ii. 4; iii. 1; iv. 2.
Keeper to Mortimer . . . . .	H. 6, F. P. .	ii. 5.
Keepers, two . . . . .	H. 6, T. P. .	iii. 1.
Kent, Earl of . . . . .	L. . . . .	i. 1, 4, 5; ii. 2, 4; iii. 1, 2, 4, 6; iv. 3, 7; v. 1, 4.
Knights, six valiant . . . . .	T. N. K. . .	v. 1, 4.
La Pucelle, Joan, commonly called Joan of Arc. . . . .	H. 6, F. P. .	i. 2, 5, 6; ii. 1; iii. 2, 3; iv. 7; v. 2, 2.
Ladies, two, attending on the Queen . . . . .	W. T. . . .	ii. 1.
Lady attending on the Queen . . . . .	R. S. . . .	iii. 4.
Lady, friend to Anne Bullen . . . . .	H. E. . . .	ii. 3; v. 1.
Laertes, son to Polonius . . . . .	H. . . . .	i. 2, 3; iv. 5, 7; v. 1, 2.
Lafou, an old lord . . . . .	A. W. . . .	i. 1, 2; ii. 1, 3, 5; iv. 5; v. 2, 3.
Langley, Edmund of, Duke of York, uncle to the King . . . . .	R. S. . . .	ii. 1, 2, 3; iii. 1, 3; iv. 1; v. 2, 3, 6.
Launce, a clownish servant to Proteus . . . . .	G. V. . . .	ii. 3, 5; iii. 1; iv. 4.
Lancelot Gobbo, a clown, servant to Shylock . . . . .	M. V. . . .	ii. 2, 3, 5; iii. 5; v. 1.
Laurence, Friar, a Franciscan . . . . .	R. J. . . .	ii. 3, 6; iii. 3; iv. 1, 5; v. 2, 3.
Lavinia, daughter to Titus Andronicus . . . . .	T. And. . .	i. 2; ii. 2, 3; iii. 1, 2; iv. 1; v. 2, 3.
Lawyer . . . . .	H. 6, F. P. .	ii. 4.
Le Beau, a courtier attending upon Frederick . . . . .	A. L. . . .	i. 2.
Lear, King of Britain . . . . .	L. . . . .	i. 1, 4, 5; ii. 4; iii. 2, 4, 6; iv. 6, 7, v. 1
Lenox, a nobleman of Scotland . . . . .	M. . . . .	i. 2, 4, 6; ii. 3; iii. 1, 4, 6; iv. 1; v. 2, 4
Leonardo, servant to Bassanio . . . . .	M. V. . . .	ii. 2.
Leonato, governor of Messina . . . . .	M. A. . . .	i. 1, 2; ii. 1, 3; iii. 2, 5; iv. 1; v. 1, 4.
Leonine, servant to Dionysa . . . . .	P. . . . .	iv. 1, 2.
Leontes, King of Sicilia . . . . .	W. T. . . .	i. 2; ii. 1, 3; iii. 2; v. 1, 3.
Lewis, the Dauphin . . . . .	J. . . . .	ii. 2; iii. 1, 4; v. 2, 5.
Lewis, the Dauphin . . . . .	H. F. . . .	ii. 4; iii. 5, 7; iv. 2, 5.
Lewis XI. King of France . . . . .	H. 6, T. P. .	iii. 3.
Lepidus, Marcus Æmilius, a triumvir after the death of Julius Cæsar.	J. C. . . .	iii. 1; iv. 1.
Lepidus, M. Æmilius, a triumvir . . . . .	A. C. . . .	i. 4; ii. 2, 4, 6, 7; iii. 2.
Lieutenant of the Tower . . . . .	H. 6, T. P. .	iv. 6.
Lieutenant to Anubius . . . . .	Cor. . . . .	iv. 7.
Ligarius, a conspirator against Julius Cæsar . . . . .	J. C. . . .	ii. 1, 2.
Lincoln, Bishop of . . . . .	H. E. . . .	ii. 4.
Ion, in the Interlude . . . . .	M. N. D. . .	v. 1.
Lodovico, kinsman to Brabantio . . . . .	O . . . . .	iv. 1, 8; v. 1, 2.
Longville, Lord, attending on the King . . . . .	L. L. L. . .	i. 1; ii. 1; iv. 2; v. 2.
Lord, a Sicilian . . . . .	W. T. . . .	v. 1.
Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench . . . . .	H. 4, S. P. .	i. 2; ii. 1; v. 2, 5.

# INDEX.—II.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.	PLAYS.	APPEARANCES.
Lord Mayor of London . . . . .	R. T. . . . .	Act III. Sc. 1, 5, 7.
Lords that serve with Bertram in the Florentine war	A. W. . . . .	II. 1, 3; III. 1, 6; IV. 1, 2.
Lorenzo, in love with Jessica . . . . .	M. V. . . . .	I. 1; II. 4, 6; III. 2, 4, 5; v. 1.
Lovel, Lord . . . . .	R. T. . . . .	III. 4, 5.
Lovell, Sir Thomas . . . . .	H. E. . . . .	I. 2, 3, 4; II. 1; III. 2; v. 1.
Luce, servant to Adriana . . . . .	C. E. . . . .	III. 1.
Lucentio, son to Vincentio, in love with Bianca	T. S. . . . .	I. 1, 2; II. 1; III. 1, 2; IV. 2, 4; v. 1, 2
Lucetta, waiting-woman to Julia . . . . .	G. V. . . . .	I. 2; II. 7.
Luciana, sister to Adriana . . . . .	C. E. . . . .	II. 1, 2; III. 2; IV. 2, 4; v. 1.
Lucilius, servant to Timon . . . . .	T. Ath. . . . .	I. 1.
Lucilius, a friend to Brutus and Cassius . . . . .	J. C. . . . .	IV. 2, 3; v. 1, 2, 4, 5.
Lucio, a fantastic . . . . .	M. M. . . . .	I. 2, 3, 5; II. 2; III. 2; IV. 2; v. 1.
Lucius, a flatterer of Timon . . . . .	T. Ath. . . . .	I. 2; III. 2.
Lucius, servant to one of Timon's creditors . . . . .	T. Ath. . . . .	III. 4.
Lucius, Caius, general of the Roman forces . . . . .	Cy. . . . .	III. 1, 5; IV. 2; v. 2, 5.
Lucius, a servant to Brutus . . . . .	J. C. . . . .	II. 1, 4; IV. 2, 2.
Lucius, son to Titus Andronicus . . . . .	T. And. . . . .	I. 2; II. 2, 4; III. 1; v. 1, 2.
Lucius, young, a boy, son to Lucius . . . . .	T. And. . . . .	III. 2; IV. 1, 2, 3; v. 2.
Lucullus, a flatterer of Timon . . . . .	T. Ath. . . . .	I. 2; III. 1.
Lucy, Sir William . . . . .	H. 6, F. P. . . . .	IV. 3, 4, 7.
Lychorida, nurse to Marina . . . . .	P. . . . .	III. 1, 2.
Lysander, in love with Hermia . . . . .	M. N. D. . . . .	I. 1; II. 3; III. 2; IV. 1; v. 1.
Lysimachus, governor of Mitylene . . . . .	P. . . . .	IV. 6; v. 1, 2, 3.
Macbeth, a general of the King's army . . . . .	M. . . . .	I. 3, 4, 5, 7; II. 1, 2, 3; III. 1, 2, 4; IV. 1; v. 2, 5, 7
Macbeth, Lady . . . . .	M. . . . .	I. 5, 6, 7; II. 2, 3; III. 1, 2, 4; v. 1.
Macduff, a nobleman of Scotland . . . . .	M. . . . .	I. 6; II. 3, 4; IV. 2; v. 4, 6, 7.
Macduff, Lady . . . . .	M. . . . .	IV. 2.
Macmorris, an officer in King Henry's army . . . . .	H. F. . . . .	III. 2.
Malcolm, son to Duncan . . . . .	M. . . . .	I. 2, 4, 6; II. 2; IV. 2; v. 4, 6, 7.
Malvollio, steward to Olivia . . . . .	T. N. . . . .	I. 5; II. 2, 3, 5; III. 4; IV. 2; v. 1.
Mamillius, son to Leontes . . . . .	W. T. . . . .	I. 2; II. 1.
Man, old, tenant to Gloucester . . . . .	L. . . . .	IV. 1.
Man, an old . . . . .	M. . . . .	II. 4.
Marcellus, an officer . . . . .	H. . . . .	I. 1, 2, 4, 5.
March, Edmund Mortimer, Earl of . . . . .	H. 4, F. P. . . . .	III. 1.
March, Edmund Mortimer, Earl of . . . . .	H. 6, F. P. . . . .	II. 5.
Marcus, young, son to Coriolanus . . . . .	Cor. . . . .	v. 3.
Mardian, an attendant on Cleopatra . . . . .	A. C. . . . .	I. 5; II. 5; IV. 11, 12.
Margarelon, a bastard son of Priam . . . . .	T. C. . . . .	v. 8.
Margaret, gentlewoman attending on Hero . . . . .	M. A. . . . .	II. 1; III. 1, 4; v. 2.
Margaret, daughter to Reignier, afterwards married to King Henry.	H. 6, F. P. . . . .	v. 2.
Margaret, Queen to King Henry . . . . .	H. 6, S. P. . . . .	I. 1, 2; II. 1, 2; III. 1, 2. IV. 4, 9; v. 1, 2.
Margaret, Queen . . . . .	H. 6, T. P. . . . .	I. 1, 4; II. 2, 5; III. 2; v. 4, 5.
Margaret, widow to King Henry VI. . . . .	R. T. . . . .	I. 2; IV. 4.
Maria, a lady attending on the Princess . . . . .	L. L. L. . . . .	II. 1; IV. 1; v. 2.
Maria, Olivia's woman . . . . .	T. N. . . . .	I. 2, 5; II. 2, 5; III. 1, 2, 4; IV. 2.
Mariana, neighbour and friend to the Widow . . . . .	A. W. . . . .	III. 5.
Mariana, betrothed to Angelo . . . . .	M. M. . . . .	IV. 1, 6; v. 1.
Marina, daughter to Pericles and Thais . . . . .	P. . . . .	III. 2; IV. 1, 3; v. 1, 2, 3.
Mariner . . . . .	W. T. . . . .	III. 3.
Marshal, Lord, and another Lord . . . . .	R. S. . . . .	I. 2; IV. 1.
Marshal . . . . .	P. . . . .	II. 2.
Martext, Sir Oliver, a vicar . . . . .	A. L. . . . .	III. 2.
Martius, son to Titus Andronicus . . . . .	T. And. . . . .	I. 2; II. 2, 4; III. 1.
Marullus, a tribune . . . . .	J. C. . . . .	I. 1.
Master of a ship, Boatswain, and Mariners . . . . .	T. . . . .	I. 1; v. 1.
Master-Gunner of Orleans, and his Son . . . . .	H. 6, F. P. . . . .	I. 4.
Mayor of London . . . . .	H. 6, F. P. . . . .	I. 3; III. 1.
Mayor of St. Alban's . . . . .	H. 6, S. P. . . . .	II. 1.
Mayor of York . . . . .	H. 6, T. P. . . . .	IV. 7.
Mecenas, friend of Cæsar . . . . .	A. C. . . . .	II. 2, 4, 6, 7; III. 6; IV. 1; v. 1, 2.
Melin, a French lord . . . . .	J. . . . .	v. 2, 4.
Menas, friend of Pompey . . . . .	A. C. . . . .	II. 1, 6, 7.
Menecrates, friend of Pompey . . . . .	A. C. . . . .	II. 1.
Menelaus, brother to Agamemnon . . . . .	T. C. . . . .	I. 2; III. 2; IV. 5; v. 1, 8, 10.
Menenius Agrippa, friend to Coriolanus . . . . .	Cor. . . . .	I. 1; II. 1, 2, 3; III. 1, 2, 3; IV. 1, 2, 6; v. 1, 2, 3, 4, 7.
Menteth, a nobleman of Scotland . . . . .	M. . . . .	v. 2, 4, 7.
Mercade, a lord attending on the Princess of France . . . . .	L. L. L. . . . .	v. 2.
Merchant, friend to Antipholus of Syracuse . . . . .	C. E. . . . .	I. 2; IV. 1; v. 1.

# INDEX.—II.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.	PLAYS.	APPEARANCES
Merchant	T. Ath.	Act i. Sc. 1.
Mercutio, kinsman to the Prince, and friend to Romeo	R. J.	i. 4; ii. 1, 4; iii. 1.
Messala, a friend to Brutus and Cassius	J. C.	iv. 3; v. 1, 2, 3, 5.
Messenger	T. And.	iii. 1.
Metellus Cimber, a conspirator against Julius Cæsar	J. C.	ii. 1, 2; iii. 1.
Michael, Sir, a friend of the Archbishop	H. 4, F. P.	iv. 4.
Michael, a follower of Jack Cade	H. 6, S. P.	iv. 2.
Miranda, daughter to Prospero	T.	i. 2; iii. 1; iv. 1; v. 1.
Montague, Marquis of; of the Duke of York's party	H. 6, T. P.	i. 1, 2; ii. 1, 6; iv. 1, 6, 8; v. 1.
Montague	R. J.	i. 1; iii. 1; v. 2.
Montague, Lady, wife to Montague	R. J.	i. 1; iii. 1.
Montano, Othello's predecessor in the government of Cyprus.	O.	ii. 1, 3; v. 2.
Montgomery, Sir John	H. 6, T. P.	iv. 7.
Montjoy, a French herald	H. F.	iii. 6; iv. 2, 7.
Moonshine, in the Interlude	M. N. D.	v. 1.
Mopsa, a shepherdess	W. T.	iv. 3.
Morocco, Prince of	M. V.	ii. 1, 7.
Mortimer, Lady, daughter to Glendower, and wife to Mortimer.	H. 4, F. P.	iii. 1.
Mortimer, Sir John, uncle to the Duke of York	H. 6, T. P.	i. 2.
Mortimer, Sir Hugh, uncle to the Duke of York	H. 6, T. P.	i. 2.
Morton, domestic of Northumberland	H. 4, S. P.	i. 1.
Morton, John, Bishop of Ely	R. T.	iii. 4.
Moth, page to Armado	L. L. L.	i. 2; iii. 1; v. 1, 2.
Moth, a fairy	M. N. D.	iii. 1.
Mouldy, a recruit	H. 4, S. P.	iii. 2.
Mowbray, Lord, an enemy to the King	H. 4, S. P.	i. 3; iv. 1, 2.
Murderers, two	H. 6, S. P.	iii. 2.
Musicians, three	R. J.	iv. 5.
Mustard-seed, a fairy	M. N. D.	iii. 1; iv. 1.
Mutius, son to Titus Andronicus	T. And.	i. 2.
Nathaniel, Sir, a curate	L. L. L.	iv. 2; v. 1, 2.
Nerissa, waiting-maid to Portia	M. V.	i. 2; ii. 1, 9; iii. 2, 4; iv. 1, 2; v. 1.
Nestor, a Grecian commander	T. C.	i. 3; ii. 3; iii. 3; iv. 5; v. 1, 3, 10.
Nobleman, a	H. 6, T. P.	iii. 2.
Norfolk, Robert Bigot, Earl of	J.	iv. 3; v. 2, 4, 7.
Norfolk, Mowbray, Duke of	R. S.	i. 1, 3.
Norfolk, Duke of; of the Duke of York's party	H. 6, T. P.	i. 1; ii. 2.
Norfolk, Duke of	R. T.	v. 3, 4.
Norfolk, Duke of	H. E.	i. 1, 2; H. 2; iii. 2; v. 4.
Northumberland, Earl of	R. S.	ii. 1, 3; iii. 1, 3; iv. 1; v. 1, 6.
Northumberland, Henry Percy, Earl of	H. 4, F. P.	i. 3.
Northumberland, Earl of; an enemy to the King	H. 4, S. P.	i. 1; ii. 3.
Northumberland, Lady	H. 4, S. P.	ii. 2.
Northumberland, Earl of; a lord on King Henry's side	H. 6, T. P.	i. 1, 4; ii. 2.
Nurse to Juliet	R. J.	i. 3, 5; ii. 2, 4, 5; iii. 2, 3, 5; iv. 2, 3, 4, 1.
Nurse and a black Child	T. And.	iv. 2.
Nym, follower of Falstaff	M. W.	i. 1, 3; ii. 1.
Nym, formerly servant to Falstaff, now a soldier in King Henry's army.	H. F.	ii. 1, 3; iii. 2.
Nymphs	T.	iv. 1.
Oberon, king of the fairies	M. N. D.	ii. 2, 3; iii. 2; iv. 1; v. 2.
Octavia, sister to Cæsar, and wife to Antony	A. C.	ii. 3; iii. 2, 4, 6.
Officer	R. J.	iii. 1.
Officer employed by Edmund	L.	v. 3.
Officers of a court of judicature	W. T.	iii. 2.
Oliver, son of Sir Rowland de Bois	A. L.	i. 1; iii. 1; iv. 3; v. 2, 4.
Olivia, a rich countess	T. N.	i. 5; iii. 1, 4; iv. 1, 3; v. 1.
Opbellia, daughter of Polonius	H.	i. 3; ii. 1; iii. 1, 2; iv. 5.
Orlando, son of Sir Rowland de Bois	A. L.	i. 1, 2; ii. 3, 6, 7; iii. 2; iv. 1; v. 2, 4.
Orleans, Duke of	H. F.	iii. 7; iv. 2, 5.
Orsino, Duke of Illyria	T. N.	i. 1, 4; ii. 4; v. 1.
Osrice, a courtier	H.	v. 2.
Oswald, steward to Goneril	L.	i. 3, 4; ii. 2, 4; iii. 7; iv. 2, 5, 6.
Othello, the Moor	O.	i. 2, 3; ii. 1, 3; iii. 2, 3, 4; iv. 1, 2, 3; v.
Outlaws with Valentin	G. V.	iv. 1; v. 3, 4.
Over-done, Mistress, a bawd	M. M.	i. 2; iii. 2.
Oxford, Earl of, a lord on King Henry's side	H. 6, T. P.	iii. 2; iv. 2, 6, 8 v. 1, 2, 4, 5.
Oxford, Earl of	R. T.	v. 2.

# INDEX.—II.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.	PLAYS.	APPEARANCES.
Page, Mr., a gentleman dwelling at Windsor	M. W.	Act . Sc. 1; II. 1; III. 1, 2, 3, 4; IV. 2, 4; V. 2, 3.
Page, Mrs.	M. W.	I. 1; II. 1; III. 2, 3, 4; IV. 1, 2, 4; V. 3, 5.
Page, Mrs. Anne	M. W.	I. 1; III. 4; V. 5.
Page, William, a boy, son to Mr. Page	M. W.	IV. 1.
Page	A. W.	I. 1.
Page	H. 4, S. P.	I. 2; II. 1, 2, 4; V. 1, 3, 5.
Page to Gardiner	H. E.	V. 1.
Page to Paris	R. J.	V. 3.
Page	T. Ath.	II. 2.
Painter	T. Ath.	I. 1; V. 1.
Palamon, in love with Emilia	T. N. K.	I. 2; II. 1, 2; III. 1, 2, 6; V. 1, 4.
Pandarus, uncle to Cressida	T. C.	I. 1, 2; III. 1, 2; IV. 2, 4; V. 3, 11.
Pander	P.	IV. 3, 6.
Pandulph, Cardinal, the Pope's legate	J.	III. 1, 4; V. 1, 2.
Panthino, servant to Antonio	G. V.	I. 2; II. 3.
Paris, a young nobleman, kinsman to the Prince	R. J.	I. 2; III. 4; IV. 1, 5; V. 3.
Paris, son to Priam	T. C.	I. 2; II. 2; III. 1; IV. 1, 3, 4, 8.
Parolles, a follower of Bertram	A. W.	I. 1, 2; II. 1, 3, 4, 5; III. 5, 6; IV. 1, 3; V. 2, 3.
Patience, woman to Queen Katherine	H. E.	III. 1; IV. 2.
Patroclus, a Grecian commander	T. C.	II. 1, 2; III. 3; IV. 5; V. 1.
Paulina, wife to Antigonus	W. T.	II. 2, 3; III. 2; V. 1, 3.
Pease-blossom, a fairy	M. N. D.	III. 1; IV. 1.
Pedant, an old fellow set up to personate Vincentio	T. S.	IV. 2, 4; V. 1, 2.
Pedro, Don, Prince of Arragon	M. A.	I. 1; II. 1, 3; III. 2; IV. 1; V. 1, 3, 4.
Pembroke, William Marshall, Earl of	J.	I. 1; II. 1; IV. 2, 3; V. 2, 4, 7.
Pembroke, Earl of; of the Duke of York's party	H. 6, T. P.	IV. 1.
Percy, Henry, son to the Earl of Northumberland	R. S.	II. 3; III. 1, 3; IV. 1; V. 3, 6.
Percy, Henry, surnamed Hotspur, son to the Earl of Northumberland.	H. 4, F. P.	I. 2; II. 3; III. 1; IV. 1, 3; V. 2, 3, 4.
Percy, Lady, wife to Hotspur, and sister to Mortimer	H. 4, F. P.	II. 3; III. 1.
Percy, Lady	H. 4, S. P.	II. 3.
Perdita, daughter to Leontes and Hermione	W. T.	II. 3; III. 3; IV. 3; V. 1, 2.
Pericles, Prince of Tyre	P.	I. 1, 2, 4; II. 1, 3, 5; III. 1, 3; V. 1, 2, 3.
Perithous, an Athenian general	T. N. K.	I. 1, 3; II. 5; III. 5, 6; IV. 2; V. 1, 3, 4.
Peter, a friar	M. M.	IV. 5, 6; V. 1.
Peter of Pomfret, a prophet	J.	IV. 2.
Peter, servant to Horner	H. 6, S. P.	I. 3; II. 2.
Peter	R. J.	II. 4, 5; IV. 5.
Peto	H. 4, F. P.	II. 2, 4.
Peto, an attendant on Prince Henry	H. 4, S. P.	II. 4.
Petrucio, a gentleman of Verona, a suitor to Katherine	T. S.	I. 2; II. 1; III. 2; IV. 1, 2, 5; V. 1, 2.
Phebe, a shepherdess	A. L.	III. 5; V. 2, 4.
Philario, a Roman, friend to Posthumus	Cy.	I. 5; II. 4.
Phillip, King of France	J.	II. 1, 2; III. 1, 4.
Philo, friend of Antony	A. C.	I. 1.
Philostrate, master of the revels to Theseus	M. N. D.	I. 1; V. 1.
Philotus, servant to one of Timon's creditors	T. Ath.	III. 4.
Phrynia, mistress to Alcibiades	T. Ath.	IV. 3.
Physician	L.	IV. 4, 7.
Pinch, a schoolmaster, and a conjurer	C. E.	IV. 4.
Pindarus, servant to Cassius	J. C.	IV. 2; V. 3.
Pisanio, gentleman to Posthumus	Cy.	I. 2, 4, 6, 7; II. 3; III. 2, 4, 5; IV. 3; V. 5.
Pistol, follower of Falstaff	M. W.	I. 1, 3; II. 1, 2; V. 5.
Pistol	H. 4, S. P.	II. 4; V. 3, 5.
Pistol, formerly servant to Falstaff, now a soldier in King Henry's army.	H. F.	II. 1, 3; III. 2, 6; IV. 1, 4; V. 1.
Plantagenet, Richard, eldest son of Richard, late Earl of Cambridge, afterwards Duke of York.	H. 6, F. P.	II. 4, 5; III. 1; IV. 1, 3; V. 2, 4.
Poet	T. Ath.	I. 1; V. 1.
Poet	J. C.	IV. 3.
Poins	H. 4, F. P.	I. 2; II. 2, 4; III. 2.
Poins, an attendant on Prince Henry	H. 4, S. P.	II. 2, 4.
Polixenes, King of Bohemia	W. T.	I. 2; IV. 1, 3; V. 2.
Polonius, lord chamberlain	H.	I. 2, 3; II. 1, 2; III. 1, 2, 3, 4.
Pompeius, Sextus	A. C.	II. 1, 6, 7.
Popilius Lena, a senator	J. C.	III. 1.
Porter	H. 4, S. P.	I. 1.
Porter	H. 6, F. P.	II. 3.
Porter, and his man	H. E.	V. 3.
Porter	M.	II. 2.
Portia, a rich heiress	M. V.	I. 2; II. 1, 7, 9; III. 2, 4; IV. 1, 2; V. 1.



# INDEX.—II.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.	PLAYS.	APPEARANCES.
Portia, wife to Brutus . . . . .	J. C. . . . .	Act I. Sc. 2; ii. 1, 4.
Posthumus, Leonatus, husband to Imogen . . . . .	Cy. . . . .	i. 2, 5; ii. 4, 5; v. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5.
Priam, King of Troy . . . . .	T. C. . . . .	ii. 2; v. 3.
Priest . . . . .	R. T. . . . .	iii. 2.
Proculeius, friend of Caesar . . . . .	A. C. . . . .	v. 1, 2.
Prospero, the rightful Duke of Milan . . . . .	T. . . . .	i. 2; iii. 1, 3; iv. 1; v. 1.
Proteus . . . . .	G. V. . . . .	i. 1, 3; ii. 2, 4, 6; iii. 1, 2; iv. 2, 4; v. 1.
Provost . . . . .	M. M. . . . .	i. 3; ii. 1, 2, 3; iii. 1, 2; iv. 2, 3; v. 1.
Publius, a senator . . . . .	J. C. . . . .	ii. 2; iii. 1.
Publius, son to Marcus the tribune . . . . .	T. And. . . . .	iv. 3; v. 2.
Puck, or Robin-Goodfellow, a fairy . . . . .	M. N. D. . . . .	ii. 1, 2, 3; iii. 1, 2; iv. 1; v. 2.
Pyramus, in the Interlude . . . . .	M. N. D. . . . .	iii. 1; v. 1.
Queen to King Richard . . . . .	R. S. . . . .	ii. 1, 2; iii. 4; v. 1.
Queen, wife to C. mbeline . . . . .	Cy. . . . .	i. 2, 6; ii. 3; iii. 1, 5.
Queens, three . . . . .	T. N. K. . . . .	i. 1, 4, 5.
Quickly, Mrs. . . . .	M. W. . . . .	i. 4; ii. 1, 2; iii. 4, 5; iv. 1, 5; v. 1, 5.
Quickly, Mrs., hostess of a tavern in Eastcheap . . . . .	H. 4, F. P. . . . .	ii. 4; iii. 3.
Quickly, hostess . . . . .	H. 4, S. P. . . . .	ii. 1, 4; v. 4.
Quickly, Pistol's wife, an hostess . . . . .	H. F. . . . .	ii. 1, 2.
Quince, the carpenter . . . . .	M. N. D. . . . .	i. 1; iii. 1; iv. 2.
Quintus, son to Titus Andronicus . . . . .	T. And. . . . .	i. 2; ii. 2, 4; iii. 1.
Rambures, a French lord . . . . .	H. F. . . . .	iii. 7; iv. 2, 5.
Ratcliff, Sir Richard . . . . .	R. T. . . . .	ii. 2; iii. 3, 4, 5; iv. 3, 4; v. 3.
Reapers . . . . .	T. . . . .	iv. 1.
Regan, daughter to Lear . . . . .	L. . . . .	i. 1; ii. 1, 2, 4; iii. 7; iv. 3; v. 1, 3.
Reignier, Duke of Anjou, and titular King of Naples . . . . .	H. 6, F. P. . . . .	i. 6; ii. 1; v. 3, 4.
Reynaldo, servant to Polonius . . . . .	H. . . . .	ii. 1.
Richard II., King . . . . .	R. S. . . . .	i. 1, 2, 4; ii. 1; iii. 2, 3; iv. 1; v. 1, 5.
Richard, son to the Duke of York . . . . .	H. 6, S. P. . . . .	v. 1, 2, 3.
Richard, afterwards Duke of Gloster, son to the Duke of York . . . . .	H. 6, T. P. . . . .	i. 1, 2; ii. 1, 2, 3, 4, 6; iii. 2; iv. 1, v. 1, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7.
Richmond, Henry, Earl of, a youth . . . . .	H. 6, T. P. . . . .	iv. 6.
Richmond, Henry, Earl of, afterwards King Henry VII. . . . .	R. T. . . . .	iv. 2, 3, 4.
Rivers, Lord, brother to Lady Grey . . . . .	H. 6, T. P. . . . .	iv. 4.
Rivers, Earl, brother to King Edward's Queen . . . . .	R. T. . . . .	i. 3; ii. 1, 2; iii. 3.
Robin, page to Falstaff . . . . .	M. W. . . . .	i. 3; ii. 2; iii. 2, 3.
Roderigo, a Venetian gentleman . . . . .	O. . . . .	i. 1, 2, 3; ii. 1, 3; iv. 2; v. 1.
Rogero, a Sicilian gentleman . . . . .	W. T. . . . .	v. 2.
Romans . . . . .	T. And. . . . .	v. 3.
Romeo, son to Montague . . . . .	R. J. . . . .	i. 1, 2, 4, 5; ii. 1, 2, 3, 4, 6; iii. 1, 2, 5; v. 1.
Rosalind, daughter to the banished Duke . . . . .	A. L. . . . .	i. 2, 3; ii. 4; iii. 2, 4, 5; iv. 1, 3; v. 2, 4.
Rosaline, a lady attending on the Princess . . . . .	L. L. L. . . . .	i. 1; iv. 1; v. 2.
Ross, Lord . . . . .	R. S. . . . .	ii. 1, 3; iii. 1.
Rosse, a nobleman of Scotland . . . . .	M. . . . .	i. 2, 3, 4, 6; ii. 4; iii. 1, 4; iv. 2, 3; v. 4.
Rosencrants, a courtier . . . . .	H. . . . .	ii. 2; iii. 1, 2, 3; iv. 1, 2, 3, 4.
Rotherham, Thomas, Archbishop of York . . . . .	R. T. . . . .	ii. 4.
Rousillon, Countess of, mother to Bertram . . . . .	A. W. . . . .	i. 1, 3; ii. 2; iii. 2, 4; iv. 5; v. 3.
Rugby, servant to Dr. Caius . . . . .	M. W. . . . .	i. 4; ii. 3; iii. 1, 2.
Rumour . . . . .	H. 4, S. P. . . . .	i. Induction.
Salarino, friend to Antonio and Bassanio . . . . .	M. V. . . . .	i. 1; ii. 4, 6, 8; iii. 1, 3; iv. 1.
Salisbury, William Longsword, Earl of . . . . .	J. . . . .	i. 1; iii. 1; iv. 2, 3; v. 2, 4, 7.
Salisbury, Earl of . . . . .	R. S. . . . .	ii. 4; iii. 2, 3.
Salisbury, Earl of . . . . .	H. F. . . . .	iv. 3.
Salisbury, Earl of . . . . .	H. 6, F. P. . . . .	i. 4.
Salisbury, Earl of, of the York faction . . . . .	H. 6, S. P. . . . .	i. 1, 3; ii. 2, 3; iii. 2, 3; v. 1, 3.
Sampson, servant to Capulet . . . . .	R. J. . . . .	i. 1.
Sands, Lord . . . . .	H. E. . . . .	i. 3, 4; ii. 1.
Saturninus, son to the late Emperor of Rome . . . . .	T. And. . . . .	i. 1, 2; ii. 2, 4; iv. 4; v. 3.
Say, Lord . . . . .	H. 6, S. P. . . . .	iv. 4, 7.
Scales, Lord, governor of the Tower . . . . .	H. 6, S. P. . . . .	iv. 5.
Scarus, friend of Antony . . . . .	A. C. . . . .	iii. 8; iv. 7, 8, 10.
Scroop, Sir Stephen . . . . .	R. S. . . . .	iii. 2, 3.
Scroop, Archbishop of York . . . . .	H. 4, F. P. . . . .	iv. 4.
Scroop, Lord, a conspirator against the King . . . . .	H. F. . . . .	ii. 2.
Sebastian, a young gentleman, brother to Viola . . . . .	T. N. . . . .	ii. 1; iii. 3; iv. 1, 3; v. 1.
Sebastian, brother to Alonso . . . . .	T. . . . .	i. 1; ii. 1; iii. 3; v. 1.
Secretaries to Wolsey . . . . .	H. E. . . . .	i. 1.

# INDEX.—II.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.	PLAYS.	APPEARANCES
Seleucus, an attendant on Cleopatra . . . . .	A. C. . . . .	Act v. Sc. 2.
Sempronius, a flatterer of Timon . . . . .	T. Ath. . . . .	i. 2; iii. 2.
Senators, two . . . . .	O. . . . .	i. 3.
Serjeant, a French . . . . .	H. 6, F. P. . . . .	ii. 1.
Serjeant at Arms . . . . .	H. E. . . . .	i. 1.
Servant to the old shepherd . . . . .	W. T. . . . .	iv. 3.
Servant of Isidore, one of Timon's creditors . . . . .	T. Ath. . . . .	ii. 2.
Servant to Paris . . . . .	T. C. . . . .	iii. 2.
Servant to Troilus . . . . .	T. C. . . . .	i. 2.
Servant to Diomedes . . . . .	T. C. . . . .	v. 5.
Servant to Emilia . . . . .	T. N. K. . . . .	ii. 2.
Servants to Varro, one of Timon's creditors . . . . .	T. Ath. . . . .	ii. 2; iii. 4.
Servants to Cornwall . . . . .	L. . . . .	iii. 7.
Servilius, servant to Timon . . . . .	T. Ath. . . . .	ii. 2; iii. 2, 4.
Sexton, a . . . . .	M. A. . . . .	iv. 2; v. 1.
Seyton, an officer attending on Macbeth . . . . .	M. . . . .	v. 3, 5.
Shadow, a recruit . . . . .	H. 4, S. P. . . . .	ii. 2.
Shallow, a country justice . . . . .	M. W. . . . .	i. 1; ii. 1, 3; iii. 1, 2, 4; v. 2.
Shallow, a country justice . . . . .	H. 4, S. P. . . . .	iii. 2; v. 1, 2, 5.
Shepherd, an old, reputed father to Perdita . . . . .	W. T. . . . .	iii. 3; iv. 3; v. 2.
Shepherd, an old, father to Joan la Pucelle . . . . .	H. 6, F. P. . . . .	v. 4.
Sheriff of Wiltshire . . . . .	R. T. . . . .	v. 1.
Shylock, a Jew . . . . .	M. V. . . . .	i. 2; ii. 5; iii. 1, 3; iv. 1.
Sicinius Velutus, a tribune of the people . . . . .	Cor. . . . .	i. 1; ii. 1, 2, 3; iii. 1, 3; iv. 2, 6; v. 1, 4.
Silence, a country justice . . . . .	H. 4, S. P. . . . .	iii. 2; v. 3.
Silius, an officer in Ventidius's army . . . . .	A. C. . . . .	iii. 1.
Silvia, the Duke's daughter, beloved of Valentine . . . . .	G. V. . . . .	ii. 1, 4; iv. 2, 4; v. 1, 3, 4.
Simonides, King of Pentapolis . . . . .	P. . . . .	ii. 2, 3, 5.
Simpecox, an impostor . . . . .	H. 6, S. P. . . . .	ii. 1.
Simple, servant to Slender . . . . .	M. W. . . . .	i. 1, 2, 4; iii. 1; iv. 5.
Siward, Earl of Northumberland, general of the English forces.	M. . . . .	v. 4, 6, 7.
Siward, young, son to Siward Earl of Northumberland . . . . .	M. . . . .	v. 4, 7.
Slender, cousin to Shallow . . . . .	M. W. . . . .	i. 1; ii. 3; iii. 1, 2, 4; v. 2, 5.
Smith, the weaver, a follower of Jack Cade . . . . .	H. 6, S. P. . . . .	iv. 2, 6, 7.
Snare, a sheriff's officer . . . . .	H. 4, S. P. . . . .	ii. 1.
Snout, the tinker . . . . .	M. N. D. . . . .	i. 1; iii. 1; iv. 2.
Snug, the joiner . . . . .	M. N. D. . . . .	i. 1; iii. 1; iv. 2.
Solanio, friend to Antonio and Bassanio . . . . .	M. V. . . . .	i. 1; ii. 4, 6; iii. 1, 2; iv. 1.
Soldier . . . . .	M. . . . .	i. 2.
Solinus, Duke of Ephesus . . . . .	C. E. . . . .	i. 1; v. 1.
Somerset, John Beaufort, Earl of; afterwards Duke . . . . .	H. 6, F. P. . . . .	ii. 4; iii. 1; iv. 1, 4.
Somerset, Duke of; of the King's party . . . . .	H. 6, S. P. . . . .	i. 1, 3; iii. 1, 2; iv. 9; v. 2.
Somerset, Duke of, a lord on King Henry's side . . . . .	H. 6, T. P. . . . .	iv. 1, 2, 6; v. 1, 2, 4, 5.
Somerville, Sir John . . . . .	H. 6, T. P. . . . .	v. 1.
Son that has killed his father . . . . .	H. 6, T. P. . . . .	ii. 5.
Son to Clarence . . . . .	R. T. . . . .	ii. 2.
Son to Macduff . . . . .	M. . . . .	iv. 2.
Soothsayer . . . . .	J. C. . . . .	i. 2; ii. 4; iii. 1.
Soothsayer . . . . .	A. C. . . . .	i. 2; ii. 2.
Southwell, a priest . . . . .	H. 6, S. P. . . . .	i. 4; ii. 3.
Speed, a clownish servant to Valentine . . . . .	G. V. . . . .	i. 1; ii. 1, 4, 5; iii. 1; iv. 1.
Stafford, Sir Humphrey . . . . .	H. 6, S. P. . . . .	iv. 2, 3.
Stafford, William . . . . .	H. 6, S. P. . . . .	iv. 2, 3.
Stafford, Lord; of the Duke of York's party . . . . .	H. 6, T. P. . . . .	iv. 1.
Stanley, Sir John . . . . .	H. 6, S. P. . . . .	ii. 4.
Stanley, Sir William . . . . .	H. 6, T. P. . . . .	iv. 5.
Stanley, Lord . . . . .	R. T. . . . .	i. 3; ii. 1, 3; iii. 2, 4; v. 1, 2, 4, 5; v. 3, 4.
Starveling, the tailor . . . . .	M. N. D. . . . .	i. 1; iii. 1; iv. 2.
Stephano, servant to Portia . . . . .	M. V. . . . .	v. 1.
Stephano, a drunken butler . . . . .	T. . . . .	ii. 2; iii. 2; iv. 1; v. 1.
Steward, servant to the Countess of Rousillon . . . . .	A. W. . . . .	i. 3; iii. 4.
Strangers, three . . . . .	T. Ath. . . . .	iii. 2.
Strato, a servant to Brutus . . . . .	J. C. . . . .	v. 3, 5.
Suffolk, Earl of . . . . .	H. 6, F. P. . . . .	ii. 4; iii. 1; iv. 1; v. 2, 5.
Suffolk, Duke of; of the King's party . . . . .	H. 6, S. P. . . . .	i. 1, 3; ii. 1, 3; iii. 1, 2; iv. 1; v. 1.
Suffolk, Duke of . . . . .	H. E. . . . .	i. 2; ii. 2; iii. 2; v. 1, 2, 4.
Surrey, Duke of . . . . .	R. S. . . . .	iv. 1.
Surrey, Earl of . . . . .	H. E. . . . .	iii. 2; v. 2.
Surrey, Earl of, son to the Duke of Norfolk . . . . .	R. T. . . . .	v. 3.

# INDEX.—II.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.	PLAYS.	APPEARANCES.
Surveyor to the Duke of Buckingham	H. E.	Act i. Sc. 2.
Sylvius, a shepherd	A. L.	H. 4; III. 5; iv. 2; v. 2, 4.
Talbot, Lord, afterwards Earl of Shrewsbury	H. 6, F. P.	i. 4, 5; II. 1, 2; III. 2, 3, 4; iv. 1, 2, 3, 6.
Talbot, John, son of Lord Talbot	H. 6, F. P.	iv. 5, 6, 7.
Tamora, Queen of the Goths	T. And.	i. 1; II. 2, 3, 4; iv. 4; v. 2, 2.
Taurus, lieutenant-general to Cæsar	A. C.	III. 8.
Tear-sheet, Doll	H. 4, S. P.	II. 4; v. 4.
Thaisa, daughter to Simonides	P.	II. 2, 3, 5; III. 2, 4; v. 2.
Thallard, servant to Antiochus	P.	i. 1, 2.
Thersites, a deformed and scurrilous Grecian	T. C.	II. 1, 2; III. 3; v. 1, 2, 4, 8.
Theseus, Duke of Athens	M. N. D.	i. 1; iv. 1; v. 1.
Theseus, Duke of Athens	T. N. K.	i. 1, 4; II. 5; III. 5, 6; iv. 2; v. 1, 2, 4.
Thiabe, in the Interlude	M. N. D.	III. 1; v. 1.
Thomas, a friar	M. M.	i. 4.
Thurio, a foolish rival to Valentine	G. V.	II. 4; III. 1, 2; iv. 2; v. 2, 4.
Thyrens, friend of Cæsar	A. C.	III. 10, 11.
Timandra, mistress to Alcibiades	T. Ath.	iv. 3.
Time, as Chorus	W. T.	iv. Chorus.
Timon, a noble Athenian	T. Ath.	i. 1, 2; II. 2; III. 4, 6; iv. 1, 2; v. 1, 2.
Titania, Queen of the fairies	M. N. D.	II. 2, 3; III. 1; iv. 1; v. 2.
Titinius, a friend to Brutus and Cassius	J. C.	iv. 2, 3; v. 1, 2.
Titus, servant to one of Timon's creditors	T. Ath.	III. 4.
Titus Lartius, a general against the Volces	Cor.	i. 1, 4, 5, 7, 8; II. 1; III. 1.
Touchstone, a clown	A. L.	i. 2; II. 4; III. 2, 3; v. 1, 2, 4.
Tranio, servant to Lucentio	T. S.	i. 1, 2; II. 1; III. 2; iv. 2, 4; v. 1, 2.
Travers, domestic of Northumberland	H. 4, S. P.	i. 1.
Trebonius, a conspirator against Julius Cæsar	J. C.	II. 1, 2; III. 1.
Tribune	T. And.	v. 3.
Trinculo, a jester	T.	II. 2; III. 2; iv. 1; v. 1.
Troilus, son to Priam	T. C.	i. 1, 2; II. 2; III. 2; iv. 2, 3, 4, 5; v. 1, 2, 6, 11.
Tubal, a Jew, friend to Shylock	M. V.	III. 1.
Tutor to Rutland	H. 6, T. P.	i. 3.
Tybalt, nephew to Lady Capulet	R. J.	i. 1, 5; III. 1.
Tyrrel, Sir James	R. T.	iv. 2, 3.
Ulysses, a Grecian commander	T. C.	i. 3; II. 3; III. 3; iv. 5; v. 1, 2, 5.
Uncle to Capulet	R. J.	i. 5.
Ursula, a gentlewoman attending on Hero	M. A.	II. 1; III. 1, 4; v. 2, 4.
Urrwick, Sir Christopher, a priest	R. T.	iv. 5.
Valentine	G. V.	i. 1; II. 1, 4; III. 1; iv. 1; v. 4.
Valentine, a gentleman attending on the Duke	T. N.	i. 1, 4.
Valeria, friend to Virgilia	Cor.	i. 3; II. 1; v. 2.
Valerius, a Theban nobleman	T. N. K.	i. 2.
Varrus, friend of Pompey	A. C.	II. 1.
Varro, a servant to Brutus	J. C.	iv. 3.
Vaughan, Sir Thomas	R. T.	III. 2.
Vaux	H. 6, S. P.	III. 2.
Vaux, Sir Nicholas	H. E.	II. 1.
Venice, Duke of	M. V.	iv. 1.
Venice, Duke of	O.	i. 3.
Ventidius, one of Timon's false friends	T. Ath.	i. 2.
Ventidius, friend of Antony	A. C.	II. 2, 3; III. 1.
Verges, a city officer	M. A.	III. 3, 5; iv. 2; v. 1.
Vernon, Sir Richard	H. 4, F. P.	iv. 1, 3; v. 2, 5.
Vernon, of the White Rose, or York faction	H. 6, F. P.	II. 4; III. 4; iv. 1.
Vincentio, an old gentleman of Pisa	T. S.	iv. 5; v. 1, 2.
Vincentio, the Duke	M. M.	i. 1, 4; II. 3; III. 1, 2; iv. 1, 2, 3, 3.
Viola, in love with the Duke	T. N.	i. 2, 4, 5; II. 2, 4; III. 1, 4; v. 1.
Violenta, neighbour and friend to the Widow Virgilia	A. W.	III. 5.
Virgilia, wife to Coriolanus	Cor.	i. 3; II. 1; iv. 1, 2; v. 2.
Volumnia, mother to Coriolanus	Cor.	i. 3; II. 1; III. 2; iv. 1, 2; v. 2.
Volumnia, a friend to Brutus and Cassius	J. C.	v. 2, 5.
Voltimand, a courtier	H.	i. 2; II. 2.
Wall, in the Interlude	M. N. D.	v. 1.
Walter Whitmore	H. 6, S. P.	iv. 1.
Wart, a recruit	H. 4, S. P.	III. 2.
Warwick, Earl of; of the King's party	H. 4, S. P.	III. 1; iv. 4; v. 2.

# INDEX.—II.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.	PLAYS.	APPEARANCES.
Warwick, Earl of . . . . .	H. F. . . . .	Act 1. Sc. 2; iv. 7, 8; v. 2.
Warwick, Earl of . . . . .	H. 6, F. P. . . . .	i. 1; ii. 4; iii. 1; iv. 1; v. 4.
Warwick, Earl of; of the York faction . . . . .	H. 6, S. P. . . . .	i. 1, 3; ii. 2; iii. 2, 3; v. 1, 2, 3.
Warwick, Earl of; of the Duke of York's party . . . . .	H. 6, T. P. . . . .	i. 1; ii. 1, 2, 3, 6; iii. 3; iv. 2, 6, 8; v. 1, 2.
Westminster, Abbot of . . . . .	R. S. . . . .	iv. 1.
Westmoreland, Earl of, friend to the King . . . . .	H. 4, F. P. . . . .	i. 1; iv. 2; v. 4, 5.
Westmoreland, Earl of; of the King's party . . . . .	H. 4, S. P. . . . .	iv. 1, 2, 3, 4; v. 2.
Westmoreland, Earl of . . . . .	H. F. . . . .	i. 2; ii. 2; iv. 3; v. 2.
Westmoreland, Earl of; a lord on King Henry's side . . . . .	H. 6, T. P. . . . .	i. 1.
Widow . . . . .	T. S. . . . .	v. 2.
Widow of Florence, an old . . . . .	A. W. . . . .	iii. 5, 7; iv. 4; v. 1, 3.
Wife to Simpoex . . . . .	H. 6, S. P. . . . .	ii. 1.
Wife to the Pander . . . . .	P. . . . .	iv. 3, 6.
William, a country fellow, in love with Andrey . . . . .	A. L. . . . .	v. 1.
Williams, a soldier in King Henry's army . . . . .	H. F. . . . .	iv. 1, 7, 8.
Willoughby, Lord . . . . .	R. S. . . . .	ii. 1, 3; iii. 1.
Winchester, Henry Beaufort, Bishop of, great-uncle to the King, and afterwards Cardinal. . . . .	H. 6, F. P. . . . .	i. 1, 3, 5; iii. 1; iv. 1; v. 1, 4.
Witches, three . . . . .	M. . . . .	i. 1, 3; iii. 5; iv. 1.
Wolsey, Cardinal . . . . .	H. E. . . . .	i. 1, 2, 4; ii. 2, 4; iii. 1, 2.
Woodville, Lieutenant of the Tower . . . . .	H. 6, F. P. . . . .	i. 2.
Woor to the Gaoler's Daughter . . . . .	T. N. K. . . . .	ii. 1; iv. 1, 3; v. 2.
Worcester, Thomas Percy, Earl of . . . . .	H. 4, F. P. . . . .	i. 3; iii. 1; iv. 1, 3; v. 2, 5.
York, Duchess of . . . . .	R. S. . . . .	v. 2, 3.
York, Scroop, Archbishop of, an enemy to the King . . . . .	H. 4, S. P. . . . .	i. 3; iv. 1, 2.
York, Duke of, cousin to the King . . . . .	H. F. . . . .	iv. 2.
York, Richard Plantagenet, Duke of . . . . .	H. 6, S. P. . . . .	i. 1, 3, 4; ii. 2, 3; iii. 1; v. 1, 2.
York, Richard Plantagenet, Duke of . . . . .	H. 6, T. P. . . . .	i. 1, 2, 4.
York, Richard Duke of, son to Edward IV. . . . .	R. T. . . . .	ii. 4; iii. 1.
York, Duchess of, mother to King Edward IV., Clarence, and Gloster. . . . .	R. T. . . . .	ii. 2, 4; iv. 1, 4.





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